

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07952859 6

IKL
Howe

PASSAGES

8777
FROM THE

LIFE OF HENRY WARREN HOWE,

CONSISTING OF

Diary and Letters Written During the Civil War,
1861--1865.

A Condensed History of the Thirtieth Massachusetts Regiment
and Its Flags, together with the Genealogies of the
Different Branches of the Family.

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

LOWELL, MASS.
COURIER-CITIZEN CO., PRINTERS.
1899.

EPB

5
Checked

ERRATA.

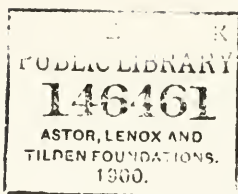
- Page 37, Jan. 29, 1863, drill from 10 to 11 instead of 10 to 6.
Page 59, Jan. 6, 1864, read Jan. 1, instead of Jan. 11.
Page 68, June 28, 1864, 29th Minnesota, read 29th Maine.
Page 74, Sept. 18 and 19, 1864, read 2 A. M. instead of 2 P. M.
Page 75, Sept. 28, 1864, read General Emory instead of Colonel Emory.
Page 77, Oct. 19, 1864, read 8th Corps, instead of 2nd Corps.
Page 78, Oct. 21, 1864, read assigned instead of resigned.
Page 81, Dec. 16, 1864, read "Thomas over Hood."
Page 81, Dec. 24, 1864, read Lieutenant Burgess' instead of Buyer's.
Page 82, Jan. 8, 1865, read Lieutenant Porée instead of Porter.
Page 105, Mr. Brook's, not Brooke's.
Page 112, should read, 450 musket cartridges, instead of "muskets, cartridges."
Page 132, read Major General Banks instead of Major General Brooks.
Page 137, read date on letter, "Off Port Hudson, La.," June 11, 1863, instead of May 4, 1863.
Page 143, Sept. 15, strike out "at Algiers."
Page 161, "with the 1st and 19th," read 1st Div. of the 19th.
Page 163, recommended as Captain's instead of received.
Page 164, "6th" should be 26th.
Page 171, Oct. 21, read position instead of portion.
Page 172, Captain Madden, read Corporal Madden.
Page 182, Jan. 17, 1865, read We have been mustered out as our term, etc., instead of he has been, etc.

APPENDIX.

June 1, 1865, read Major S. D. Shipley instead of S. D. S.

D.R.





"There are bonds of all sorts in this world of ours,
Fetters of friendship and ties of flowers,
And true-lovers' knots, I ween !
The boy and the girl are bound by a kiss,
But there's never a bond of old friends like this —
We have drunk from the same canteen."



Henry Warren Howe.

Captain Boston (Tigers) Light Infantry Corps, 1886-7.

PREFACE.

The history of our late Civil War has been ably written by historians, also the personal memoirs of some of our great commanders, but there were thousands of loyal soldiers who went to the front in 1861 without bounties, actuated simply and solely by patriotic motives. Many of them never returned to their homes. There were others, equally patriotic, who joined the ranks, "fought the fight," and are still living, enjoying the fruits of their victories and the satisfaction of seeing the old flag still floating in the breeze, "not a star erased or a stripe polluted." Being one of this fortunate number, I have published a partial record of my service, war diary, letters and ancestry, dedicating the same to the younger relatives of the generation following the war, with the belief that the same patriotism courses in their veins as has shown itself since the years 1633-37, during which our ancestors landed in this country and began their battle for freedom.

To be born of a goodly heritage is a rich legacy! What did these sturdy ancestors seek? "The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?" Far from it! "They sought a faith's pure shrine."

"Aye, call it holy ground,
The spot where first they trod.
They have left unstained what there they found,
Freedom to worship God!"

Through their loyalty and ours, "The star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave, O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

SKETCH OF MY MILITARY LIFE.

I was born in New Hampton, N. H., January 12, 1841. My father's name was James Madison Howe and my mother's was Sarah Kilborn Fowler. I resided in New Hampshire until I was six years old, when my parents moved to Lowell, Mass. Here I attended the public schools, and was graduated from the Lowell High School in 1857. I attended one season at the New Hampton Seminary, New Hampshire. On my return to Lowell I entered the office of A. L. Brooks & Company, lumber dealers, where I remained three years. April, 1861, I was in Ogdensburg, N. Y., with Skillings, Whitney & Barnes, dealers in lumber, being then twenty years old.

The Rebellion soon after breaking out, I felt it a duty to enlist, and a duty due my country and flag to defend the same against a rebellious people living in the Southern States, whose aim it was to overthrow the government and dissolve the Union, unless they were allowed to extend their institution of slavery. Accordingly I returned to Lowell and enlisted as a private in the Richardson Light Infantry, afterwards the Seventh Massachusetts Battery, under Captain P. A. Davis. May 21, 1861, the company was mustered into service opposite the State House, Boston, for three years, and ordered on board the steamer *Pembroke*, bound for Fortress Monroe, Virginia. July 15, 1861, I was detailed from my company by order of Major General Benj. F. Butler as his standing orderly at his headquarters in the Fortress, and my duties were carrying orders to the various commands in and outside of the Fortress. August 26, 1861, I accompanied the General on his expedition to North Carolina, in connection with the navy, the object in view being the destruction of Forts Hatteras and Clark, and I was one of the first four to enter Fort Hatteras, with Lieutenants Weigle and Durivage of the General's staff, and Captain Nixon of the Union Coast Guard. We lowered the rebel flag and raised the Stars and Stripes. Upon the arrival of the General, he directed me to find the rebel ordnance sergeant, procure the key to the magazine and have a major general's salute fired in honor of the victory. August 31, 1861, returned to Fortress Monroe and sailed for Annapolis, thence by rail to Washington, the General having been ordered there for instructions, which were to repair north and recruit regiments for another expedition. September 5, 1861, arrived in Lowell and opened a recruiting office. October 12, 1861, at Camp Chase, Lowell, as acting Quartermaster Sergeant of the "Eastern Bay State Regiment," which was

then forming, afterwards the Thirtieth Massachusetts Regiment of Infantry.

January 2, 1862, sailed from Boston on the steamer Constitution for Ship Island. My birthday occurred on board, January 12, age twenty-one years. Put in at Fortress Monroe to await the settlement of the Butler-Andrew controversy regarding the appointment of officers. January 27, 1862, I was transferred to the Thirtieth Massachusetts Regiment and appointed Quartermaster Sergeant. August 19, 1862, I was commissioned Second Lieutenant and assigned to Company G, and continued to serve with that regiment in the Department of the Gulf, where we were re-enlisted as "veterans," which act entitled us to thirty days furlough at home, after which I returned to the Gulf with the regiment, whence we were ordered to Washington, D. C., thence through Maryland and the Shenandoah Valley, under General P. H. Sheridan.

I took part in the following battles during the war:

August 28 and 29, Forts Hatteras and Clark, N. C.

August 5, 1862, Baton Rouge, La., promoted on the field for bravery.

May 21, 1863, Plains Store, La.

May 27, 1863, Port Hudson, La., and June 14, the second assault.

July 13, 1863, Kox Plantation, La., wounded in the ankle.

September 19, 1864, Winchester, Va., or Opequan.

September 22, 1864, Fisher's Hill, Va.

October 19, 1864, Cedar Creek, Va.

February 6, 1865, I was mustered out of service under the General Order No. 75, War Department, expiration of the term, holding a commission, but not mustered, as First Lieutenant, dated April 17, 1864, having served three years, eight months and fifteen days. Was constantly on duty, never being in the hospital, and commanded my company most of the time, as the Captain was on detailed duty. My Colonel, N. A. M. Dudley, offered me a captain's commission if I would remain, but, the war being virtually over, I refused. When I left the regiment, the officers presented me with the following resolutions:

HEADQUARTERS 30TH REG. MASS. VET. VOLS.,
CAMP PECK, OPEQUAN CROSSING, VA.
February 7, 1865.

To Our Worthy Comrade, First Lieutenant H. Warren Howe:

In the course of war, like events, changes come, wrought out by the multiplied causes and powers which move and separate us. The good soldier stands ready always to meet such transitions, believing the post of honor obedience to duty.

In the soldier's life there is a peculiar association which builds up

in the heart a sentiment that time with all its transmutive tendency cannot change.

The routine of daily discipline, the martial spirit of every surrounding, the camp, the hurried preparation, the march, the skirmish, the assault, the conflict, the dangers, perils, deaths often, through which the defender of his country passes, are an experience which makes the willing sacrifice, the uncomplaining sufferer, the true, unalterable brother in arms. A soldier's good will, fraternal regard, is not common tribute, born 'mid privations and strife. It matures only in the far-off reach of eternity.

Called to say "the good-bye" to you, Lieutenant Howe, the officers of this gallant regiment, to which you have been so long an ornament and an honor, with which you have served the full term of "your covenant with your country," ever displaying that gentlemanly refinement of mind and heart, that knowledge and ability in the exercise of your command, that interest and wisdom in the behalf of your men, that judgment, coolness and bravery which distinguishes the perfect soldier, the accomplished officer, we would express the united regret at the loss which the regiment must experience, they themselves must endure, in the severance of the associations that have formed a record which makes all "one and inseparable."

May the right for which you have battled and suffered prevail, and its fruits become the blessings of your future years, is the fervent wish of your officers and associates of the 30th Massachusetts Veteran Volunteers.

(Signed)

N. A. M. DUDLEY, Col. U. S. Vols., Maj. U. S. A.
 F. H. WHITTIER, Lieut. Col. 30th Mass. Vet. Vols.
 S. A. DAVIS, Surgeon 30th Mass. Vet. Regt.
 B. F. WHITTEMORE, Chaplain 30th Mass. Vet. Vols.
 E. R. CLARK, Capt. 30th Mass. Vet. Vols.
 JOSEPH DAVIS, 1st Lieut. and Adj. 30th Mass. Vet. Vols.
 BRENT JOHNSTON, Capt. 30th Mass. Vet. Vols.
 T. B. JOHNSTON, Capt. 30th Mass. Vet. Vols.
 N. K. REED, 1st Lieut. 30th Mass. Vet. Vols.
 ADAMS EMERSON, 1st Lieut. Co. F, 30th Mass. Vet. Vols.
 C. W. BURGESS, 1st Lieut. Co. I, 30th Mass. Vet. Vols.
 JOHN E. DUDLEY, 1st Lieut. Co. A, 30th Mass. Vet. Vols.
 EUGENE W. FERRIS, Lieut. and A. Q. M. 30th Mass. Vet. Vols.
 L. A. R. DU VERGE, 1st Lieut. Co. H, 30th Mass. Vet. Vols.

Our regiment was the last mustered out of service of the Massachusetts Volunteers, also the last from any Union state in the war, July 5, 1866. See Adjutant General's Report, 1866.

First Lieutenant H. W. Howe, 30th Mass. Vet. Vols., Infantry :
SIR :

It affords me great pleasure to add my testimony to that of others, of your valuable and gallant services to the country while serving under my command in the 30th Massachusetts Volunteers during the years 1862 and '63 in the Department of the Gulf. Specially do I recall your actions on the 5th of August, 1862, at the Battle of Baton Rouge, La. Your conduct so won my esteem that I secured for you, from His Excellency Governor Andrew, a commission of Lieutenant in the 30th Regiment of Volunteers.

I have been informed that you sustained, to the end of the war, a most enviable reputation for coolness, bravery, and soldierly conduct.

I am your friend and old commander.

N. A. M. DUDLEY,

Col. and Bvt. Brig. Gen. U. S. Vols.,

U. S. A.

With the exception of a part of the year 1865, spent in Canada, I have been engaged in the lumber business in Waltham, Mass. July 9, 1872, was elected a member of Post 29, G. A. R., Waltham, Mass. September 16, 1882, was elected a member of the Boston Light Infantry, Veteran Corps (Tigers), Colonel Cornelius G. Attwood, Commander. December 31, 1883, was elected an honorary member of the American Watch Company Band of Waltham, in recognition of having been instrumental in raising funds (\$2,000) for a uniform. April 19, 1884, was elected a member of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion, Commandery of the State of Massachusetts. October, 1886, was elected Captain of the Boston Light Infantry, Veteran Corps. October, 1887, was re-elected senior Captain of the Boston Light Infantry, Veteran Corps (Tigers). January 30, 1888, was elected a member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston. In 1889 served on a committee of two, acting as treasurer, and assisted in raising \$1,000 for a soldiers' monument for Post 29, G. A. R., which was erected in the soldiers' lot in Mount Feake Cemetery, Waltham, Mass. September 7, 1893, was elected President of the 30th Massachusetts Veteran Volunteers' Association. August 4, 1894, was re-elected President of the 30th Massachusetts Veteran Volunteers' Association. January 17, 1896, was elected a member of the Massachusetts Society of the Sons of the American Revolution; my lineal descent was from my great-grandfather, Ebenezer How, who served under General Lafayette in the Revolutionary war. Ebenezer How also served in the War of 1812.

DIARY.

*My Diary Kept During a Part of the Time While Serving
From 1861 to 1865 in Our Civil War.*

May 14, 1861. Several Southern States being at the present time in rebellion against the Federal government, which our forefathers fought to establish and maintain that we might enjoy its blessings, I deemed it my duty and a privilege to enlist in the volunteer ranks as a soldier and thereby aid in sustaining the Union and law; accordingly I started for my home in Lowell, Mass., being then at work in Ogdensburg, N. Y.

May 15, 1861. Arrived at night.

May 17, 1861. Enlisted in the Richardson Light Infantry, Captain P. A. Davis, First Lieutenant I. N. Wilson, Second Lieutenant William E. Farrar. Among the privates are many of my friends and school-mates, and, on the whole, I could not have joined a better company. A complete outfit was given us by our generous Lowell people.

May 21, 1861. Marched to Huntington Hall, where we were addressed by the Mayor and others, then took the cars for Boston. After bidding good-bye to our friends the iron horse took us in tow. On our arrival we were escorted to the State House by a detachment of the First Infantry and sworn into service for three years; thence we were escorted to the Hancock House, Court Square, where we quartered for the night.

May 22, 1861. Marched to the State House and received our equipments, then went to the hotel, slung our knapsacks, marched to the wharf and went aboard the steam propeller Pembroke. Captain Clark's company of riflemen from Boston are aboard with us. The whistle blew and the propeller answered by a whirl of its tail, then more "good-byes and God bless you" were exchanged, perhaps for the last time on this earth. We were lustily cheered by passing vessels as we steamed out of the harbor. It was not long before the boys said to each other, "How pale you look." Soon the rail of the vessel was occupied by downcast heads and the deck was covered with sick soldiers, floundering like so many lobsters, if I may so describet hem. I know not to what to ascribe my luck, for, as yet, I have not felt any signs of seasickness.

May 23, 1861. All the boys are better and our bread and coffee tasted quite well, although it was very poor. Occasionally we pass a vessel, saluting each other with the Stars and Stripes. We pass the time in talking over the fortunes of war and try to imagine what there is in store for us.

May 25, 1861. This morning we descried Capes Charles and Henry. Soon we were heading up the bay and all looked intently to see if we could catch a glimpse of Fortress Monroe. We stood in this position for a mile or two ; at last our eyesight was blessed. Our orderly sergeant then gave orders to "sling knapsacks" and be in readiness to land. It was a splendid sight as we neared Fortress Monroe. The guns looked saucy enough from all points, especially the large Columbiad on the shore outside the fortress. As we passed the blockading fleet they saluted us. Among them were the frigates Minnesota and the Cumberland. The latter was saved at the destruction of the Norfolk Navy Yard by the rebels. Colonel Duryea's New York Zouaves arrived at the same time, which added to the excitement of the scene. Before we landed, the news of the death of Colonel Ellsworth at Alexandria reached us, which for some time cast a gloom over all. Soon our captain went ashore and received orders for us to quarter in the Hygeia Hotel, the Vermont regiment having just vacated it to go into camp at Hampton, one and a half miles above. This hotel used to be a fashionable resort for the Southerners, but now it is deserted, as well as many other private dwellings about here. We occupy twenty-four rooms in one of the wings of the building, and Captain Clark's company the other. Never were human beings more pleased than we to be once more on "terra firma," and for supper we had some good bread and coffee.

After quartering at the hotel building about a week, drilling and strolling around, General Butler, one day, called and addressed us in a pleasing and appropriate manner, stating our duties and the possible hardships of a soldier's life, and left orders for the company to enter the fortress. The next morning everything was packed and we took up quarters in some barracks which were partially occupied by the regulars. The fortress is a splendid, spacious and formidable fortification. It is said it could have been easily captured by the enemy at the outbreak of the war, there being only 400 regulars in the garrison. When we arrived there were 5,000 troops in and outside of its walls.

May 27, 1861. The camp at Newport News was established by the concentration of the Vermont and the 4th Massachusetts Infantry. It is some twelve miles up the James River. There is, also, a camp at Hampton, just across the creek. At first our company was attached to the 3d Massachusetts, but, after one dress parade, we were detached and joined to the regulars as garrison to the fortress. The company was disappointed in not joining the 6th Regiment, as was

intended when we were recruited. Skirmishing occurs daily about the piquets. Negroes arrive quite often, seeking protection. I witnessed an action between the Harriet Lane and a rebel battery, some ten miles up Hampton Roads, but could not see distinctly. The steamer withdrew, the enemy's guns being too strong for her; she steamed opposite the fortress and anchored; had five men wounded, one was brought in to our hospital, he had a leg shattered by a splinter. The hotel has been converted into a hospital, under the charge of Dr. Kimball, of Lowell. Our company have very good quarters. A squad of us occupy a small house in the rear of the barracks. My comrades are John Parmenter and Daniel Waters; in the next room are Privates Fletcher, Pray and Williams. We have good living enough for soldiers. Many are suffering from dysentery, caused by drinking too much water that comes from cisterns. We can obtain groceries, there being a store in the casemates. The prices are very high. We can go outside in the morning.

We rise at dawn, drill twice a day, breakfast at 6 o'clock, drill one hour from 6.30, dinner at 12, drill at 5.30, supper at 6.30. Five men are detailed daily for guard, then a day after the same five go on police duty, that is, cleaning the grounds in and about the fort, sort of "scavengers." The boys don't like this. Occasionally the company are called to do fatigue duty, that is, laborers. Roll call at sunrise, sunset, and at 9 o'clock. "Taps" at 9.15, that is, lights out and all turn in.

June 10, 1861. Monday. Pleasant. Not feeling well, I got excused from duty. There has been an engagement at Great Bethel to-day. The following incident occurred beforehand. Troops from Newport News and from here were ordered down; when they met, they mistook each other for the enemy, it being early dawn, and fired. A number were killed and wounded; after they discovered their mistake, they mustered their forces and approached the enemy's works; meeting their advance three-quarters of a mile this side of the works, forced them back behind them and there fought for an hour, trying to dislodge them, but failed on account of the incompetence of their leader, General Pierce. Our artillery silenced all but one of their guns for more than twenty minutes, but as no order was given to charge, all was lost. It is said that if General Pierce had been at his post the "enemy would have been ours." The bugle sounded a retreat and a retreat followed. I had a conversation with two men who helped man the guns; their lieutenant (Grebbe) was shot; he was the last to leave his post. Major Winthrop was killed; he was on General Butler's staff; both were noble fellows. It is said we lost thirty men killed, sixty wounded. The wounded are at the hospital and the sad thought comes, nothing has been accomplished by all this loss.

A soldier showed me his hat where a ball had been shot through

it; he said if a man dodged a ball he was sure to get "hit." He brought in one of the enemy's shells which had not exploded. It is said General Butler censured General Pierce for not leading on the troops after the enemy's guns were silenced. A secesh captain was brought in to-day, also a spy. A squad of our cavalry surprised and captured these men outside our lines, just as they were mounting their horses. A double guard has been posted inside and outside of the fortress to-day.

June 11, 1861. Pleasant, but very warm. I am feeling better to-day. Some of the company are on guard and some doing fatigue duty, loading a steamer with rations to go to Newport News. The chronic growlers complain of this work, saying they did not enlist as laborers. More wounded were brought in to-day. Poor fellows! I had rice for dinner. Went in bathing at night, outside of the fortress, down on the beach, near the light-house. Saw the spy in the guard-house, near the sally port, as I went out. The regulars are drilling on the mortars. I expect to be detailed soon.

June 12, 1861. Pleasant, but warm. Went in bathing with the boys. Witnessed the guard mounting on our return. What a splendid form the band major has! straight as a candle. A new rifled cannon is being tested to-day. Received a good letter from home. Am feeling better. The funeral of Lieutenant Grebble took place this afternoon; his remains were sent to Philadelphia, and our company joined the escort to the wharf; it was a solemn affair. All the commanding officers marched with us, General Butler, General Pierce, Commodore Pendergast and others. One of our boys who was in the fight told me that he heard Grebble say, when our troops mistook each other for the enemy early in the morning and fired into each other, "Oh, God, I would rather have been shot myself than to have had this happen." And when the order was given to retreat, he said, "Come, boys, let's give them one more shot." In a moment he was struck by a cannon ball in the head, which passed on and hit another man in the leg.

June 13, 1861. The long roll beat last night, and a general alarm followed, caused by the burning of some of the tents of the naval brigade, who are encamped on the Neck. I reported for duty to-day, was detailed for guard and was posted outside on the Neck, opposite the machine shop. There was much passing to and fro from the camps above. I am on duty two hours, then off for four, and so continue for twenty-four hours. A family who came inside our lines for protection brought all their effects with them. There being a misunderstanding in the naval brigade, they are to be disbanded, and the men are enlisting in two different regiments; they thought they were to serve on the water altogether, and no land service. It is warm to-day.

June 14, 1861. Pleasant, but warm. Finished guard duty at 9 o'clock a. m. It was a part of my duty to guard thirty horses. After

our squad were relieved, we marched outside the fortress and discharged our muskets. Took a nap during the remainder of the morning. Rice and beef for dinner, after which read the papers sent by R. Tay, an old school-mate. Steamer S. R. Spaulding has arrived from Boston; expect a box from home. The big cannon has arrived from Baltimore; it is named "The Union." I hope it will prove itself worthy its name; it carries a ball weighing 420 pounds, rifle bore. This evening, soon after roll-call, Colonel Dimick called around and detailed ten men to go on guard at the "Rip Rap," a little island out in the harbor, opposite the fortress.

June 15, 1861. Pleasant. I was detailed on police duty in the morning. The 20th New York regiment arrived to-day. Received a letter from R. Tay. He wrote that the Boston people considered our company one of the best that had passed through the city for the seat of war. Washed our quarters, cleaned my gun, ready for inspection to-morrow. Beefsteak for dinner. Received a bundle from home; very acceptable. A Mr. Sawyer has been trying his new rifled cannon to-day from the "Rip Raps," to see if he could reach Sewall's Point, where the enemy have a battery; it was a success, the shells even passing over and beyond their earth-works. General Butler was aboard a steamer noticing the results. The shells made the "Johnnies" scatter; one shell passed close to a house, and the inmates ran up a white flag. I lost all my blackberry wine which was sent in my bundle from home: the wine ran out, the cork not being sealed.

June 16, 1861. Turned out at the sound of the reveille, as usual. After breakfast prepared our quarters and equipments for inspection at 9 o'clock. The company never looked better. Received a letter from Mr. Proctor of Ogdensburg, N. Y., where I was at work when I went home to enlist. He wrote that my letter to him had been published in their paper. Took a bath in the morning, then went to see the Floyd gun on the beach; it weighs 49,099 pounds; a good pocket pistol, that! Potatoes and pork for dinner. I bought a mess of quahaugs; they were nice. Wrote home. A sentinel was found sleeping on his post last night by the grand rounds; he will be punished severely. Very warm to-day. As the steamer was coming down from Newport News she was fired into when she was opposite Sewall's Point by a small tug-boat that had the audacity to steam out from near their battery. A shot from the frigate Cumberland caused her to turn tail and show her revolving wheel. She is seen about the Point quite often watching our movements.

June 17, 1861. Wrote home; the letter contained eight pages. Nothing new or exciting to-day. Movements are made so secretly that often nothing is known until they are completed. We purchase the Baltimore papers for news. Beans for dinner.

June 18, 1861. Pleasant. Twenty-five men were detailed from the

company to unload the big "Union" gun. We worked hard all day, and only succeeded in getting it off the wharf, say fifty feet. It weighs 52,005 pounds, is sixteen feet long and thirteen inches in diameter at the mouth, rifle bore, with twenty-three grooves; it carries a shell weighing 360 to 420 pounds. It is heavier than the Floyd gun, but not as large. Mr. Sawyer has been testing his gun from the "Rip Raps" to-day. General Butler viewed the result from a tug-boat up the Hampton Roads. Two shells struck inside the enemy's works on Sewall Point, which drove them out. The garrison, which included our company, escorted the remains of Major Winthrop to the boat this afternoon. They go to New York. A detachment went up to Great Bethel and obtained his remains; he was buried on the field of battle.

June 19, 1861. Pleasant. While at work on the "Union" gun, I cut my foot on a stone, which prevents me from doing duty to-day. Did some mending on my clothes. While in the act, four ladies made me a call; they came from Lowell, and are to act as nurses at the hospital. One of them, a Mrs. Bent, brought me a small bundle from home, containing paper, pencils, and books. Had a social conversation, and it really seemed good. Major Ladd of Lowell is here.

June 20, 1861. Pleasant. My foot still being sore, did not go on duty to-day. The company were drilled in double quick movements this morning. At guard mounting, our boys' muskets were inspected quite closely. We being attached to the regulars, greater criticism will naturally follow. How can we take as much interest as they, not having rifle-bore muskets? Beef soup for dinner. Wrote home to-day, also sent a picture of the fortress. Two rebel soldiers escaped from Sewall's Point, or rather deserted; say they are Northerners and were impressed into service. General Butler gained some information from them. They say that the rebels feel confident of whipping us; also said our shots fired from the "Rip Raps" drove them out of their works at the Point. I wish General Butler would make a move somewhere. The fort is already surrounded on the land side with petty batteries, and I would like to see them cleaned out. Read the 10th chapter of Matthew before retiring.

June 21, 1861. Pleasant. The thermometer stands 101 in the shade to-day. My foot being better, I went on duty. George Fairbanks, an old schoolmate, and a member of the 6th Massachusetts, called; he obtained a two-days' leave; his regiment is at the Relay House, Md.

June 22, 1861. Pleasant. Was detailed for guard. My post was at the entrance to the beer-shops connected with the store; orders to let only six soldiers in at a time. It is surprising to see what a reservoir some men will make of their stomachs. Had hard work to keep them quiet. One soldier said he had had twenty drinks. The clerk told me he took ninety dollars one day. My post at night was

on the bridge at the entrance to the fort. No alarm. Rice for dinner to-day.

June 23, 1861. Sunday. Relieved from guard duty at 9 o'clock. Our squad then marched outside the fortress and discharged our muskets at a mark; the boys said I made a good shot. Beefsteak for dinner. I took a nap in the afternoon. Towards night a splendid prize vessel came up the Roads, towed by the Harriet Lane. She is a fullrigged ship; is from England, with munitions of war aboard for the Rebs. Best prize yet.

June 24, 1861. Pleasant. On police duty to-day. Wrote to George Webster to-day. They have been firing from the Rip Raps to Sewall's Point. Prizes come in quite often. The artesian well inside of the fortress is now 180 feet deep. A regular and his wife quarter in a small house opposite, she has entertained us quite well to-day by singing. Two Zouaves had their arms amputated, they were wounded at Great Bethel. A Zouave was in bathing, was out some distance from the shore when he screamed and went down. It is thought a shark caught him.

June 25, 1861. Pleasant. Instead of receiving our rations of bread at each meal, to-day, it is issued in one piece for the day. The gun-boat Monticello had a brush last night. Some of her men went ashore on secesh soil and were approaching a house when they were fired upon, two men were wounded, one a surgeon; they were brought inside of the fortress to-day. I went up on the parapet to-day, saw a schooner in the distance coming in, soon a smoke appeared from the land side, it was a rebel battery firing at her. The Russian minister is here. It is rumored he will send on some volunteers to aid us. In the afternoon obtained a pass to visit the flagship Minnesota; had to wait on the wharf some time in order to find the flag lieutenant: while waiting we noticed a steam tug above Sewall's Point, which proved to be a secesh craft from Norfolk, it bore a flag of truce with the rebel flag at the stern. All eyes were intently gazing at her and all cursing the flag at her stern, wishing the Minnesota would put a shell into her; on she came, looking saucy enough. Soon the Minnesota hailed her and she came alongside. Passengers came down for the last time, and there were a good many. As luck would have it, a boat came ashore from the Minnesota which gave me an opportunity to go aboard, also Comrade Pray. We passed the saucy craft with that insolent looking flag waving over us. The citizens looked pleased to know they were escaping from the rebels, who are trying to overthrow the best government on God's footstool. After we got aboard, the commanding officer hailed the tug and sent a boat to her, requesting an officer to come aboard. Soon one appeared, shook hands with our officers and they walked aft in consultation. I heard he has command of the fort at Norfolk. I did not like his appearance nor his

countenance; if strength consists in long locks of hair, as with Samson, no doubt he could have taken the Minnesota back to Norfolk. The passengers were put aboard a Baltimore boat and the tug returned. I had no idea of finding any body aboard whom I knew, but I had not walked half the deck's length before a Lowell man, Darius Fuller, caught me by the hand. Then another man, Mr. F., being assistant engineer, showed me the engine. The main shaft is over seventy-five feet long, fourteen inches in circumference. We went the entire length to the stern, where there is sixteen feet solid wood to the propeller. Up to June 25th this propeller has made 594,200 revolutions since leaving Boston. The cylinder is seventy-five inches in diameter, in fact the engine is a "big thing."

Every one seemed busy aboard; one gang of men were making a coffin for a brother sailor on board the Harriet Lane; he was shot while in bathing off secesh shore. We walked fore and aft, viewing the big guns, etc. The ship must present a lively appearance in time of action. A call for supper sounded. We were invited down, George Pray going with the coxswain of the boat which brought us over. All were seated on the second deck; the rations were coffee, beef, and hard bread with butter. Soon General Butler, Captain P. Haggerty, and the Prussian minister, with an officer, passed down the line. At sundown, we went ashore and invited the coxswain and his messmate to our quarters and set before them such rations as we could obtain at so short a notice. I must say we had a very pleasant time all round. We got ashore just in time for dress parade. I wanted to see the prisoners from the captured privateer, but they had been sent to New York. It is said she was loaded with munitions of war.

June 26, 1861. Wednesday. Pleasant. I drank too much cold water yesterday and to-day I am suffering the consequences. I felt sick all day; did not go about much. It was very warm. A shower at night cooled the atmosphere somewhat.

June 27, 1861. Pleasant. Went in bathing this morning. When returning, met some of the Monticello boys who had come ashore to bury one of their shipmates, who had been shot by the enemy. At night the calcium light was experimented with; it is very powerful and will be of great use against the enemy. I have a chance to be detailed and go into the postoffice, but shall stay with my company. I enjoyed a luxury to-day, an ice cream; I did not think I should find this when I left home. Thank God we are so comfortably situated.

June 28, 1861. Friday. Went in swimming. The Middlebury company from Vermont are at the hospital. They came from Newport News to bury one of their number. I met two Zouaves who had had their right arms shot off at the Great Bethel fight; one of them had on the jacket he wore in the fight; there was a large hole in the empty sleeve. They felt quite happy. A Zouave went home to-day

on a furlough, who had been shot in the leg. He says he shall return and try to "get even with some Johnnie." Bully for him! Colonel Cass's Irish Regiment arrived to-day and were ordered to Washington. I received a box from home to-day. My sister asks "if I would not rather be at home?" I shall answer, not till this war is settled. Entrenchments are being thrown up at Hampton by our forces. I witnessed a flag signalling from the parapet to Newport News. We had boiled ham and potatoes for dinner. The artesian well is making good progress, it is now ninety feet deep. The contractor receives ten dollars per foot if he strikes water, only five dollars per day if he does not. The boys have made pipes out of the clay which the screw has brought up.

June 29, 1861. Saturday. It being my turn to go on guard I prepared myself accordingly. Before the relief was posted it began to rain and was showery all day. I was number nineteen and guarded the prisoners of war; there were only three, as eight had been released last week. A captain of a schooner was brought in while I was on duty. He loaded her with tobacco at Washington, obtained clearance papers, stated he was bound for Halifax, hired a black crew. He neared a secession camp, as he came down the bay, put in, left a box of papers and took a mate on board. The crew found they were trapped. Owing to a storm they were forced to put in here, upon which he ran up the British ensign. He went aboard the Minnesota and again got his clearance papers, then came ashore to spy about. All at once he found himself in the guard-house, his negroes having testified against him, and a guard was sent on board the schooner. I heard he intended to sell the negroes to the Southern Army for cooks. I hope he will suffer for it.

June 30, 1861. Sunday. Detailed for guard duty to-day. We were on duty from 1 o'clock a. m. to 1 p. m., then from 5 to 7 p. m. We were detained until noon on account of inspection and parade of the troops in the garrison, it being general muster day previous to payment. All the companies made a fine appearance. Four rebel Zouaves were brought in this morning as prisoners of war. They belonged to a Louisiana regiment. Their cartridge boxes were filled. Their regiment is near Hampton. They were out scouting and lost their way. We put them in the cells. Rain in the afternoon. Soup for dinner.

July 1, 1861. Monday. Went in bathing in the morning. Later attended guard mounting, then performed fatigue duty the remainder of the day. The 3d Massachusetts having gone to Newmarket Bridge, above Newport News, there was much clearing up to be done after them. The Chesley Zouaves are coming to occupy their quarters. A prize vessel was brought in to-day by the Quaker City; the crew are aboard the Minnesota. At dusk, Sergeant Ingraham, Private

Boynton and I went up to Colonel Allen's regiment at Hampton Roads and brought two fat sheep down over our backs for the Captain; distance, one and a half miles. After arriving inside the fortress, we chanced to meet Colonel Dimock, who came up to us and asked us what we had. I suppose he thought we had been foraging. The crew from the Minnesota have been carting shells into the fortress to-day. Our company has been laying the telegraph wires to Hampton, from which place it will run to Newport News.

July 2 and 3, 1861. Took a bath in the morning, then strolled along the beach down to the wharf, where they are putting wagons together, a large number having been sent which were in Philadelphia. Some of our company have gone to Hampton, to lay the telegraph wire. Beefsteak for dinner. Called at headquarters, to ask Colonel Dimock for a pass to Newport News, which he readily granted. Took the steamer Cataline at 3.30 p. m. She first stopped at the wharf, and took General Butler and his staff aboard; his wife and a lady friend also went. The General is to review the troops at Newport News. After a delightful trip of about an hour, we arrived at the wharf. On the way up, I could see the Marine Hospital and the buildings in the city of Rebeldom. On landing, I met Private Augustus D. Ayling, a member of our company, who had been detailed to assist the Surgeon in vaccinating the troops. We wandered about the camp until the drums beat for the regiments to assemble for the review. They were soon in line. It was a splendid sight. On the right was Colonel Hawkin's regiment, the 9th New York Zouaves; next, Stenben's, all Germans; next, the 3d Vermont. Colonel Phelps, who had charge of the Post here, is an old soldier, as he served in the Mexican War. On the left was the Scott Life Guard. The 4th Massachusetts Regiment was ordered to Hampton from here yesterday. After the review, one of Sawyer's guns was fired, which was directed towards the opposite shore, some six miles across. The shot struck half a mile this side; it was aimed at a rebel battery on the other shore. Soon the General and his staff took the steamer for the fortress. I turned in over night with some of the boys in the Vermont regiment, who belong to a company from Burlington. We used to work for the same company in the lumber business. We awoke about 9.30. There was a fire in Hampton.

July 4, 1861. Thursday. Fourth of July at Fortress Monroe, Va., as a soldier in the army, endeavoring to maintain the principles established by our forefathers. Little did I expect to be here one year ago to-day. Pleasant all day. At sunrise a salute was fired at Hampton and one from here at noon. There are four war vessels here, the Minnesota, Cumberland, Roanoke and the Santee. They were beautiful with the bunting floating in the breeze. In the afternoon, I entertained a Lowell boy who belongs to the Minnesota. Many of the tars

are on shore enjoying themselves. Captain Follansbee, of the Lowell Mechanic Phalanx, 6th Regiment, is here and his regiment is at the Relay House, Md. I went in swimming and swam out to the wreck of the burnt steamer Cataline. After review we marched into the mess room and drank lemonade; the lemons and sugar were sent from Lowell by a Miss Parmenter, a friend of the company. A vote of thanks was passed, to be published in some Lowell paper. Occasionally, I meet an acquaintance; met one to-day who belongs to the Vermont regiment. Sent a package of sea shells home by L. Richardson.

July 5, 1861. Friday. Pleasant. Took a bath in the morning, then went down to the wharf to see Colonel Baker's California regiment, which has just arrived; it is some 1,500 strong. They have been ordered into camp at Hampton. Simon Cameron, Secretary of War, arrived on the Baltimore boat this morning; he was accompanied by a body guard which included a band. General Butler met him at the wharf and a salute was fired as the steamer came alongside. A company from the 8th Massachusetts came on the boat as guard. I had conversation with some of them. The Secretary went up to Newport News in the forenoon, in the afternoon he reviewed the troops in the fortress. As he passed our company he said, "The General is complimenting you on your long frocks and I think he has every reason to." General Butler then said, "The Lowell ladies dressed those boys, they are from my town." We passed in review, marching in platoons, and made a fine appearance. The Secretary looks like a good old fellow. Colonel Duryea's regiment has gone into camp farther toward Hampton, on Fox Hill. The boys from the Minnesota have been bringing empty shells into the fortress, then returning them to the vessel after they are filled. I expect an attack on the Point soon. The Secretary returned to Washington at 8 p. m.

July 6, 1861. Saturday. Looks like rain. Washed my clothes and policed quarters in the morning. Nothing of any note occurred during the day. Wrote to Mary A. D., an old schoolmate and neighbor.

July 7, 1861. Sunday. Rainy. I am detailed for guard duty to-day. My post is at the gate outside the bridge leading over the moat. It cleared at 8 o'clock this morning. It has not seemed much like Sunday. Preparations have been going on to attack Sewall's Point. I notice that the comet decreases in magnitude. Received a letter from home.

July 8, 1861. Monday. I was relieved from guard duty at 8 o'clock this morning, after which I went up to Hampton as far as the bridge that was burned. I was not allowed to go beyond without a pass, so I returned. It was my intention to call on the 3d Massachusetts, who occupy the houses in Hampton. It was very warm and I became very tired. I shall endeavor to obtain a pass and try it again. I passed the house of ex-President Tyler; he took "French leave" with his son

a while since. The house is quite a pretty place. The officers of the German Turners, a New York regiment, now occupy that house. I passed wheat fields which, in all probability, will never be harvested. The country looks deserted, it seems a pity. The citizens leave furniture and all behind them; such is the effects of war brought on by the Southern cabal. The Roanoke has left the Roads to-day; I expect she has gone to Pensacola. The Susquehanna arrived last night. Our company has voted to draw a fatigue suit like the regulars. Went in bathing at night, was stung by some species of fish in the wrist, the feeling resembles the sting of a nettle. Some of the other boys were served in the same way. Our Captain has been appointed Provost Marshal. Read the nineteenth chapter of Matthew.

July 9, 1861. Tuesday. I was excused from police duty. Obtained a pass from the Captain to visit the town of Hampton. Private Hill and I equipped ourselves and started; it was a long walk. The 3d and 4th Massachusetts Regiments occupy the houses (every house has been deserted, most of the former occupants leaving all their effects behind them). Many of the slaves are there. Earth-works are being thrown up around the town. Visited a church said to be the oldest in this state and the third oldest in the United States. The bricks were imported from Holland. Secured a book entitled, "The Works of Benjamin Franklin." Got a ride back. Very warm, 115° in the shade.

July 10, 1861. It is so hot that there is not much doing to-day. The General has been firing from the Rip Raps. No one has been seen there and it is thought the enemy have evacuated. I was quite pleased to-day, for I saw a hen with a large brood of chickens which had been hatched close to our quarters. They will make an addition to our rations. Our boys bring in eggs quite often. Some of the boys I visited at Newport News called on me to-day. My comrade was invited over to the post office, at night, where he will sleep between two sheets—quite a luxury.

July 11, 1861. Pleasant. One of my messmates did not hear the reveille this morning, so he was detailed for guard, for not answering to his name at roll call; dear sleep, that! After breakfast I went down on the beach and caught a lot of crabs; it was good sport. I cooked them for dinner, then invited the boys. A company arrived from New York to join Colonel Duryea's regiment, good looking fellows. Colonel Dimock has been promoted to Brigadier-General, in place of Colonel Pierce. A lot of horses arrived on the Baltimore boat.

July 12, 1861. Pleasant. Spent most of the time cleaning my musket to-day. We have made an addition to our furniture of a table, which makes our meals more comfortable. Heard there had been some skirmishing at Newport News which resulted in the loss of some of our men. Corporal Thissell and I went to the hospital to get an old stove to set up in our quarters so we can make tea, without disturbing

the cooks. A new sutler store has been opened outside the fortress near the machine shop. Beefsteak for dinner. Who would not be a soldier! A detail has been made from our company to act as coast guards. Sergeant Hunt has been promoted to Assistant Provost Marshal.

July 13, 1861. Saturday. Pleasant. Expected to be detailed for guard, but, being the last on the list, I am to serve as supernumerary. A Vermonter was here from Newport News; said a detail from the German regiment went out scouting and a number of them was taken prisoners. This afternoon the steamer S. R. Spaulding arrived from Boston, which made the boys feel happy, for many received boxes from home; I got one. George F. Richardson, the Mayor, some aldermen and citizens came on the steamer; great rejoicings. The Mayor shook hands with us twice, not knowing it.

July 14, 1861. Sunday. Pleasant. At 11 o'clock last night I was called by the First Sergeant to relieve a sick man who was on guard. I was relieved at 9 o'clock the next morning, so my tour of duty was not long. Our friends from Lowell witnessed the dress parade. The boys did nicely, they said, after which they went to Newport News. Wrote home to-day.

July 15, 1861. I am appointed orderly under General Butler, in place of an orderly who is to return home with the 3d Massachusetts Regiment, and reported at headquarters in the afternoon. Towards night I was sent to the several camps in Hampton with orders. The General has two orderlies, and our First Sergeant was also detailed. We have a horse between us. I think I shall like it. The boys are all surprised, as they knew nothing of it. I report in the morning at 7 o'clock, then the next morning at 8 o'clock, taking turns; stay until 9 o'clock p. m.

July 16, 1861. Tuesday. Reported at headquarters at 8 o'clock. I have a chance to become acquainted with many of the officers, as they call on the General. The 3d Massachusetts started for home to-day on the steamer Cambridge; about half of them have enlisted for three years. That secesh tug off Sewall's Point was watching our movements; they know about all that is going on here. To-day we received news of a victorious battle gained by General McClellan near Beverley. He took 600 prisoners and killed 150 men. The rebel officer who was killed by our men, while out scouting, was Lieutenant De Russey, brother to a Lieutenant in our garrison. Only think of it, two brothers fighting against each other! Orderly Worcester went to Hampton this afternoon with the General. Pleasant in the morning; some rain in the afternoon.

July 17, 1861. Wednesday. Pleasant. Announced visitors during the morning to the General; also attended to passes. Captain Haggerty returned from Lowell to-day. In the afternoon, went to Colonel

Duryea's regiment, to see if I could find anybody who knew and could vouch for a deserter from Yorktown, he being a New Yorker. He was a correspondent for a paper in Richmond; had passes to and from Richmond and Yorktown for six days at a time. He bribed a boatman to row him across to the opposite shore, saying he was going for his mother and his sister, to bring them to Richmond. He was suspected, but allowed to go; but they detained his effects. Thus he entered our lines, and General Banks sent him down here. General Butler had a talk with him, and then said: "All this may be true, but who knows you?" So the General instructed me to go to the New York camps, to see if any of the boys knew him, as he belonged in that city. I reported to Colonel Duryea; he formed his regiment in line and asked Mr. Mitchell to pass along. Soon one of the men stepped to the front and said: "I know him; he is my cousin." We then went to the Adjutant's tent, and had quite an interesting talk on Southern affairs. Colonel Duryea is a fine fellow. On our return we met the General and his staff going to Hampton. I reported the result to him, and he seemed satisfied. Mitchell will receive a pass to New York. His cousin had received a letter from his mother, who was feeling very anxious about her son, as she did not know where he was. Mr. Mitchell was at Great Bethel the day after the battle; he appeared smart and intelligent, and has traveled extensively. One can imagine his feelings, now he is free from the enemy. General Butler was wise in not letting him go until he was vouched for. Towards night some fighting was reported as going on near Hampton.

July 18, 1861. Thursday. Pleasant. Carried orders to Camps Hampton and Grebbles. I have exchanged my horse for a better one. In passing a sentinel to-day, he saluted, supposing I was a commissioned officer, which made me smile. The General returned from Washington to-day. Two officers were dismissed from the service for too much drinking; this seems to be the principal evil in our army. My time is all occupied in carrying orders and announcing callers to the General.

July 19, 1861. Friday. It rained in the morning. Our company exchanged their muskets for rifle bores; had those left by the 3d Regiment. I have a good one. Another deserter was brought in to-day; he came from Norfolk; was picked up by the steamer Quaker City. A person came down from Baltimore on the boat, evaded our pickets, and got outside of our lines, but was shot, in some way, and was brought in. The General went to Hampton in the afternoon; Orderly Worcester went with him. Our First Lieutenant, I. N. Wilson, has been appointed Captain of one of the companies which belong to the 3d Massachusetts; they are enlisted for three years, and are at Hampton.

July 20, 1861. Saturday. We received the news of the battle of Bull Run. Went to Newport News with the General and Colonel Baker.

July 21, 1861. Sunday. Pleasant. Quite a number of members of Congress came down on the boat. Of course the General has to receive and entertain them; they have gone to Newport News. In the afternoon rode to Hampton. A whole day spent with visitors, which does not benefit our cause; I don't think the General likes it. The cavalry company are rigging their wagons on the parade ground. Company L of the regulars, Sixth Artillery, are getting together. Something is up.

July 22, 1861. Monday. Pleasant. An infernal machine was found on the shore near the wharf, and one was picked up in the stream. They were floating down from Sewall's Point; no damage done. A secesh schooner passed up the river, along the opposite shore, by Newport News. Our gun-boat had no steam up. We fired at her from our river batteries, but the shots did not take effect. Four persons came inside our lines from West Point, twenty-five miles from Richmond; they had their choice, to enlist or go to jail; they escaped some way. One of our boys has set up a stove in his quarters, and we make tea, etc. Sergeant Whitney, of the Vermont regiment, was killed, while outside the lines, to-day at Newport News.

July 23, 1861. Tuesday. Showery in the morning. Our army has been defeated at Manassas Junction; at first our troops were successful, but, afterwards, were overpowered by numbers; at last accounts they were retreating towards Washington with large loss of life on both sides. That defeat will cast a gloom over the whole North. We find that the South is well equipped and has men who will fight as well as we, and the North has no "walk-over" to whip them. Our cavalry company is drilling to-day. Went to Hampton with orders.

July 24, 1861. Wednesday. Went to Hampton with orders.

July 25, 1861. Thursday. Pleasant. Went to Hampton with orders. The Quaker City captured a sloop last night; it was bound for Richmond, had 600 bushels of corn and seven passengers on board. The passengers were brought to the General's quarters and he examined them. Two took the oath, but five would not, so they were confined in the guard-house. All were well dressed and intelligent. The troops camped at Hampton are moving to Fox Hill.

July 26, 1861. Friday. Last night about 12 o'clock an order came from Washington for four of our regiments to embark for that place at once. Orderly Worcester was called and delivered the order to the different commands. This afternoon Colonel Baker's California regiment is aboard; they marched through the fort, by General Butler's headquarters, giving cheer after cheer. At dark Colonel Duryea's, Colonel Townsend's and Colonel Taylor's regiments (the latter from Newport News) were aboard steamers. I was obliged to stop at the General's quarters over night. Hampton village has been evacuated. The negroes come to the fort. The cavalry company

has taken quarters inside with us. Thus we are in the same situation as at first; but better lose Hampton than Washington.

July 27, 1861. Saturday. Pleasant. All the troops got away to-day and it seems very quiet. In the afternoon the General, Captain Haggerty and myself took a ride out to Hampton. The General gave orders, while there, to destroy thirty feet of the further end of the bridge which leads over the inlet towards the town. An expedition up Back River succeeded in capturing and burning several vessels.

July 28, 1861. Sunday. Pleasant. The only thing that reminds me that it is Sunday is the ringing of a small bell in the morning for service, avocations go on as during the week. I should like to be at home to-day and listen to one of our pastor's good sermons, also visit the Sabbath School class, but this cannot be done. A railroad for transporting stores has been laid down from the wharf. Received a box from home.

July 29, 1861. Monday. Pleasant. Very quiet all day. Carried orders to the Union Coast Guard, which was formerly the Naval Brigade. The enemy has been firing from Pigs Point this afternoon. The Roanoke brought in the rebel gunboat Sumter, which is a good prize.

July 30, 1861. Tuesday. Pleasant. A scouting party has gone up the bay for the remainder of the week.

July 31, 1861. Wednesday. Pleasant. To-day is monthly inspection, consequently I am obliged to turn out with my company. It is excessively hot.

August 1, 1861. Thursday. Pleasant. Asked the General for a pass to Baltimore, which he granted. Private Weston relieved me. In the afternoon the General went to Newport News, and gave orders to stop selling liquors. Started for Baltimore on the 6 o'clock boat, the steamer Adelaide. Had a pleasant evening in conversing on deck. One of our Corporals runs on the boat to prevent visitors from coming down. I slept with him.

August 2, 1861. Friday. Pleasant. Had a good night's rest and a nice breakfast. An hour's ride after 6 o'clock brought us to the wharf. Had a splendid view of Fort McHenry as we came up the river. Corporal Boynton and I wandered about the city sight-seeing. Everything looks deserted; grass is growing in the streets; people show wry faces. One young lady in passing us dropped her under lip and very ungraciously crossed the street, taking care her dress should not touch a Union soldier; it made me smile. I indulged in some fruit, which is now a rarity. Visited Colonel Duryea's regiment, which is encamped on Federal Hill. This regiment was formerly at Fortress Monroe. Ascended the Washington monument and obtained a fine view of the city. Being pretty well tired out by this time, I found my way

back to the boat, which started at 4.30 p. m. There were a few Union flags flying in the city. I bought a cup and saucer for twenty-five cents.

August 3, 1861. Saturday. Pleasant. Arrived at the wharf at 6 o'clock. Had a splendid trip and a nice time even if all alone. I purchased an officer's and a private Zouave's cap; sold the Zouave's cap for forty cents, thus making fifteen cents on them. After I arrived at headquarters, I was told that the General had gone to Washington. It is very quiet about here now. Had some stewed tomatoes for dinner; got them out of the General's garden.

August 4, 1861. Sunday. Pleasant. I have agreed with Orderly Worcester to be off duty this morning and am to relieve him in the afternoon, as there is little doing. A soldier dove off into the moat this morning, struck his head on the bottom of the moat, and I am afraid he has injured himself, as he is unable to use his limbs on the left side; he came near drowning. I caught a plank and ran to his assistance; another soldier jumped into the water, caught him and held him up until we got a rope around his body, then we pulled him out. I attended a prayer meeting at the hospital in the evening, which was conducted by the Rev. Mr. Dennison, Chaplain of the House of Representatives; a good many negroes were present.

August 5, 1861. Monday. Pleasant. Have made an agreement with the wife of one of the Sergeants (in the regulars) to make me some white shirts. The General returned this morning; his appointment has been confirmed. He went to Newport News in the forenoon and I accompanied him, with Captain Dyer of the Ordnance Department and two engineers. They experimented with the Sawyer Gun, Mr. Sawyer himself being present. The river here is six miles wide and the gun sent two shots over five miles. Two vessels passed by on the opposite shore belonging to the enemy. A young lady and her brother went up on the boat; they had been attending school in Barre, Vt., and are now going to Dixie. A flag of truce is to take them outside our lines from Newport News to Warwick. I took a boat and brought them from our steamer to the Newport News steamer and found the young lady quite interesting and social. I deemed it a treat, for young ladies are a rarity about here. Our party returned to the fort at 4 o'clock p. m. The Vermont regiment has gone home. Private Cowdry of our company went with them; his wife is sick.

August 6, 1861. Tuesday. Pleasant. Congress has passed a law to increase the soldier's pay four dollars a month, this making it fifteen. The boys feel well about it. The Savannah and the Wabash came in last night. An expedition has gone up the bay under command of Lieutenant Crosby to capture some stores known to be there. It is very hot to-day. I have changed my quarters to the room below, where it is a little cooler.

August 7, 1861. Wednesday. Pleasant. In the forenoon carried orders about the fort. In the afternoon took the General's barge and was rowed over to the Minnesota with a communication for Commodore Stringham. Colonel Butler has gone to Washington, Captain Haggerty to Newport News. A deserter came in to-day. He belongs to a Georgia regiment; says six thousand troops are within three miles of Hampton Village. He is a Northerner from Maine and was impressed into the rebel service; says the force is composed of North Carolina, Georgia and Louisiana men poorly equipped. I took him to the guard-house and saw he had something to eat. At night I went with the General up to the camps, after which we rode over the bridge leading to Hampton Village, the bridge being the extremity of our picket line. The village had been evacuated by our forces. All quiet across the river. Returned to the fort at 11 o'clock p. m. Speaking of this bridge reminds me of a time when I was carrying orders to this point and the sentry, not knowing me, would not allow me to go on without a pass. I had to turn back and report to the General, to which he said: "Why didn't you shake a whiskey bottle at him?" I staid at the General's quarters all night; about 1 o'clock he was called up, and behold, Hampton was in flames from one end to the other; the enemy came in and set it on fire. The General went up to the parapet and watched the flames awhile, then retired. Couriers reported the progress of the flames two or three times while it was burning.

August 8, 1861. Thursday. Pleasant. I learned that there were more than four hundred buildings in the place and all but fourteen were destroyed. The Savannah was towed opposite Newport News to-day. A light battery was also ordered up. A flag of truce came out from Norfolk this afternoon. Our Commodore would not allow the steamer to come in close proximity but sent out a small boat to meet her. She brought General Scott's niece and five shipwrecked sailors. Our telegraph wires have been cut by the enemy. Went out to the Minnesota with orders. I think Commodore Stringham is a splendid man. The General rode up to Hampton at night. Our picket still remains this side of the bridge.

August 9, 1861. Friday. Pleasant. It has been quiet to-day, and it gave me a chance to rest. The Assistant Adjutant has resigned, and has received an appointment in the Commissary Department at St. Louis, Mo. Corporal Bowers has been detailed to report to headquarters, to do writing. The big Union gun has been re-mounted, when three times three cheers were given. It is located near the light-house. If we had more troops, I think the General would attack General Magruder. Colonel Phelps has been made Brigadier-General. I think he is worthy of the promotion, and would be very

cool and collected in time of action. I got a contraband to wash my bed-tick, and then I filled it with fresh straw.

August 10, 1861. Saturday. Pleasant. Showers in the afternoon. Quiet to-day. I drove the General around outside the fort at noon awhile. In the afternoon I went to Camp Hamilton; got badly wet. The balloon ascension took place at night; the passengers must have had a good view, for it was very clear and still. The rope was attached to the steam-tug Adriatic. The General was on board. The Quaker City came in to-day. While I am writing in my quarters now, the cockroaches are running over my table; they are very thick. We call our quarters "The Bug House." I can endure them, but deliver me from bedbugs.

August 11, 1861. Sunday. Pleasant. The steamer Whitney arrived to-day and the boys got some boxes from home. I received some papers and a letter from cousin Samuel. Quiet; yet Sunday here and Sunday in Lowell, how different! Went up to Camp Hamilton in the afternoon. It is growing tame about here, I wish our company might be ordered outside to the front.

August 12, 1861. Monday. Pleasant. The General and staff have gone up to Newport News; there is some trouble in the New York 9th Regiment; they have not been paid off; also consider themselves three months' men. The General returned at noon. He quieted them; brought down thirty, and sent them over to the Rip Raps as prisoners. A flag of truce from Norfolk brought over twenty of our men, who were taken prisoners at Bull Run. They came from Richmond, and belong to Connecticut, New York, and Rhode Island regiments. They also brought a lady, who was captured when near the battlefield on the day of the fight. They say the rebels are well equipped and will fight desperately. A negro escaped from Pigs Point to-day. He states that the rebels have eight guns mounted there; he saw our balloon when it went up. I visited Camp Hamilton in the afternoon. Some of the enemy are about Hampton yet.

August 13, 1861. Tuesday. Went over to the Rip Raps with orders.

August 14, 1861. Wednesday. Rainy. Quite a change in the temperature. I think we are to have some cooler weather. Our boys returned from Baltimore this morning. Received a letter from George Wight and George Webster. Private Cowdry has returned from his furlough. We were pleased to see him and hear from home. General Wool is expected any day; he is to supersede General Butler.

August 15, 1861. Thursday. Pleasant. All quiet to-day.

August 16, 1861. Friday. General Wool arrived this morning. General Butler and staff went to the boat to receive him and I went with them. All passed on board. Soon General Wool came forward and met us. He looks to be a very firm old man. The General's private carriage took him to headquarters. Soon after, all went up to

Newport News and were received by General Phelps and an inspection of the camp took place. While we were there, a courier came in and said the enemy were advancing in large numbers, so General Phelps had the long roll beat and formed a line of battle, but no enemy came. We then returned to the fortress.

August 17, 1861. Saturday. Rainy all day. Quiet.

August 18, 1861. Sunday. Lowery. Cleared off at noon. Rather still to-day. Wrote home. The General (Wool) took a ride to Hampton; had an escort go with him.

August 19, 1861. Monday. Last night a fire broke out in Hampton, about 10.30 o'clock. I reported at headquarters at once. I received an order to mount my horse, ride up and learn what was up. I met Colonel Max Webber on the way. We went to the bridge. The picket said four persons were seen and fired at; they had set fire to the remaining houses. The General went to Hampton to-day and I went with him. He called on Captain Wales of the Mounted Rifles, who are quartered in the Female College. General Wool has detailed a Corporal from the regulars to act as an Orderly for him, so I suppose I shall have to report to my company after General Butler is ordered elsewhere. Dr. Kimball and nurses went on the Baltimore boat to-night. We had a shower in the evening. Wrote to Walter S. Bailey, who is stationed at Harper's Ferry, in the Lowell company which is there.

August 20, 1861. Tuesday. The bedbugs bit me so, upstairs, I moved below and am with George Pray. My bed is made of straw placed on an iron bedstead, with my army blanket for a covering, my knapsack for a pillow. I have become accustomed to it and sleep well. We have two chairs, brought from Hampton, and a stool, which came ashore when the steamer Cataline was burned. There is a fireplace in the room; the plastering looks as though it had been shot at and is full of holes through which the cockroaches skirmish. The size of the room is eight by ten, with two windows. The boys quartered upstairs are obliged to pass through our room. I am afraid if I had such a room at home I should find fault. A cat occupies a small box in one corner, and last night she gave birth to three kittens. A hen, also, visits a shelf in the room daily and lays an egg. Who wouldn't be a soldier? Windy, and some rain to-day. A Dutch man-of-war came in last night, and a salute was fired this morning. One hundred men were discharged and sent home to-day, as they were unfit for the duty of a soldier.

August 21, 1861. Wednesday. I expect General Butler will go home soon. I like him, and think if the War Department would only give him troops, instead of taking them away, he would accomplish much in putting down the Rebellion. Colonel Butler, his brother, is a jolly, fat fellow, but very stern when occasion requires. I think he

would be an excellent business man. Captain Haggerty is smart. I think the General has missed it in not selecting some old soldiers to serve on his staff. Our boys are sorry the General has been relieved; we know him to be one who believes in summary dealing with the rebels. Pleasant to-day. Notice has been given that there will be an inspection and review of the troops inside the fortress to-day. It came off at 9 o'clock, and was very thorough. After inspecting the troops, the General went through our quarters and the hospital. I heard that General Butler has been assigned to the command of all the troops outside the fortress. Mr. Mitchell, who escaped from Yorktown, and who was clerk on the Newport News boat, has absconded, and taken money with him.

August 22, 1861. Pleasant. Nothing of any note to-day.

August 23, 1861. Friday. Pleasant. The General went up to Camp Hamilton, and reviewed the troops. I went with him. It was fine. The troops had a sham fight.

August 24, 1861. Saturday. Pleasant. Quiet all day. I wrote home.

August 25, 1861. Sunday. Pleasant. General Wool went up to Newport News, to review the troops. General Butler went aboard the Minnesota. An expedition is afloat, going to Cape Hatteras.

August 26, 1861. Monday. The expedition sailed to-day. I shall go along with the General. I shall endeavor to do my duty to my country, wherever we may go, and help clean out the rebels. Many troops have gone aboard the transports, and the naval vessels are going with us. (For details, see letter August 31, 1861.)

August 31, 1861. Returned from the expedition. It was a success. The General and his staff start for Washington this evening. I go with them, by steamer to Annapolis, thence by rail. When ashore on the sands at Hatteras, a comrade and I went inland a short distance; found a deserted country store, containing dry goods and groceries. We found a change of under-clothing, also a trunk, which I opened with my bayonet. In a tin box I got about ten dollars in silver; one piece was a Mexican coin. This change will come in use.

September 1, 1861. We arrived in Washington at 1 o'clock a. m.

September 5, 1861. Arrived in Lowell this evening. Thursday, on our way, we stopped in New York at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, where the General received congratulations.

September 20, 1861. Friday. I opened a recruiting office at "25 Merrimack Street." The General has orders to raise troops in the New England States for an expedition somewhere. Our recruits rendezvous at Camp Chase. The E. B. S. Regiment was mustered into service at Camp Chase, Lowell, Mass., December 31, 1861, by Captain Ames, U. S. A.

October 3, 1861. Thursday. Paid all the expenses of the office and

closed it. I am to go into camp as acting Quartermaster Sergeant under J. M. G. Parker, who is to be Quartermaster.

October 12, 1861. Went up to camp and reported for duty. I am acting Quartermaster Sergeant of the regiment; sooner or later I shall be transferred to the regiment by an order. The different companies are being equipped very rapidly. I am kept busy issuing clothing, etc. Drills, guard mounting, etc., are kept up every day. General Butler reviewed and inspected us the other day; he told one old fellow to go to the barber and have his hair and beard colored, as they were very gray. The 9th Connecticut Regiment are in camp with us, a hard set of men; they run guard, go down town and get drink; so do some of our boys. It is a bye-word around camp, "Connecticut over the fence;" it is frequently heard from the guard stationed around the camp, on a line with the tight, high board fence. My friends at the Mechanics Mills, A. L. Brooks, C. H. Latham and others, have presented me with an officer's sword. I formerly worked for A. L. Brooks, lumber dealer.

January 2, 1862. Broke camp. Took cars for Boston. We have nine companies, 926 men and twenty-five officers, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel J. H. French. We were reviewed by General Butler and presented with some colors on Boston Common, then went aboard the steamer Constitution. Sailed on the 13th, a very cold day. Arrived at Fortress Monroe the 16th.

January 20, 1862. Disembarked and lay round on the neck of land which runs back from the fortress. In the meantime I tried to issue stores and tents to make the boys comfortable. High tide drove us back into a graveyard. General Wool won't recognize us, so we must get along until General Butler and Governor Andrew settle their trouble in regard to our organization and appointment of officers.

February 2, 1862. Re-embarked and sailed, then put back, and set out again on the 6th, after leaving a steamer which we picked up in distress. I played a joke on our Quartermaster Parker, the day before we left. When the troops went on board, in Boston, the boys had some boxes. I was ordered to examine them and, if liquor was found, to confiscate it. The Quartermaster had several bottles I had turned over to him in his state room. I treated all the officers and then filled the bottles with water. The Quartermaster came aboard with some friends to see him off at Fort Monroe and he proposed to treat them, when, lo, the wine had turned into water. I was in my bunk in the next state-room and I could hear the Quartermaster damning the Sergeants. While our regiment lay at the fort, I visited my company; the Captain, P. A. Davis, ordered me back into the ranks. I saw one of General Butler's aids and, later, got an order direct from the War Department; which transferred me to the 30th Regiment and I was appointed a full-fledged Quartermaster Sergeant.

February 6 to 12, 1862. Had good weather and a fine sail. On the 12th, we dropped anchor near Ship Island and landed at once. I was very busy getting tents and stores ashore. Our camp is near Camp Thompson.

March 9, 1862. Monday. Company K, our tenth company, joined us. This is a dreary place to bring troops; where the wind blows the sand drifts like snow. It is hard to make the tent pins secure in such ground. I was pleased to meet father here, he having preceded me and was in charge of some mechanics who have erected building for storage, etc. Our regimental store-house is occupied in part, at one end, by the sutler. The boys wanted some of his lager beer, so Sergeant Fay and I tied a small rope to a pail and one of us went over the partition and turned the faucet, repeating our raids until the barrel was empty. There being no friendship or mercy shown for sutlers, nothing was done about it.

March 22, 1862. Captain N. A. M. Dudley, 10th Infantry, U. S. A., was commissioned Colonel by Governor Andrew February 8, 1862, arrived and took command March 22, 1862, and the regiment was reorganized. Up to this date no officer had been commissioned; H. O. Whittemore is Major.

March 23, 1862. Company E, Captain Brown, was detached from the regiment to act as pioneers.

April 5, 1862. Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Bullock joined us. Governor Andrew has gained the day over General Butler and he is sending out officers to take the place of Butler's appointments. It seems hard, after the old officers have recruited and drilled their men. Since landing on the island, the troops have been busy drilling. I expect we will soon depart, judging from actions. Lieutenant-Colonel French has gone on Butler's staff.

April 15, 1862. The regiment embarked on board the ship North America and on the 16th we left with everybody else on the expedition.

April 18, 1862. We came to anchor at the head of South-West Pass, Mississippi River, where we remained until the navy captured Forts St. Philip and Jackson. We were crowded, had little to eat, dirty, lousy; our only excitement was watching the shells at night during the bombardment.

April 28, 1862. Went on up the river, opposite the forts. A detachment was sent to one of the forts. I went ashore to Fort Jackson. It was well shattered.

April 29, 1862. All aboard and steamed up the river. Beautiful views of orange groves. Negroes on the banks waving bandannas. Arrived at New Orleans May 1. Disembarked May 2 and quartered in the Odd Fellows' Hall and Lafayette Square near by. I was so weak I did not go ahead with the regiment, but reported later. I went to the top of the building to a hall used for the sick; lay on the floor

over night. The next morning made up my mind I must get out of there or I should die, so I crawled down; bought a milk punch, which braced me. I continued to use this medicine, and got well, after which, aside from my duties, I enjoyed my stay in the city very much.

May 30, 1862. We went aboard the steamer Mississippi, and proceeded up the river to Baton Rouge.

June 1, 1862. Arrived in the evening.

June 2, 1862. Landed and quartered in the State House, over which we raised the Stars and Stripes. During our stay, expeditions were sent outside the lines, which captured stock, provisions and prisoners. This is a pretty place and healthy.

June 16, 1862. Regiment went aboard the steamer Iberville, on a trip up the river for provisions, wood, etc, and to see if any guerrillas were about.

June 20, 1862. The remainder of the troops at Baton Rouge went aboard steamers and, with the gun-boats, proceeded up the river to Vicksburg. I did not go, being detailed to remain to care for the stores.

July 26, 1862. Troops returned; accomplished nothing; many sick. We hear the enemy are coming on us.

August 4, 1862. Regimental line was formed and we marched out of the town and bivouacked.

August 5, 1862. At daylight the long roll was beaten and the line quickly formed. We had proceeded a short distance when we received the enemy's fire on our left. A dense fog was prevailing, which prevented us from seeing them, and we could only judge of their position by the flash of their muskets. We were ordered to lie down and load and fire at will, so the enemy's fire passed over our heads. Nim's Battery and our regiment silenced the enemy's fire and they retreated, when we returned to our bivouac. We lost some in killed and wounded. Early in the day, Colonel Dudley commanded us, later he commanded the right wing of the brigade and Major Whittemore took command.

August 6, 1862. While riding over the field of battle, searching for the dead and wounded, I met Colonel Dudley who asked what I was doing. He ordered me to follow him and said: "Consider yourself on my staff. I will write to the Governor recommending you for promotion to Second Lieutenant."

A detail from my company was made this morning, to go on guard. One of the men did not care to go, on pretence of having a lame leg. He went to the Surgeon, and told him of his lameness, when the Surgeon asked him to hold out his tongue. My man replied, "What has my tongue to do with my leg?"

August 10, 1862. Regiment returned to quarters in the State House.

August 11, 1862. Regiment bivouacked on the grounds of the United States Arsenal and our brigade entrenched themselves under cover of the gun-boats. The exposure to the hot sun, the damp air at night, and the hard work on the trenches prostrated the regiment.

August 12, 1862. General Butler has issued the following congratulations to the soldiers of the Army of the Gulf:

NEW ORLEANS, August 9, 1862.

Soldiers of the Army of the Gulf:

Your successes have heretofore been substantially bloodless.

Taking and holding the most important strategic and commercial positions, with the aid of the gallant navy, by the wisdom of your combinations, and the moral power of your arms, it has been left for the last few days to baptize you in blood.

The Spanish conqueror of Mexico won imperishable renown by landing in that country and burning his transport ships, to cut off all hope of retreat. You, more wise and economical, but with equal providence against retreat, sent yours home.

Organized to operate on the sea coast, you advanced your outposts to Baton Rouge, the capital of the State of Louisiana, more than two hundred and fifty miles into the interior.

Attacked there by a division of our rebel enemies, under command of a Major General recreant to loyal Kentucky, whom some of us would have honored before his apostasy, of doubly superior numbers, you have repulsed in the open field his myrmidons, who took advantage of your sickness, from the malaria of the marshes of Vicksburg, to make a cowardly attack.

The Brigade at Baton Rouge has routed the enemy.

He has lost three Brigadier-Generals, killed, wounded and prisoners; many Colonels and field officers. He has more than a thousand killed and wounded.

You have captured three pieces of artillery, six caissons, two stand of colors, and a large number of prisoners.

You have buried his dead on the field of battle, and are caring for his wounded. You have convinced him that you are never so sick as not to fight your enemy, if he desires the contest.

You have shown him that if he cannot take an outpost after weeks of preparation, what would be his fate with the main body. If your General should say he was proud of you, it would only be to praise himself; but he will say he is proud to be one of you.

In this battle, the Northeast and the Northwest mingled their blood on the field—as they had long ago joined their hearts—in the support of the Union.

Michigan stood by Maine, Massachusetts supported Indiana, Wisconsin aided Vermont, while Connecticut, represented by the sons of the ever-green shamrock, fought as our fathers did at Boyne Waters.

While we all mourn the loss of many brave comrades, we, who were absent, envy them the privilege of dying upon the battle-field for our country, under the starry folds of her victorious flag.

The colors and guidons of the several corps engaged in the contest will have inscribed on them, "Baton Rouge."

To complete the victory, the iron-clad steamer Arkansas, the last naval hope of the Rebellion, hardly awaited the gallant attack of the Essex, but followed the example of her sisters, the Merrimac, the Manassas, the Mississippi, and the Louisiana, by her own destruction.

MAJOR-GENERAL BUTLER.

By command of

R. S. DAVIS, Captain and A. A. A. G.

August 21, 1862. Embarked on board the transports, and arrived at Carrollton, near New Orleans, on the 22d. Disembarked and camped near the parapet, close to the river.

August 24, 1862. Changed our camp to Materie Ridge, distance two miles; called it Camp Williams, for General Williams, who was killed at the battle of Baton Rouge. The 5th Brigade was here formed, and our regiment put into it, with three others, three batteries and one cavalry company, Colonel Dudley, Acting Brigadier-General, commanding.

September 15, 1862. Up to this date we were drilled on brigade movements, but our regiment suffered terribly from sickness, and we were ordered to Carrollton.

November 3, 1862. Lieutenant-Colonel Bullock resumed command, and we moved to the United States barracks, four miles below New Orleans, and close to the river.

January 1, 1863. Arose at reveille, and attended roll-call; wished all the officers and my men "A happy New Year." Up to this date we have been going through the usual routine of duties, and recruiting the health of the men; many are in the hospital. Made out the monthly return of my company (G), also the quarterly return of the deceased soldiers, of whom nine of my company died during the last quarter. Wrote home. Lieutenant Norcross is officer of the guard to-day. Lieutenant E. A. Fiske is sick. Pleasant, but cool.

January 2, 1863. Pleasant. Attended an anniversary dinner of the officers in the evening. One year ago we left old Massachusetts. Colonels Dudley and French came down from the city.

January 3, 1863. Saturday. Pleasant. Muster rolls all right. Went up to New Orleans, bought a pair of shoes, and two hundred pistol cartridges; had a nice time.

January 4, 1863. Pleasant. Inspection at 8.30. Went with the Colonel to the various quarters, also to the hospital. Quiet all day. Some of the officers went to the theatre in the evening, Sunday. Such is the custom in New Orleans. A report that Galveston had been re-taken, and three gun-boats.

January 5, 1863. Splendid day. I am detailed for officer of the guard. The guard consists of one Lieutenant, one Sergeant, four Corporals, and fifty-four privates.

January 7, 1863. Pleasant, but quite chilly. I had a good guard ; was relieved by Lieutenant Emerson.

January 8, 1863. Pleasant. Anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, under General Jackson. A salute was fired at noon. We had a battalion drill in the afternoon. The officers met in the evening, to celebrate the day ; there were toasts and speeches. Steamer Cambria returned to-day from Galveston, Texas ; everybody supposed she had been re-taken. She waited at the entrance of the harbor forty-eight hours for a pilot. After she took one on board, the Captain mistrusted something was wrong, and returned to New Orleans.

January 9, 1863. Pleasant. Made out descriptive lists of members of the company who are in the hospital to enable them to draw their pay. Lieutenant Norcross and I drilled the company to-day as skirmishers. The officers met at Captain Whittier's quarters in the evening and had a social time, singing, speeches, toasts, etc., with egg-nog in abundance. Parting song, "Home, Sweet Home."

January 10, 1863. Some rain. Lieutenants Loring, Ferris, Fay and myself visited a planter to-day, down the river, a Mr. Ducros. I formed his acquaintance when on patrol duty with a squad. We had a nice dinner, he gave us some wine he had imported from France. He believes in slavery because the Constitution allows it. We returned at sunset on the cars.

January 11, 1863. Sunday. Pleasant. Inspection at 8.30 o'clock. My company looked well, small numbers, fifty comprise the company and there were only twenty-five for duty. At sundown, the 47th Massachusetts Regiment marched inside of the barracks, they came from Carrollton. Pleasant time in the evening all around. They are a nine months' regiment lately arrived.

January 12, 1863. Monday. Pleasant. I am twenty-two years old to-day. Time passes rapidly ; but no one could use it better than in defending the flag of his country. Went up to the city in the evening.

January 13, 1863. I returned to quarters in the morning. Our regiment has orders to go to Baton Rouge and join General Dudley's brigade. We ought to stay here two months longer ; cannot muster over three hundred men for duty. Went aboard the steamer Iberville, the same boat which carried our boys to Vicksburg last summer.

January 14, 1863. Rainy. Touched at Donaldsonville on the way. Met three officers of the 1st Louisiana Regiment with whom I am acquainted. Occupied a state-room with Lieutenant Haley, had a pleasant trip, arrived at Baton Rouge at 3 p. m., stayed aboard during the night. Six companies went ashore and quartered in the theatre building.

January 15, 1863. Rainy. The balance of the regiment went into quarters at the theatre building. I looked after the company's baggage. We all slept in the hall at night. Quite cold.

January 16, 1863. Friday. Cold, ice formed. Lieutenant Norcross on guard. The regiment had a march and a drill in the afternoon. We looked fine. Some of our officers have hired a house I quarter in the building, find my bed very hard. Baton Rouge looks deserted, the citizens are nearly all gone. The State House is now merely a shell, as only the walls stand, the enemy having burned it last summer after we left.

January 17, 1863. Pleasant but cold. No drill to-day. I visited the battle-field with other officers, it looks natural. We have some eighteen thousand troops here.

January 18, 1863. Sunday. Warmer. Inspection at 10 a. m., after which we were marched. Turned out three hundred and eighty men. We are to be brigaded to-morrow. Happy day this, as I was notified that the Governor has commissioned me, which makes me a full-fledged Lieutenant and not an acting one any longer. Mail arrived but no letter for me. Rainy to-night.

January 19, 1863. I am boarding at a coffee house at \$5.00 per week. Moved our quarters, occupy three rooms, one for my servant.

January 20, 1863. Pleasant. General Auger takes command. I made out our ordnance returns in the morning. Battalion drill in the afternoon by General Dudley. Captain McGee, of the cavalry, went outside with his company scouting; reported that he saw quite a force nine miles out. Our regiment has the reputation of being "the crack regiment," and the neatest looking.

January 21, 1863. Pleasant. Company drill as skirmishers in the morning. Battalion drill in the afternoon. General Banks is in town to-day. General Auger is now in command. Our regiment is in General Grover's division. Our brigade is composed of the 30th Massachusetts, the 50th Massachusetts, the 2d Louisiana, the 161st and the 174th New York regiments. We expect to go into camp soon. Wrote home. Sent for a suit of clothes.

January 22, 1863. Pleasant. Company drill in the morning; battalion drill in the afternoon. Quiet, nothing new to-day.

January 23, 1863. Cloudy. Went into camp on our old drill-grounds. We are on the right of the brigade. I had all the tents pitched by sunset.

January 24, 1863. Saturday. Marched into and occupied our camp at sunrise. Policing camp is the order of the day. Received my commission to-day from the hands of Lieutenant-Colonel Bullock; it is dated August 19, 1862. I was the senior Sergeant who was promoted.

January 25, 1863. Sunday. Our brigade was reviewed by General Dudley in the morning, after which inspection took place. Started a mess to-day; there are eight in it; we hire a room in a house and a cook. It is quite cold.

January 26, 1863. Looks like rain. I am detailed for picket duty, as the junior officer. Lieutenant Johnston and Lieutenant Norcross also detailed. After guard mounting, we marched out into the country two miles. I had charge of six posts, three privates to a post, the last post connecting with the picket of another brigade on our left. Lieutenant Norcross connected with a brigade on our right. Lieutenant Johnston in command and at our reserve. All quiet, no enemy in sight. Some citizens passed through the lines during the day with passes. Visited by the General and the officer of the day at 1 a. m., and at night by the officer of the day. It commenced to rain at dark; it was very cold, and no shelter; had to "grin and bear it." Had an old chair and sat in it all night. Was relieved at 10 o'clock the next day by a detachment of the 2d Louisiana Regiment. This regiment is composed of all nations; it was raised in New Orleans; there is one Chinese in it; he cannot speak English, pretty soldier, he! My negro servant found a pocket-hook, which belonged to one of our men; he was seen when he picked it up, but stoutly denied it. I threatened to shoot him and gave him two minutes to either produce it or die; then he handed it over.

January 27, 1863. Tuesday. Cold and muddy. No drill to-day. We are laying floors in our tents; I have finished mine, which makes it quite comfortable. Nothing new. No expectation of a fight at present.

January 28, 1863. Pleasant but cold. Received a long letter from home and it was a good one, mother's picture was in it.

January 29, 1863. Pleasant but cold, water froze in my tent last night, the ice was quite thick. I have set up a small stove. Drill in the morning from 7.30 to 8.30, then from 10 to 6 o'clock. Battalion drill in the afternoon, from 2 to 4 o'clock.

January 30, 1863. Captain and I drilled the company in the manual to-day. Battalion drill in the afternoon. No excitement to-day.

January 31, 1863. Saturday. Our brigade was reviewed by General Grover. The 30th received their usual praise from the commanding officer for soldierly appearance. The Captain is on picket duty. I preferred charges against two privates of Company H for deserting their post while on picket with me, as I was ordered to do so by General Dudley.

February 1, 1863. Sunday. Rainy all day. Inspection at 9 a. m. Wrote home. Read in Handy Andy. It is reported that Stonewall Jackson is outside some thirty miles. Let him come, we are ready for him.

February 2, 1863. Rainy. There was to have been an inspection to-day by the Assistant Inspector of the Division, but the rain prevented.

February 3, 1863. Pleasant. In the morning our regiment was inspected by the Assistant Inspector of the Division. In the afternoon no drill.

February 4, 1863. Rainy. Drills as usual. No indication of the enemy about. Camp life is monotonous if lasting too long; a soldier desires constant change.

February 6 and 7, 1863. Pleasant. Drill on the 6th, none on the 7th. Our regiment is second to none in drill and soldierly bearing.

February 8, 1863. Sunday. Inspection and review by General Dudley. Captain E. A. Fiske has obtained three days' leave and gone to Donaldsonville to visit his brother, which leaves me in command. A flag of truce has gone outside under charge of Captain McGee, who goes as a Sergeant, toward Port Hudson, to ascertain anything about the enemy.

February 9, 1863. Pleasant, not so cold. Drill as usual, also brigade drill. The flag of truce has returned, the enemy's pickets are within six miles of our line. I feel tired 'o-night. At reveille, we form into line of battle, then wheel into columns of companies and the roll is called.

February 10, 1863. Pleasant. Brigade drill very good. The battalions were instructed in forming squares in a new way, viz., centre divisions march forward, then the companies on the right, left face forward and file right, the company on the left, right face and file left and the 10th company join the 1st. Very pretty and quickly executed.

February 11, 1863. Showery. In the afternoon, a brigade line was formed, and we were caught in a shower; got completely wet through. The officers, in the evening, called on the officers of the regiments in our brigade; we took a band along, and our Glee Club.

February 12, 1863. Manual drill. I drilled the company as skirmishers. Battalion drill this afternoon. I did not go out, as I had been summoned to attend a court-martial. A mail arrived to-day; no letter for me. All quiet at the front. I have only twenty-five men for duty; the regiment will never turn out 500 men again.

February 13, 1863. Pleasant. Company drill in the morning, brigade drill in the afternoon. The Captain has not yet returned. I wish a forward movement would be made; we have troops enough to accomplish something. A vocal and instrumental concert was given this evening, for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum here. The State has neglected it since the war broke out. The concert was given by our soldiers.

February 14, 1863. Saturday. Captain Fiske arrived to-day. No drills. Policing camp the order of the day.

February 15, 1863. Sunday. Review and inspection, afterwards a march down town. We have quite a brigade, five regiments. I am

on picket duty to-day; have the right of the line, with forty-five men, quartered in an old building. The general officer and the brigade officer of the day visited me in the forenoon.

February 16, 1863. Cloudy. Was relieved from picket duty at 12.30 p. m., by Lieutenant Prince of our regiment; feel pretty tired; took a nap in the afternoon. Captain H. C. Wells has gone home on a leave of absence. I sent home, by him, my Quartermaster Sergeant's warrant. No indication of any fight about here.

February 17, 1863. Pleasant. Nothing new. They bury a soldier occasionally. The music of the funeral dirge causes sad feelings, and turns our thoughts homewards. The air is often whistled by our boys about camp, so much so, we have given orders to stop it, it is so solemn.

February 18, 1863. Pleasant. I made application for a leave of absence, to go to New Orleans to draw my pay.

February 19, 1863. Leave of absence granted; also one to Lieutenant Ferris, who goes on the same errand. Went on board the steamer Laurel Hill; started at 1 p. m. Made landings several times on the way down, to take sugar, cotton, etc., on board; arrived the next day at 10 o'clock.

February 20, 1863. Went to City Hotel to see if Lieutenant Ferris was there. Did not meet him. Went to Paymaster Sherman. No satisfaction there. Shall wait until Monday, then call on Major Vedder, our Paymaster.

February 21, 1863. Saturday. Met Ferris yesterday. To-day we did the city, "going the grand rounds," as we style it. Met many comrades.

February 22, 1863. Pleasant. Lieutenant Fuller of our regiment is here. An exchange of prisoners is to be made; secesh are on the streets and many are going to the levee to the steamer where the exchange is to take place; there are some four or five hundred to be exchanged. Nothing vexes me so much as to see the citizens carrying rebel flags, wearing badges, etc., emblematic of their traitorous cause. It would not have been allowed under Butler's administration. Think of it! also on Washington's birthday! The feeling is as strong as ever, only smothered. Mail from the North arrived to-day.

February 23, 1863. Pleasant. Called on Major Vedder; no satisfaction, no money; shall have to wait till pay day. I learned from the express office that my trunk, which contained clothing, was lost on the steamer Walla Walla, as she came from the North. She was run into and sunk. "Fortunes of War." I suppose the mermaids are sporting in my new clothes. I am "out" \$60. I care more for the trouble my family have had in getting the things together to please me.

February 24, 1863. Started for Baton Rouge at 6.30 o'clock last evening. Made slow time during the night, it being foggy; arrived at 3 p. m. The boys were all glad to see me. I brought some express matter for the regiment. A company of Louisiana Cavalry and the 12th Massachusetts Battery came on the same boat. I had a pleasant trip; was gone six days. Met Mr. Fiske in New Orleans; he is coming to Baton Rouge to see his son, who is Captain of my company. He brought a bundle for me, a pair of pants and a vest. Received sister Lizzie's photograph; it is a good one. I have two loving and patriotic sisters.

February 25, 1863. Pleasant. Drill as usual. Brigade drill in the afternoon. We were caught in a shower and went to quarters. There is a report the enemy are coming down the river in boats to board our naval fleet to-night.

February 26, 1863. Rainy all day. No drill. Wrote home. At work on our pay roll. No appearance nor sign of the enemy. We have now some five companies of cavalry. Continued work on the pay rolls in the morning.

February 27, 1863. Cloudy. Drills as usual. No squad drills now. Made out a descriptive list of men of the company who are in the hospital at New Orleans. Brigade drill in the afternoon; went through street firing. Worked on pay rolls in the morning.

February 28, 1863. Saturday. Rainy. No drill to-day. Mr. Fiske arrived. Wrote home.

March 1, 1863. Sunday. Pleasant. Review, and a march afterward. Am detailed on brigade guard; my men are from the 161st and 174th New York Regiments; hard boys. The Captain of the Guard has our men, they being on the right. All quiet.

March 2, 1863. Pleasant. Relieved at 9 a. m. Made out my reports and sent to the Captain of the Guard. We received orders to turn in all company baggage; expect to be ordered up before Fort Hudson soon. Troops are arriving from New Orleans. General Auger is here.

March 3, 1863. Pleasant. I am regimental officer of the day, the duty being to look after the regiments' camps. Our brigade was reviewed by General Auger; it made a good appearance.

March 4, 1863. Pleasant. Battalion drill, practised with blank cartridges. Our company has sent in pay rolls. I shall be much pleased to see the paymaster.

March 5, 1863. Pleasant. No drill in the morning. A match drill took place between our right flank company, Captain M. A. Ferris, and a company of marines from the Mississippi; our company won, consequently the stock of the old 30th took another rise. I never saw

better company movements or execution of the manual. The regulars are "nowhere." We have seen only fourteen months' service.

March 6 and 7, 1863. Rainy. No drill. Nothing new.

March 8, 1863. Sunday. Pleasant. Review by General Dudley and a march down town.

March 9, 1863. Pleasant. We shall be off on our expedition in a day or two, probably to Port Hudson. Wrote home to-night.

March 10, 1863. Cloudy. Have been expecting to move every day. Understand that three brigades have already gone.

March 11, 1863. Pleasant. Our division was reviewed by General Banks.

March 12, 1863. Pleasant. The second division and the third, Generals Emery and Grover, were reviewed by General Banks.

March 13, 1863. Emery's division left for Port Hudson to-day. The fleet have also sailed.

March 14, 1863. Orders to march this morning at 4 o'clock for Port Hudson. We are the rear division, two being in advance. Marched 11 miles, bivouacked at 1 p. m. Slept sound. Some firing from the river.

March 15, 1863. Sunday. Pleasant. Firing still heard from the gun-boats. At daybreak an explosion was heard, it must have been a gun-boat. We retired five miles and bivouacked for the night. Rained all night and was very disagreeable in camp.

March 16, 1863. I had a fly to a tent and slept quite comfortably. It cleared off in the morning. We are in the rear brigade, the other two divisions are two or three miles in advance. The explosion was on a steamer, the Mississippi; she ran aground opposite Port Hudson and a hot shot struck her, setting her on fire; she righted and floated down the river. Two gun-boats ran by the port. As yet we have accomplished nothing but to feel of the enemy; there is some skirmishing in the front.

March 17, 1863. Pleasant. Had orders to move with two days' rations; countermanded. Long roll sounded in the afternoon. Our brigade marched three miles through the swamp and woods to-day. No enemy.

March 18, 1863. Pleasant. All quiet. Our regiment received orders to report to Baton Rouge, also the other regiments in our brigade. We are to go aboard transports, and proceed up the river and join two regiments there, on the other side of the river, opposite Port Hudson. We are to establish signal stations. Embarked at night, and went on; ran aground, and waited until morning. Three regiments go up. General Banks is with us. When we ran aground the levee gave way and the water has run from the river through the crevasse, submerging a large plantation. General Banks says he has accomplished his object,

viz., running by Port Hudson, thus drawing troops away from Vicksburg to weaken that place in case of attack. Thirty lives were lost by the explosion of the steamer Mississippi's boiler. We are in light marching order on this expedition.

March 19, 1863. Pleasant. All are at work trying to get the boats off. Succeeded, arrived and landed opposite and two miles below Port Hudson. There are six regiments here. In the afternoon, drew two days' rations. Captain and I with our company patrolled down the river, Provost Marshal Fuller going with us. Saw a large drove of cattle; tried to drive them in, but they were too wild. Marched six miles, returned at 8 p. m., with thirty chickens and a few eggs. Most of the plantations are deserted. Sugar is found and the United States Marshal confiscates it.

March 20, 1863. Friday. Pleasant. Ho! for another tramp. At 9 a. m., started with two regiments in light marching order and a section of a battery; proceeded down the river two miles, then marched inland. Very hard marching--bayous, cane brakes, etc., to push through. We crossed the bayous on trees felled, swam the horses over. Object of the expedition, to let the natives know we are around. Saw several alligators and snakes; not a very desirable country to live in. We gobbled up mules, horses, and everything we could get. The enemy have cut the levee on this side of the river, which will prevent our going up the river. We returned to camp at dark very tired. Rations of whiskey were served.

March 21, 1863. A detail of cavalry has gone up the river to see if it can communicate with our gun-boats, which ran by the batteries of the fort. No news yet. We can see five steamers near the enemy's works. One of our boats has been playing with the enemy. Our troops on the other side of the river have been drawn in to Baton Rouge.

March 22, 1863. Sunday. Nothing new. The 116th New York have returned to Baton Rouge. We expect to go up to-morrow. I don't think this expedition has accomplished much. I expect we shall be obliged to wait until the forces come down the river and co-operate with us. Some sport in our camp to-day by the boys trying to ride stubborn mules. Our regiment is quartered in negro huts on a plantation. Had a shower this afternoon.

March 23, 1863. Rainy. Evacuated our bivouac, and took quarters in a negro shanty. Mail arrived; received a letter from Cyrus Latham. The Captain is on guard to-day. Confiscated cattle are being put aboard the steamers.

March 24, 1863. Cloudy and cool. Captain McGee's cavalry made a reconnoissance up the river, burned one steamer, captured some horses and four prisoners. The enemy fired at them from the other

side of the river from their batteries. Received a letter from George Webster. Strange I do not get one from home.

March 25, 1863. Pleasant. I am on guard to-day. Nothing new.

March 26, 1863. Pleasant. Steamer arrived from Baton Rouge last night, and early this morning orders were issued to embark by sounding the long roll. I was notified to bring in my guard at the sound of the firing of a gun, which I did at 9 o'clock. Found that my regiment had already left camp. I reported aboard the steamer. We arrived at Baton Rouge at noon and occupied our old quarters.

March 27, 1863. Pleasant. Brigade drill in the morning. The afternoon was showery. General Grover's division was ordered to Donaldsonville; it is rumored that a large force of the enemy is in the vicinity, coming from Red River. I don't think our last expedition accomplished much. Started an officers' mess composed of eight.

March 28, 1863. Saturday. Rainy. No drill to-day. Many of us are troubled with bowel complaint. I have it.

March 29, 1863. Cloudy. Inspection and review in the morning. I had command of my company. Dress parade at sunset. The Captain is sick to-day.

March 30, 1863. Pleasant. Company drill in the morning. Brigade drill in the afternoon.

March 31, 1863. Tuesday. Pleasant. Monthly inspection at 8.30, after which a march down town. I was put in command of Company H, as the officers were sick. Captain Creasy has leave of absence for twenty days to go North.

April 1, 1863. Pleasant. Inspection at 12.30 by the A. A. Inspector of the Division. No drill in the afternoon. General Emery's division has gone down the river. General Auger's is the only one left, consisting of two brigades, the 3d brigade, General Weitzel's, being down the river. Received a letter dated March 1.

April 2, 1863. Nothing new. Drills in the morning and in the afternoon.

April 3, 1863. Pleasant. Company drill in the morning, battalion drill in the afternoon. Lieutenant-Colonel has gone to New Orleans. Received some stores for our mess. Last week it cost us \$6.27 each.

April 4, 1863. I am on guard.

April 5, 1863. Sunday. Our pickets have been drawn in. The details are quite large. Detailed to-day: four Captains, six Lieutenants, and two hundred men. The enemy are hovering about us and are growing quite bold. Some of our men have deserted. The vedettes were fired upon last night. I was relieved at 1 o'clock p. m. Visited the barracks in the afternoon. The entrenchments are very strong and built to resist any attack. Have been relieved from the command of Company H, as the officers have reported for duty.

April 6, 1863. Pleasant. Drills as usual. The trees, underbrush, etc., are being cleared away on the old battle grounds where we had the fight last Summer.

April 7, 1863. Tuesday. Pleasant. Drills. We are a well drilled regiment; ought to be by this time. Made out my company's quarterly return.

April 8, 1863. Pleasant. Quiet. No battalion drill to-day. Orders to fix up our tents so it will be cooler. I have a floor in mine, and raised it to allow air space underneath.

April 9, 1863. Quiet about camp. Men are at work on tents.

April 10, 1863. Pleasant. I am detailed as Acting-Quartermaster, because Quartermaster Tenny has been sent out on an expedition. Drew ten days' rations for the regiment.

April 11, 1863. Pleasant. Saturday. I am quite sick with the summer complaint.

April 12, 1863. Pleasant in the morning, showers in the afternoon. I am feeling better to-day. The sentence of the Court Martial was read at inspection this morning; four of our regiment were sentenced, some to Ship Island, to serve out the balance of their term of enlistment without pay.

April 13, 1863. Am better. This is the first time I have been off duty since last August.

April 14, 1863. Showery last night. I am feeling better. Went to the mess to dinner. Wrote to mother.

April 15, 1863. Pleasant. Brigade drill in the afternoon. I reported for duty to-day. One year ago our regiment left Ship Island for New Orleans.

April 16, 1863. Pleasant. We practised at target firing this morning. Brigade drill in the afternoon. Captain Fiske is still serving on Court Martial.

April 17, 1863. I am on picket with Lieutenant Loring, his company being detailed on the Bayou Sara Road, which leads to Port Hudson. All quiet. I passed a lady and four children through the lines to Port Hudson. Was relieved at 7.30 the next morning.

April 18, 1863. Saturday. My company is detailed for picket. Lieutenant Poreé, Company C, is on with me. I am captain of the guard, which numbers forty men. We are on the Port Hudson road. Quiet all day. The officer of the day visited us at noon; said a cavalry raid was expected; seemed quite excited. I didn't scare worth a cent; in fact, hoped it would come off. However, I arranged my men so as to be ready, but instead a heavy shower came around, and the lightning struck a tree near us. The shock was felt by us all as though we had been connected with a galvanic battery.

April 19, 1863. Sunday. Relieved at 9 a. m. Inspection at 4 o'clock p. m. It turns out that our forces had quite a fight at Brashear City.

April 20, 1863. Pleasant, but warm. Target practice in the morning, battalion drill in the afternoon. Fiske has gone to New Orleans to see his brother, who was wounded at Brashear City.

April 21, 1863. Target practice this morning. Battalion drill this afternoon, after which I dressed in white pants and linen coat. Quite comfortable.

April 22, 1863. Pleasant. Am on picket with Lieutenant Brown, Company I. On the Clinton road. Some pretty girls came in from the country, but were obliged to take the oath. Occasionally one returns and will not take it. Then she is sent outside the lines.

April 23, 1863. Relieved at 9 a. m. Captain Ferris of our regiment was officer of the day. His wife went the rounds with him on horseback.

April 24, 1863. Friday. Our brigade are throwing up entrenchments in front of our camp.

April 25, 1863. Detailed for guard. Am not feeling well.

April 26, 1863. Pleasant. Nothing new. Am excused from duty. Letters from home; father received \$50 from the express company for the loss of my trunk on the steamer which was sunk when coming out to New Orleans.

April 27, 1863. Am still off duty, but feel somewhat better. The men signed the pay rolls to-day. General Banks and his troops are up the Red River, having marched over the country from Brashear City, driving the enemy before them, with quite a loss on both sides.

April 28, 1863. Am still off duty. One year ago we were on board the ship North America at Forts Jackson and Philip.

April 29, 1863. Pleasant. Am feeling better to-day. The regiment is being paid to-day. I cannot receive any pay because I have not been mustered as an officer nor discharged as a Quartermaster's Sergeant. I have acted as Lieutenant since August 31, 1862, and yet have never received pay as such. I hope the matter will be settled soon.

April 30, 1863. Pleasant. Muster and inspection to-day. I feel about the same. My cold has settled on my tonsils and they are badly swollen.

May 1, 1863. Pleasant. Friday. Still sick.

May 2, 1863. Am feverish to-day and bilious.

May 3, 1863. Very hot, but convalescent. Have not had Surgeon.

May 4, 1863. Pleasant. I am quartered in a house near our camp. Lieutenant Johnston is in the same room, ill with a fever.

May 5, 1863. Showery. Feel better to-day. My negro was cleaning my pistol when it went off and hit another negro in the leg who was fooling with him. In the melce a soldier stole the pistol.

May 6, 1863. Pleasant. Found my pistol and preferred charges against the thief, one of Company B's men.

May 7, 1863. Pleasant. A regiment of cavalry arrived on the 2d, having come through from General Grant's army, Tennessee. It was a great raid, and they destroyed a large amount of property. They looked very rough and hardy.

May 8, 1863. Pleasant. I feel right smart to-day. Went to the mess room to dinner. Mail arrived; no letter for me.

May 9, 1863. Pleasant. Am feeling tip-top. All quiet about camp.

May 10, 1863. Dry and dusty. Inspection and review.

May 11, 1863. We are under marching orders with two days' rations.

May 12, 1863. Our brigade marched at 4 o'clock on the Clinton road; the Illinois cavalry are in advance. Marched twelve miles, driving the enemy's pickets back; then crossed over to the Bayou Sara road and bivouacked for the night; a hard march and hot; made seventeen miles. My Captain was taken sick at night with congestive chills; he was very sick. Lieutenant Fay and I watched with him all night. Firing was heard at Port Hudson by the gunboats. We were nine miles from the Fort. I think we are to threaten while the cavalry make a raid on Clinton. I came near giving out on the march. It is reported that a brigade of the enemy are four miles from us.

May 13, 1863. Cloudy. Started at sunrise, the cavalry ahead. My Captain has gone to Baton Rouge. He is a little better. I thought he would die.

May 14, 1863. Resumed march at sunrise; went three miles, halted, while the cavalry went in advance and destroyed two hundred feet of railroad on the Clinton road. Some skirmishing. Very dusty, hot. Returned to camp where we started from in the morning. We intend to destroy a bridge on the Clinton road. The cavalry drove fifty head of cattle in. Bombarding was heard at night. The Fiftieth still remain on the Clinton road. Chapin's Brigade is expected to the front to join us. Rain last night.

May 15, 1863. We still remain at Alexander's Plantation. Something has bitten me on one of my eyes, and it is badly swollen. Captain returned to-day. Good news from Joe Hooker's army. Fredericksburg captured, with many prisoners.

May 16, 1863. Saturday. Sixteen Confederate prisoners were brought in. Long roll at 4 p. m. Rain in the night.

May 17, 1863. Sunday. Inspection. Our muskets were discharged to-day. Eight officers quarter under two tent flies, lying on rails with blankets over them. The cavalry are busy.

May 18, 1863. Pleasant. Long roll at 1 a. m., occasioned by contrabands coming in.

May 19, 1863. Tuesday. Took a bath and changed my underclothing. I feel better.

May 20, 1863. The swelling has gone from my face. A scouting party went out to-day. Went to the rifle pits near Port Hudson. Two brigades and artillery are now here.

May 21, 1863. Orders to march at 5 a. m. No white troops in Baton Rouge except the Provost Guard. Two years ago to-day I enlisted for three years and sailed from Boston for Fortress Monroe, Va., in a Lowell company called the Richardson Light Infantry, Captain P. A. Davis. How short the time seems; I am now quite a veteran soldier. Marched four miles, when four companies of our regiment were ordered to the front for skirmish duty, my company being one of the four. Proceeded about half a mile when we discovered rebel cavalry, fired at them and they returned the fire; deployed and tried to flank them, when they opened with field pieces on us, consequently we learned their position. Our main force advanced and our artillery opened on them. After awhile they retired and we advanced to their works, called Plain Store. The roads cross here, running to Port Hudson, Clinton and Jackson. In the afternoon the enemy advanced from Port Hudson and the Bayou Sara road and opened fire. Chapin's brigade was then placed in advance. I never wish to see hotter firing. They charged on a battery we were supporting, on the Port Hudson road, but were put to flight by the 116th New York and the 49th Massachusetts; the 48th Massachusetts broke and ran. On the Bayou Sara road the artillery silenced them. During the day our regiment was skirmishing and supporting batteries; my company was the first to arrive on the Plains after the enemy evacuated. They had six pieces of artillery and four hundred infantry supporting them, Arkansas troops principally. Reinforcements have arrived from New Orleans. At night our regiment was ordered to support a battery at the cross roads. I think our division lost one hundred men in killed and wounded. Lieutenant Fred Norcross and two privates were wounded in our regiment. Hot fighting.

May 22, 1863. Cloudy; some rain. No demonstration by the enemy to-day. I visited the grounds where the enemy charged on the 48th Massachusetts. Some dead were lying about. A flag of truce for two hours. The enemy say they lost in killed, wounded and missing about four hundred. General Sherman's brigade has arrived from New Orleans. Banks has crossed the river from above.

May 23, 1863. Pleasant. Good news! Banks is three miles above us with Grover's division. Clinton railroad bridge is ours. General Grant has whipped Johnston at Jackson, Miss., and captured sixty-one pieces of artillery. Rain.

May 24, 1863. Pleasant. Orders to-day to march. Two days' rations. The troops proceeded up the Bayou Sara road. Two brigades went the Port Hudson road two miles, then went right and left of the road. Our brigade camped a mile and a half from the enemy's rifle pits, which can be seen plainly. An artillery fire on both sides opened and continued until sunset. Shells flew thick and fast. Grover's division on the right, Auger's in the centre and Sherman's on the left, at Springfield's Landing. General Banks passed us on the way up. Two of our companies supported a section of the New York battery, thirty-pound Parrots, at night. No firing at night.

May 25, 1863. Pleasant. The troops still hold their position. The enemy opened on our section in the afternoon and we replied. An attempt has been made by the enemy to cut their way through our right, but they were driven back. Our brigade marched over and formed a line of battle. There were four lines. Remained all night and returned in the morning; distance three miles. A shell burst right over my bunk in the afternoon; a piece went under my bed.

May 26, 1863. Quiet in the morning. General Dudley called us together and said the place was to be bombarded for five hours to-morrow, then stormed by the infantry. Volunteers were called for from each regiment in the division, numbering from 25 to 35. One Captain and Lieutenant to each squad to advance as a storming party. Fascines were being made to carry to fill the trenches. No trouble about volunteers. All our officers volunteered except one, consequently lots were drawn and Lieutenant Tom Johnston and Lieutenant N. K. Read drew the numbers. Although we are going into a terrible conflict, the boys feel gay and happy. We came to fight for our country, and why should we falter? The Stars and Stripes must be planted on their entrenchments. I think we have about sixteen thousand men, all told, the enemy about seven thousand.

May 27, 1863, to June 14, 1863. Advanced towards the fortifications from all points. Our brigade took the centre; drove the enemy inside their works. I was never so exhausted in my life. It was very hot. There were narrow escapes from day to day. We arrived to within from four to six hundred yards of their works and held our position behind trees, stumps, etc., firing at them whenever they showed their heads above the works. Private Mullen and myself stood behind one tree and a bullet struck him. I thought he was fatally wounded. Two grand assaults were made on them; both failed. For three weeks our regiment acted as sharpshooters in front of the entrenchments, after

which we were ordered to Plain Store, where we remained until they surrendered. Our Color Sergeant, Francis Shattuck, was shot in the ankle. One of my Corporals, Martin Smith, 2d, takes the colors.

June 17, 1863. Returned from Port Hudson. Had a tough time. Our company had one man killed and three wounded.

June 24, 1863. General Weitzel's Brigade returned after driving the enemy in the rear beyond Jackson.

June 25, 26, 27, 1863. Pleasant. Nothing new. On picket on Bayou Sara road. Returned at night. We occupy the same grounds that the enemy held at Clinton Plains fight.

June 28, 1863. Very warm. Temporarily in command of Company D.

June 29, 1863. Making out muster rolls; also the monthly returns.

June 30, 1863. Marched to-day. The storming party, consisting of four officers and thirty men, were mustered separately.

July 1, 1863. Pleasant. General Banks promised to be in the fort on the Fourth. One thousand stormers. My Captain is one of them. The rebel cavalry is hovering round.

July 2, 1863. March of eleven miles after 11 a. m. to cut off intruders. They got ahead of us. Letter from home. Family very anxious.

July 3, 1863. Expect an attack will be made to-morrow, as General Banks says the Stars and Stripes will hang over their heads to-morrow.

July 4, 1863. Showery and very warm. No attack; got plenty of corn and that is all. Everybody is growing impatient. Very dull day. On guard at night.

July 6, 1863. Slight fever to-day. Took quinine for the first time in my life.

July 7, 1863. A despatch from General Grant. Vicksburg surrendered on the Fourth. We fired one hundred rounds at noon. Stated that twenty-seven thousand men were taken prisoners.

July 8, 1863. The report that Port Hudson surrendered this morning. Hope it is true. Waiting in suspense. Hurrah! ! It is confirmed.

July 9, 1863. Our brigade marched into Port Hudson to-day. The entrenchments are immense. Reason of surrender, they were out of provisions.

July 10, 1863. We arrived at Port Hudson at sunrise. Our division, General Weitzel's, goes to Donaldsonville. Unconditional surrender.

July 11, 1863. Pleasant. We made a reconnoissance four miles out. Drove the picket in; our company acted as skirmishers.

July 12, 1863. Our division moved out to-day on both sides of the Bayou; we went out four miles and encamped for the night; Lieutenant Brent Johnston was wounded.

July 13, 1863. On picket ; we were attacked on both sides of the Bayou, our regiment on the right ; hard fighting ; our loss was eight killed and twenty-five wounded. I was hit by a spent ball on the leg.

July 14, 1863. Showery. News that General Lee had been whipped in Virginia with great loss. Wrote home to-day. The dead were brought in and buried, loss from four to five hundred.

July 15, 1863. The regiment was consolidated into six companies, eight officers for duty. I am in command of Company B, the color company.

July 16, 1863. Boats passed coming down from St. Louis and above.

July 17, 1863. Obtained a furlough to go to Baton Rouge to be mustered ; I arrived at 4 p. m., and was mustered to date from September 1, 1862.

July 18, 1863. Took a stroll about the town and visited our sick officers. There were from five to six thousand wounded and sick in Baton Rouge.

July 19, 1863. Stopped with Lieutenant J. P. Haley, whose company is on provost duty. Lieutenant Johnston is quite comfortable. Received and wrote a letter home. Returned at 8 p. m.

July 20, 1863. Arrived at 1 o'clock p. m. and went to the bivouac. Nothing new.

July 21, 1863. Lieutenant-Colonel Bullock has gone to Baton Rouge. Two regiments are ordered to the city, New Orleans. The rebels are all gone to Texas.

July 22, 1863. Showery. On picket. Expect to be paid soon ; am making out pay rolls.

July 23, 1863. All quiet last night, was relieved at 10 a. m. by the officers of the 161st New York Regiment. Worked on pay rolls.

July 24, 1863. Made out pay rolls for May and June. Mighty hard finding anything to eat except commissary stores.

July 25, 1863. Five of our officers are in New Orleans, on leave of absence ; a certain few have to do all the work. The boys are getting sick again the same as last year.

July 26, 1863. It is rumored that we go to Baton Rouge ; anything for a change from bivouac.

July 27, 1863. Very warm. The prisoners came down from Vicksburg, going to Mobile.

July 28, 1863. Lieutenant-Colonel Bullock and Captain Creasy returned from New Orleans. We have received a set of colors from Governor Andrew.

July 29, 1863. Received letters from home. Lieutenant Davis on picket. The regiment received two months' pay.

July 30, 1863. Showery. Under marching orders to go to Baton Rouge. A brigade passed, going to Tibadeaux.

July 31, 1863. Went aboard at 2 p. m. Marched to the camp, tired enough. Our brigade is all up now. Colonel N. A. M. Dudley commands the division and will be in command of the city. All the principal Generals have gone North on furloughs. Lieutenant Gardrer has returned, having been one year on furlough; he was on detached duty; was wounded last summer, August 5th.

August 1, 1863. Pleasant. Cleaning generally. I have engaged a house close by the camp which contains three rooms. I am bound to be comfortable this hot weather.

August 2, 1863. Very warm. Wrote to George Pray. Inspection and dress parade.

August 3, 1863. Obtained leave of absence to go to New Orleans. Went aboard at 9.30 p. m.; I go to be paid.

August 4, 1863. Slept on the cabin floor on a bedtick, but slept soundly. Wright from Lowell, who is in the Post Office in New Orleans, was my bed-fellow.

August 5, 1863. Arrived at noon. Took a cab and went to the Paymaster; was paid up to July 1st, receiving \$936; sent home \$400.

August 6, 1863. Stopping at the St. Charles Hotel. Met a number of officers who were old acquaintances.

August 7, 1863. Been showery all day. Bought a trunk and a suit of clothes.

August 8, 1863. Showery. Returned at 2 p. m. Passed two steamers going down.

August 9, 1863. Arrived at noon. Very warm. Ascertained that Captains Fiske, Whittier and Lieutenant Barker go home to bring on conscripts.

August 10, 1863. I am boarding with a private family at \$7 per week. Command Company D. Have paid all my bills. Thank God!

August 11, 1863. Nothing new; very warm; mosquitoes troublesome.

August 12, 1863. Sat for one dozen photographs, \$5.00.

August 13, 1863. Officers left to-day for the North. Sent home my Sergeant's sword.

August 14, 1863. On fatigue duty at the hospitals. Transferred to Company G.

August 15, 1863. Was introduced to a very pretty young lady who was visiting at the boarding house; very pleasant people.

August 16, 1863. Inspection at 7 a. m, there were eleven men for duty. Lieutenant-Colonel Bullock commands the regiment.

August 17, 1863. On picket, one hundred and forty-seven posts, three on a post, on the road. Seems natural to sleep on the ground. Very dull. The citizens are going in and out.

August 18, 1863. Cloudy. Relieved at 9 a. m. Was visited by the General and the brigade officer of the day twice. Inspection by one of General Franklin's aides.

August 19, 1863. Not well to-day; took some pills. Our brigade has been consolidated with the First and both are called the First Brigade, First Division, Nineteenth Corps.

August 20, 1863. Franklin commands the Corps, Weitzel the Division, Dudley the Brigade.

August 21, 1863. Pleasant. Nothing new. Wrote to Ned Tucke, an old chum.

August 22, 1863. Under marching orders. Expect to go to Mobile.

August 23, 1863. Turned in four muskets and drew some clothing; issued the same.

August 24, 1863. Pleasant. Nothing to note.

August 25, 1863. Picket duty done by the regiments successively, once in four days. The officers met at Captain Creasy's in the evening and had a jollification.

August 26, 1863. Detailed on a Board of Survey to report on a barge of hay and oats which was sunk on the levee.

August 27, 1863. The boys did splendidly on the survey detailed by the Major-General.

August 28, 1863. Forwarded the report to headquarters to-day. Unfit to issue. Turned over camp and garrison equipage.

August 29, 1863. Cloudy. Expect to move every hour. Take nothing but blankets. Expect to go to Mobile, the Third Division and our brigade.

August 30, 1863. Making out my pay rolls. The company contains thirty-one privates, five sergeants, four corporals, to one mess.

August 31, 1863. Muster day and inspection.

September 1, 1863. On the Board of Survey to determine the loss of camp and garrison equipage, executed from headquarters.

September 2, 1863. All troops ready to move.

September 4, 1863. Arrived in New Orleans and awaiting orders; part gone aboard the transports; don't know where we go.

September 5, 1863. Officers went ashore and were paid to September 1st. Sent home \$100. Our regiment and the 174th New York went aboard transports and started to-night.

September 6, 1863. Travel continued by steamer.

September 7, 1863. Crowded and warm. We have gone west of the mouth of the Mississippi, probably going to the Sabine River to cut off rebels between there and Opelousas.

September 8, 1863. Arrived off Sabine Pass. Gunboats tried to enter and a battery opened on them. Two boats got aground and one of the enemy's boats came down and captured them.

September 9, 1863. The expedition of no avail. Large battery at the Pass; no boats to contend with them; all going back; we are towed by the Crescent. I am officer of the day.

September 10, 1863. Sailed all day, returning to the Pass of the Mississippi River. Some of the fleet in sight. I suppose the object of the expedition is accomplished.

September 11, 1863. Towed into New Orleans; arrived in the morning. Very poor accommodations.

September 12, 1863. Troops are being sent to Algiers. Landed and remained on the levee at night.

September 13, 1863. Changed bivouac; the brigade is all together. Lieutenant Haley and I obtained a room to quarter in.

September 14, 1863. Went over to the city and spent the night.

September 15, 1863. Many men drunk. Plenty of absentees. Returned from the city at noon.

September 16, 1863. Drew shelter tents. Embarked on cars at noon, four men from my company were absent without leave. Arrived at dark, made eighty-four miles; mosquitoes plenty, heavy dew.

September 17, 1863. Desolate place, very warm, moved across the Bayou at 10 a. m. Our division all in line, also the 3d. Ordered to move farther to the front.

September 18, 1863. Rainy. The tent cover blew down last night. Eight of us were under it; lay so during the night; am arranging the camp to-day.

September 19, 1863. Went over to the Bayou. Troops still coming. We have one hundred men absent without leave in New Orleans. I have three behind yet. Heavy dews.

September 20, 1863. Sunday. Inspection at 9 a. m. Orders for our division to move at noon, proceeded to pack, advanced five miles out and bivouacked in a sugar cane field, water scarce.

September 21, 1863. Pleasant. The country about here is pretty well gleaned of everything to eat. No enemy yet, except a few scouts. We all quarter under three tent flies. Am officer of the day for our camp.

September 22, 1863. The regiment on picket. Five companies thrown out in advance and five in reserve. All quiet along the lines. Bought a large corn cake from a negro wench.

September 23, 1863. Relieved at 9 a. m. Nothing new, it is getting monotonous.

September 24, 1863. Expect to go forward every day. Wrote Lome. Sent to Quartermaster Fuller for \$20, which he owes me.

September 25, 1863. A brigade of McMillan's division passed us last night, came from Berwick. Our regiment has obtained three teams.

September 26, 1863. Started at 3.30 a. m. and marched eleven

miles ; it came on very warm, the boys are tired. We passed the Third Division and bivouacked one mile above. Deserted houses on the way.

September 27, 1863. Our division is now in advance.

September 28, 1863. A reconnoissance was made by the 116th New York and our regiment, four miles up, to Centreville. Two companies of cavalry arrived at 10.30 a. m. Quite a town. Saw no guerrillas.

September 29, 1863. Rainy. "Gobbling" going on, although there are strict orders against it. We pay our hotel bills with Confederate money. The cavalry returned bringing horses and cattle. All return to camp at 2 p. m.

September 30, 1863. Rainy, mud, mud, mud ; all were wet through last night, this is the "Sunny South." Bought \$50 in Confederate money for a \$2 greenback.

October 1, 1863. Nothing new. Erected a large hospital tent and all the officers quarter in it.

October 2, 1863. Quite chilly. Orders to move to-morrow at 6 a. m.

October 3, 1863. Marched eight miles, four miles beyond Franklin. Our regiment on picket. Met two pretty young ladies.

October 4, 1863. Resumed the march, going twelve miles. Our regiment was on picket at Irish Bend, where the fight took place last Spring.

October 5, 1863. Line formed at daybreak. Our division is in advance to-day. Bivouacked one mile this side of New Iberia. The cavalry had a brush at the Point and drove the enemy back. Letters from home of September 13th.

October 6, 1863. We lay by to wash clothing and to draw rations.

October 7, 1863. Cavalry and our brigade resumed the march at daybreak, to reconnoitre towards Vermillionville. Camped at Camp Taylor late in the evening. The cavalry are gone ahead.

October 8, 1863. The Third Brigade and the other division came up, so on we go. Marched eight miles; our regiment on picket. Rolling prairies. Letters from home, dated September 23d.

October 9, 1863. Resumed our march. All the troops coming. Colonel Charles J. Payne has returned and commands the brigade; drove the enemy across the Bayou. Our brigade went over and bivouacked.

October 10, 1863. Changed bivouac to the front, so the corps could all come over. General Banks is here. There were three hundred rebels that we skedaddled.

October 11, 1863. Resumed march at 11 a. m. Reached the Bayou and bivouacked. We were dirty and warm; the enemy were here three hours ago. The Quartermaster has taken the horses away from the servants.

October 12, 1863. Waiting for the supply trains. Hard up for something to eat. There was one man shot on picket to-day. Rainy. The enemy are three thousand strong.

October 13, 1863. Wet through last night. One of the most disagreeable nights I ever passed. We are ninety miles from Berwick. Expect the enemy have gone to Opelousas.

October 14, 1863. Regiment on picket; some skirmishing by the cavalry vedettes. Brought a piece of artillery to play on the rebels. Left one-half of the regiment on reserve.

October 15, 1863. Cold last night. Quite a skirmish to-day. Our brigade to the front. The cavalry drove the enemy back. Our loss was twelve men.

October 16, 1863. A brigade of the Thirteenth Army Corps to the front. We are in our old camp. Received a letter from home dated August 23d. Regimental inspection.

October 17, 1863. Inspection by order of Colonel Payne. I had seventeen enlisted men in line. Lieutenant Loring of our regiment is up from New Orleans with Colonel Dudley.

October 18, 1863. Sent an answer to Colonel Dudley, saying we would like to be mounted. Major Whittemore and Captain Ferris arrived.

October 19, 1863. Went to a horse race. Wrote Miss S. A. B. The Zouave regiment (the 2d) has gone to New Orleans to be mounted.

October 20, 1863. Nothing new. Attended another race between our Surgeon's horse and Lieutenant Whitcomb's.

October 21, 1863. Resumed the march, going eighteen miles. Very warm. Drove the enemy fifty miles east of Baton Rouge.

October 22, 1863. Regiment on picket. I am on the reserve. Quite a time last night stealing chickens. Rained all night. Very uncomfortable. Got a nice sheep.

October 23, 1863. Relieved at noon by the 161st New York. Very muddy and rainy. Completely soaked, camp full of water, ditched around my tent.

October 24, 1863. Very cold. Heavy frost. General Truro taken prisoner, with valuable papers. Nothing to do but stand round the fire and keep warm.

October 25, 1863. Liable to starve, commissary played out. The enemy have left Washington. Our cavalry five miles beyond. Mail arrived.

October 26, 1863. Wrote Captain F. Reed. Received a letter from George Pray, Seventh Massachusetts Battery. Regiment is on picket, my company on post. Suler has come.

October 27, 1863. Relieved at 3 p. m. by the 161st New York, of the Fourth Division. The Thirteenth Corps gone down the Bayou.

October 28, 1863. Growing monotonous. Hope we shall move soon. General Weitzel invited all the officers to his quarters at night, the anniversary of his first fight.

October 29, 1863. Quite a time last night. A number felt pretty well. Made last muster roll to-day. Thirty-six enlisted men in the company.

October 30, 1863. Regiment on picket.

October 31, 1863. Relieved from picket. The regiment was mustered by Colonel Love in the afternoon. Lieutenant Reed has returned from the North, brought me two letters from home. We go to the rear to-morrow. Expedition has not accomplished much. Go to Vermillionville and await the result. By water to Texas, starting to New Orleans.

November 1, 1863. Moved at daybreak. Marched eighteen miles, camped at Carrion Crow Bayou, our rear guard was attacked at Opelousas.

November 2, 1863. Resumed the march, going twelve miles. Our regiment guarded the wagon trains. Very tedious.

November 3, 1863. Pleasant. A fight took place after we left the First Brigade, the Thirteenth Corps nearly all lost (one thousand).

November 4, 1863. Marched back to reinforce the Thirteenth Army Corps. They were on the advance and the enemy came down on them on the double quick. Seven hundred lost on each side.

November 5, 1863. All the troops returned to-day to Vermillionville. Supply train arrived. Captain Tremaine and Lieutenant Brown arrived from the North.

November 6, 1863. Enemy close upon us. Drew clothing and issued the same to the company.

November 7, 1863. Orders for company and battalion drills. Wrote to Captain Fiske and to sister. Banks's expedition to Texas by water has been successful.

November 8 and 9, 1863. The regiment on picket. Whittemore received order from Washington that my muster will date from July 17, 1863.

November 10, 1863. A foraging party of two hundred men and five officers went out from our regiment, I was one of them; got corn, potatoes, etc. Saw the enemy in the distance.

November 11, 1863. Our regiment, to-day, with five officers, had quite a skirmish with the enemy in force at Carrion Crow.

November 12, 1863. Nothing new. Nov. 13, 1863. Nothing new.

November 14, 1863. Raised my shelter tent. Wrote to Adjutant-General, War Department, asking for a muster from September 1, 1862.

November 15, 1863. Letter from Ned Tuke; he is in Baton Rouge. Wrote home.

November 16, 1863. On picket. An outpost. Very cold. Captain Ferris, officer of the day. Captain H. A. Wells has resigned; ill health. He has been at home some time.

November 17, 1863. All the forces broke camp to-day. We go to New Iberia at 7 a. m. Marched fifteen miles to Camp Pratt.

November 18, 1863. Resumed the march. Our division in the rear. Encamped four miles beyond, marching through New Iberia.

November 19, 1863. The 13th Corps in New Iberia, the 19th this side. Think we shall remain here some time. The regiment went out foraging. Mail arrived; date November 5th.

November 20, 1863. Regiment on picket. Expect to remain here two months. Poor place, in a corn field.

November 21 and 22, 1863. Our Lieutenant-Colonel has resigned on account of age. I think it is owing to trouble with the Major. An old mail has arrived.

November 23, 1863. Nothing new. Nov. 24, 1863. Rainy. Regiment on picket. A letter arrived. Nov. 25, 1863. Issued clothing. Nov. 26, 1863. Nothing to note.

November 27, 1863. Very cold; poor camp. They will not allow us any boards to build even a coop for shelter.

November 28, 1863. Water froze in my canteen last night. Nov. 29, 1863. Pleasant but cold.

November 30, 1863. Inspection. Made out monthly returns. No change this month. Lieutenant Ferris returned from leave of absence.

December 1 and 2, 1863. On picket. December 3, 1863. Relieved by the 161st New York. Dec. 4, 1863. Lieutenants Haley, Page and I are building a house, 10 by 6 feet, out of rails, using our shelter tents for a roof.

December 6, 1863. Detailed to go foraging; nine miles out; ten teams; a battalion from the brigade. I got a goose. The Chaplain has arrived.

December 6, 1863. On picket. Nothing new. Dec. 7, 1863. Relieved by the 161st. Dec. 8, 1863. Our shebang is completed, 10 by 6 by 4 feet.

December 9, 1863. Detail that went to Baton Rouge after the company papers has returned.

December 10, 1863. Making out my quarterly returns of ordnance to September 30. The camp looks neat.

December 11, 1863. Brigadier-General Weitzel has left us; he was ordered to New Orleans, going North. Colonel Merritt is commanding the division.

December 12, 1863. Am detailed with thirty men to go to Brashear City, as steamboat guard; proceeded to New Iberia and reported to the Provost Marshal.

December 13, 1863. Waited all day for a boat to arrive, one came

at sunset, took my company aboard ; poor accommodations ; no berth for myself.

December 14, 1863. Started at 9 a. m. Ran on a sunken wreck, but got off. Took on sugar and hides on the way, stopped at Franklin, a detail came on board, which brought conscripts.

December 15, 1863. Arrived last night at sunset. Went up town to a negro concert given by the 90th New York Regiment, very good.

December 16, 1863. Drew three days' rations for the men from the Post Quartermaster. The steamer tried to tow a raft across from Berwick, but the wind prevented. Went down the Bayou Chaffa to get wood, returned at sunset.

December 17, 1863. Pleasant but cold. Went up Bayou and got eighty hogsheads of sugar; as we returned the wind blew our boat against the wharf and we broke our main beam.

December 18, 1863. We are laid up for repairs. It is cold and dull. Drew three days' rations from Post Commissary.

December 19, 1863. Little warmer. Slept aboard, starlight, dull work, applied to go back, approved, go aboard at sunset.

December 20, 1863. Started at sunrise, ran very slowly, four miles an hour. I am dead broke for money, so drink my coffee with the men.

December 21, 1863. Arrived at 11 p. m. The regiment on picket in the town. Working on my quarterly returns, camp and garrison equipage.

December 22, 1863. Returns came out all right. Sent Captain Fiske's old ordnance returns to enable him to make out to August 11, when I took command.

December 23, 1863. On picket. Rainy and dull. Visited by General McMillan. Built a chimney to our house, which makes it comfortable.

December 24, 1863. Relieved at 10 a. m. Inspected by Inspector General of the Division.

December 25, 1863. Christmas. Nothing very nice for dinner except cranberries. Mail arrived, letter from home. Visited the officers from the other regiments in the afternoon.

December 26, 1863. The regiment thinks of re-enlisting for three years, will have thirty days' furlough and a large bounty, two hundred out of three hundred have already signed. Making my quarterly returns for the Fourth Division.

December 27, 1863. Rained hard last night ; no inspection.

December 28, 1863. Making out the fourth camp and garrison equipage. I think the regiment will re-enlist for three years.

December 29, 1863. Making out pay rolls. Captain Brent Johnston appointed recruiting officer for the regiment.

December 30, 1863. The regiment went out foraging for cotton, some thirteen miles out, and staid until morning.

December 31, 1863. No cotton, by some mistake. Cold and rainy. All turned back, one hundred and eighty teams; the roads all flooded; impossible to march. Arrived at the Bayou at night and came into Camp cold, wet and hungry. The regiment was mustered by companies, by the Major. I have twenty-five men. One year ago the regiment was at the United States' Barracks in New Orleans. Came near freezing last night. While on forage duty I came in contact with three other officers, all working for the same thing.

January 1, 1864. Very cold. Water froze hard last night. Our regiment has been in service two years to-day. Expect the boys will re-enlist and go home for thirty days and become a volunteer veteran regiment. Very little wood in camp to burn.

January 2, 1864. The regiment has re-enlisted, three hundred and twenty-five out of three hundred and fifty, for duty; twenty-three of my company have signed. The 12th Connecticut Regiment have re-enlisted and have gone to New Orleans. We expect to move to Franklin.

January 3, 1864. All are making out the enlistment papers and the muster rolls. The regiment have to do their regular picket and guard duty. The Major has made application to go to Baton Rouge.

January 4, 1864. Five muster out and in rolls have to be made, also triplicate enlistment papers. My men all passed the Surgeon; twenty-four out of twenty-eight re-enlisted. Wrote Captain Fiske.

January 5, 1864. Rolls are completed; finished the final statements to-day; waiting orders to be mustered out. We have hard work to keep warm. Orders to be ready to move at 7.30 to-morrow morning.

January 6, 1864. Cold, sleet and rain. The ground is covered with hail, an unusual occurrence here. All packed and ready to move; tents down; then the order was countermanded. It is enough to make a man swear. We were mustered in the afternoon as the 30th Massachusetts Veteran Volunteers, January 11, 1864.

January 7, 1864. Very cold. Marched eleven miles through slush ankle deep, and was detailed for picket duty at night. Our men were quartered at night in a sugar house. A boat is going down the river, which took the sick.

January 8, 1864. Brought my picket in at daybreak. The ground froze hard, so it is better marching. Went out eleven miles, bivouacking at 2 p. m. Have a negro wench for a cook; turkey, biscuits, and apple pie. Bully!

January 9, 1864. Marched at daylight three miles to Franklin, across the "Cut Off." Very muddy; bivouacked this side of the town. When on picket we go on horseback. I took a horse, which comes handy.

January 10, 1864. Most of the officers visited the people on whose grounds we are camping. They are pleasant ladies. After which the

Major reprimanded the Adjutant for the remarks he made during the evening. The officers sided with the Adjutant.

January 11, 1864. Blanks have come for the fourth Quarterly Ordnance. All our enlistment papers have been sent to headquarters. Wrote home yesterday.

January 12, 1864. Took a severe cold. Made out my ordnance returns for the fourth quarter. Quite dull in the camp and disagreeable weather. I am twenty-three years old to-day.

January 13, 1864. Captain Brent Johnston is Captain of the Day.

January 14, 1864. Lieutenant Davis on picket. The other regiments have made themselves comfortable by building chimneys. We expect orders every day.

January 15, 1864. Mud has dried a little. Lieutenant Tom Johnston on forage to-day. Captain Shipley, Officer of the Day. General Franklin still in New Orleans.

January 16, 1864. The 1st Maine Battery and the 14th Maine Infantry received orders to go North, as they have re-enlisted.

January 17, 1864. Company inspection at 10 a. m. The 1st Maine Battery is gone. Our boys are growing impatient. Services held by the Chaplain at 2 p. m.

January 18, 1864. Nothing new. Dull place.

January 19, 1864. Inspection of unserviceable ordnance, by the Corps Inspector.

January 20, 1864. A mail arrived. I received three letters, one from father, who is in the Christian Commission, on the Potomac.

January 21, 1864. Orders to send all surplus baggage down the Bayou, belonging to the Corps. We expect to go down soon. I am troubled with a cold and a very sore throat.

January 22, 1864. A scouting party goes out to-day, Captain Ferris in command. Lieutenant Reed and I with sixty men. We go by steamer up Lake Grand and anchor near Lake Chico at night.

January 23, 1864. The men broke open the bar, last night, many were drunk. Started at daybreak, stopped at Chico Pass, obtained wood. I bought four chickens at two bits apiece. We went to within ten miles of Butte La Rose.

January 24, 1864. Arrived at camp at 10 p. m., found the officers at headquarters in the house, had an oyster supper. Inspection.

January 25, 1864. All the officers asked over to the 116th New York in the evening, had a pleasant time, with cigars, crackers, cheese, etc.

January 26, 1864. A review of all the troops at the Post by General Emory. The neighbors are ploughing near by, as it is nearly planting time.

January 27, 1864. The 12th Connecticut are in the city, expecting to go home, also the 75th New York. We ought to go first because we

re-enlisted and were mustered first. Influence at headquarters seems to prevail with some.

January 28, 1864. Some one played "possum" on the regiment about going home, others trying to get ahead of us. Our papers haven't been received at headquarters.

January 29, 1864. Moved camp to one-half a mile nearer town. Sent letters home. I issued clothing to the company.

January 30, 1864. Lieutenant Emerson returned from his furlough, he went home with General Weitzel.

January 31, 1864. Inspection by Major H. O. Whittemore, after which we went down town to church. Chaplain preached, the church was so full we could not get in, so took a walk round town. Rather monotonous in camp.

February 1, 1864. The Major is the Officer of the Day. Lieutenants Ferris and Burgess have gone to New Orleans, have seven days' leave. Pleasant time in the evening, three officers of the 161st New York called. Broke up in the small hours of the night.

February 2, 1864. The Major has gone to New Orleans to see General Banks about going home.

February 3, 1864. Flag raising to-day. The 3rd Brigade present on the occasion. A salute was fired by Nim's Battery.

February 4 and 5, 1864. Nothing new.

February 6, 1864. Have received a telegram, also order from headquarters, to wit: the 30th Massachusetts will be the third regiment to go North, the 14th Maine and the 12th Connecticut the first two.

February 7, 1864. Inspection. Flag presentation to Colonel Dudley's Cavalry Brigade in New Orleans, given by ladies from Massachusetts living in New Orleans, and presented by General Banks' daughter, Mary Binney Banks. She was made Daughter of the Brigade.

February 8, 1864. A detail of one hundred men and three officers for forage.

February 9, 1864. Pleasant time at Colonel Love's quarters last night.

February 10, 1864. I am on picket duty to-day.

February 11, 1864. Relieved at 9 a. m.

February 12, 1864. Officers played a game of base ball this afternoon.

February 13, 1864. Dr. S. L. Ward, from Lowell, called on me to-day, he brought a letter from Uncle Lorenzo.

February 14, 1864. Brigade review and march down town, passing General Franklin's quarters.

February 15, 1864. Johnston gone to Baton Rouge to get our camp and garrison equipage. Turned over to the ordnance officer my inspected ordnance.

February 16, 1864. Orders came to the 30th to go to New Orleans without delay.

February 17, 1864. Preparing to go to New Orleans.

February 18, 1864. Line formed at 2 p. m., the brigade escorted us down to the boat, also the 8th Vermont, which is an old Butler regiment. Arrived at Brashear City and the regiment embarked aboard cars. I got left behind, also Surgeon Greene.

February 19, 1864. Stopped at the hotel in Brashear City over night, and took the 7.30 train the next morning, arriving at Algiers at noon. The regiment is in an old foundry building close by the river opposite New Orleans.

February 20, 1864. Went over to the city, New Orleans, saw many old friends, called at the Paymaster's and was paid.

February 21, 1864. Officers back and forth to the city, congregate at the St. Charles.

February 22, 1864. General good time over to the city.

February 24, 1864. Turned over our surplus camp and garrison equipage, which has come from Eaton Rouge.

February 25, 1864. Officers presented Colonel Love with a sword, sash and belt in the parlors of the St. Charles.

February 26 and 27, 1864. Nothing new.

February 28, 1864. Inspection, the boys looked well on guard.

February 29, 1864. A parade in New Orleans, had Gilmore's Band.

March 1, 1864. Visited General Banks' quarters, the Major presented the regiment to him and he replied in an eloquent manner. Visited Colonel N. A. M. Dudley, and the enlisted men presented him with a magnificent sword and pistol. Big time all round. The regiment was praised by everybody who saw the parade.

March 2, 1864. Went over to the regiment at Algiers.

March 4, 1864. The regiment took part in the concert in Lafayette Square. Inauguration day of the Governor. Gilmore conducted the concert. The right wing was paid to-day as veterans. Hon. Michael Hahn inaugurated Governor to-day.

March 5, 1864. The Paymaster came over to Algiers and continued paying the men to-day. Many of the boys were drunk and some lost their money. Average pay to a man, \$250.

March 6, 1864. Sailed at 11 a. m. Fourteen men were left behind from the regiment, three hundred and thirty-three aboard, there were none left from our company. Arrived to within ten miles of the Passes and anchored for the night.

March 7, 1864. Finished my pay rolls. Officers dress in white clothes. The 11th Indiana Regiment are here, waiting for the steamer to coal, bound for New York. Went ashore at sunset.

March 12, 1864. Weighed anchor at sunrise. The Thomas has started. We kept sight of each other all day, passed her at noon.

Saw a small whale. Made one hundred and fifteen miles in ten hours. I am on guard.

March 13, 1864. Cloudy and rain, clearing at noon. There are twelve sail in sight. We are off Cape Carnival, Florida, making good time, two hundred and ninety-one miles from noon yesterday to noon to-day. A private in Company E died last night. He was buried at sea to-day.

March 14, 1864. Pleasant. Off Georgia coast. Made two hundred and twenty-seven miles from noon yesterday to noon to-day.

March 15, 1864. Made Cape Hatteras Light at 7 a. m., making two hundred and fifty-one miles.

March 16, 1864. Two hundred and eleven miles from noon to noon. Sail in sight. Cold weather made us curl. A vote of thanks to be passed to the Captain of the steamer for his big dinner, given us.

March 17, 1864. Arrived at quarantine about 9 p. m. Pleasant but chilly. Lieutenant Clarke's servant has symptoms of small-pox and the Doctor orders us to remain on board. The negro was sent ashore, we all feel dubious about the delay.

March 18, 1864. Went to the city, New York, in the afternoon. Never came up the harbor before. Proceeded to Boston via Fall River Line, on board the Empire City.

March 19, 1864. Arrived in Boston and breakfasted at the Beach Street Barracks. Received by the Cadets and escorted about the city to Faneuil Hall, where dinner was served and speeches made. I was furloughed at 3 p. m. Arrived at home at 10.30 p. m.

March 20, 1864. Routed all the folks up last night and had a general greeting all round. Attended church in the afternoon and the Sunday School. There was an united service in the evening at Dr. Blanchard's. Saw and greeted many old acquaintances.

March 21, 1864. Visited the city in the morning, and the Mechanics Mills in the afternoon. Saw A. L. Brooks, called on Mrs. Fiske with Mrs. Latham.

March 22, 1864. Went to Boston and obtained State bounty for the boys. Big dinner at Parker's by the officers.

March 23, 1864. Went to the Tremont Theatre last evening. Returned to Lowell at 2.30 p. m.

March 24, 1864. Nothing new at home. Visited Mr. Wight in the evening.

March 25, 1864. Made several calls about town.

March 26, 1864. Made calls in the neighborhood.

March 27, 1864. Attended church in the morning.

March 28, 1864. Went to Boston at 7.30 a. m. Met the officers; stopped over night with Lieutenant J. P. Haley in Chelsea. Pleasant time. Called in East Boston on relatives.

March 29, 1864. Around Boston in the morning. Captain Ferris has resigned. Came home in the afternoon. Called at the Dillinghams' in the evening with Lieutenant Johnston. Pleasant time.

March 30, 1864. Rainy and snowy. Went to the city, made out a descriptive list of the men left behind at New Orleans and sent it to Lieutenant Emerson.

March 31, 1864. Snowy and dull, at home all day.

April 1, 1864. Went to Newburyport to visit Captain Creasy, there were fifteen of the officers present. Pleasant time, especially in the evening. Big supper.

April 2, 1864. Returned to Boston. The 26th Regiment arrived in the afternoon.

April 3, 1864. Attended church all day.

April 4, 1864. Went to Boston in the morning, met several of the officers at Parker's Hotel.

April 5, 6 and 7, 1864. At home, making calls.

April 8, 1864. The officers met at my house in the evening, with some young ladies, had a general good time. I went home with Miss K. F. and Miss A. H.

April 9, 1864. The officers went home at 12 m., having enjoyed themselves hugely.

April 10 and 11, 1864. Called on General Butler's mother and met Miss Stevens, an old schoolmate, a niece of the General's.

April 12, 1864. Snowy.

April 13, 1864. Went to Boston. Was paid in full by J. A. Sabin, Paymaster, U. S. A.

April 14, 1864. Went to the theatre in the evening, fifteen of us in all, officers and ladies. The play was "The Duke's Motto."

April 15, 1864. Arrived home at 1 p. m.

April 16, 1864. Furlough expires to-day.

April 17, 1864. Reported at the Beach Street Barracks, Boston, to-day.

April 19, 1864. Awaiting orders, expect to go into camp for a few days on account of the small-pox in the regiment.

April 20, 1864. Ordered to Galloupe's Island, Boston Harbor, for fourteen days. Good quarters in the barracks.

April 22, 1864. Company and battalion drills ordered.

April 23, 24 and 25, 1864. Went to Lowell. Attended church. Returned to the Island. Many of the men absent without leave. Only one from my company. Captain Shipley is much better. He had the small-pox.

April 26, 1864. Made out monthly returns for March, also the quarterly.

April 27, 1864. Drill in the afternoon, by the battalion officers returned from their furloughs. Lieutenant Poreé on guard.

April 28, 1864. A detachment of recruits leaves to-day for the seat of war. Colonel is at the seat of war. No drill. Dress parade at 7 p. m. Captain Creasy in command.

April 29, 1864. We expect to sail Monday for New Orleans, La.

April 30, 1864. Went to Lowell, arriving at 10.30 p. m., via Woburn Centre, and took a private conveyance home.

May 1, 1864. Did not attend church, but went to Huntington Hall in the evening to hear a war sermon.

May 2, 1864. Returned to the Island at 4 p. m. We sail to-morrow, the steamer will come to the Island for us.

May 3, 1864. Went aboard this morning, and, also, the one hundred and fifty recruits from the Island. We sailed at 3 o'clock. Sent a letter home by the pilot. It was rough outside. Good bye, Massachusetts!

May 4, 1864. Pleasant but rough, all the officers but Lieutenant Brown and I were sick. A slow steamer and poor quarters. I am Officer of the Guard. A good deal of sport over sick officers, there were only four at supper.

May 5, 1864. The water calm and most of the officers on deck. Relieved from guard by Lieutenant Ferris. The men got liquor aboard some way; we were obliged to tie some of them up in the rigging. Five sail in sight.

May 6, 1864. A gunboat overhauled us this morning, and fired a blank cartridge. We raised our colors and kept on. A large steamer passed at noon, going to New Orleans. We sail slowly, seven knots an hour.

May 7, 1864. Made one hundred and eighty miles during the last twenty-four hours. Below Hatteras and quite warm. Had a sing on deck in the evening.

May 8, 1864. Captain spread an awning over the deck. Inspection at 9 a. m., all the men on deck. The Chaplain had service in the afternoon. Some men drunk, getting liquor from the ship's crew.

May 9, 1864. Off Florida. Wind has changed. We are 1016 miles from Boston. Made out pay rolls.

May 10, 1864. Made Jupiter Inlet Lighthouse at night. Two sail in sight, also fish, land in sight. The Gulf stream runs strong here.

May 11, 1864. Running along the Florida coast, passed Florida Light; very warm. Officers reading. It is monotonous aboard; made only ninety-five miles in twenty-four hours.

May 12, 1864. Windy, cloudy and rain. One of Company K's men died of typhoid fever; he remained insensible to the last; was buried at 9.30 a. m. Remarks made by the Chaplain.

May 13, 1864. Heavy sea; many sick. Made one hundred and twenty-five miles.

May 14, 1864. Reading "Frank Warrington;" tip-top book. Now reading "Cudjo's Cave." Played euchre in the evening. Pay rolls handed in to Colonel Whittenmore.

May 15, 1864. Inspection at 9 a. m. The men look clean considering their quarters. Took a pilot aboard at 4 p. m. and passed the bar soon after; anchored at quarantine at 11 p. m.

May 16, 1864. Weighed anchor at 9 a. m. and arrived at New Orleans at sunset. It seems like getting home again; the men are anxious to go ashore. I am on guard.

May 17, 1864. Relieved by Lieutenant Ferris. The regiment is ordered into camp at Chalmette, one mile below the barracks. Dropped down the river in a river boat in the afternoon.

May 18, 1864. Drew new tents and pitched them. We are with our men who did not re-enlist under Emerson. Colonel Dudley has been ordered back to his regiment from his cavalry brigade.

May 19, 1864. Colonel Dudley is down today. We find our army has been badly whipped on Red River. Laying out the camp.

May 20, 1864. Pleasant and hot. Quiet in town. Lieutenant Loring returned to duty from Colonel Dudley's staff.

May 21, 1864. The 26th Massachusetts Regiment arrived from Boston, Mass.

May 22, 1864. Arrested a female peddler for bringing liquor into camp; sent her to New Orleans, before the Judge.

May 23, 1864. Testified in regard to the peddler; the Judge sent her to the workhouse for thirty days. Mail arrived; letter from home. Some talk of the regiment going on provost duty in the city.

May 24, 1864. Made out State pay rolls. Wrote three letters. The detachment which did not re-enlist were relieved and will join the regiment again.

May 25, 1864. We are going to Morganza, on the Mississippi, twenty miles above Port Hudson. Captain Whittier has been commissioned Major of the regiment.

May 26, 1864. Paid off to-day to April 30.

May 27, 1864. Sent home \$100. Went to town at 9 a. m.

May 28, 1864. Returned to camp at sunset. Colonel H. O. Whittenmore's resignation has been accepted. A flag was presented to the regiment to-night which was sent on from Boston by a committee of ladies and accompanied by a letter from Governor Andrew.

May 29, 1864. I am on guard, twenty-two prisoners to look after, confined for being drunk and absent without leave.

May 30, 1864. Nothing new.

May 31, 1864. Preparing to go to Morganza, up river.

June 1, 1864. Arms and equipments inspected to-day to be turned in and the Springfield rifle musket issued in place.

June 2, 1864. Went up town with my ordnance and turned it over to ordnance officer. Exchanged receipts.

June 3, 1864. New ordnance came to-day. Drew thirty muskets and a complete set of equipments. They are nicely finished guns. Order came for light marching. Captain Creasy commands the regiment. Colonel Dudley is up to the city most of the time.

June 4, 1864. Went to the city. Saw some old officers, just from the front. Stayed at the St. Charles over night.

June 5, 1864. Returned to camp at 3 p. m. Orders came to be ready to embark to-morrow. Light marching order.

June 6, 1864. Nothing new.

June 7, 1864. Colonel Dudley has a brigade again. Captains Shipley and Johnston have arrived from Lowell. They were left behind on sick leave.

June 8, 1864. Went up town. Steamer did not come down; order to embark countermanded.

June 9, 1864. Mail arrived. Letter from home.

June 10 and 11, 1864. Nothing new; very dull.

June 12, 1864. Went aboard Steamer Iberville in the morning for Morganza.

June 13, 1864. Reached Baton Rouge at 6 a. m., and arrived at Morganza at 2 p. m. Ordered into camp at the extreme right, seven miles along. Temporarily attached to the 13th Army Corps.

June 14, 1864. Picket detail, twenty men and one officer. All the troops were reviewed by General Sickles. We rather took the others down, having on our dress coats and scales.

June 15, 1864. The camp is inside the levee, along the river bank.

June 16, 1864. Pleasant, but warm. Policing the camp.

June 17, 1864. Colonel Dudley arrived last night.

June 18, 1864. Orders to move down to the 19th Corps.

June 19, 1864. Detailed for fatigue duty with thirty-five men to go down four miles and unload ten days' rations from a river boat for our division. Worked until 2 p. m. Services in the evening by the Chaplain. Colonel Dudley took command at dress parade.

June 20, 1864. Expedition gone up the river of five thousand men under General Grover to capture a force which is trying to blockade. We have company drills of one hour.

June 21, 1864. Company drills in the morning. We have been assigned to General Grover's Division.

June 22, 1864. Company drill in loading and firing. Expedition returned to-day. Nothing accomplished. Rebels ran.

June 23, 1864. Colonel Dudley has gone to New Orleans.

June 24, 1864. Some of the infantry regiments who were armed with carbines have been aiding us. Cavalry have been dismounted. General Reynolds assumed command of the force to-day.

June 25, 1864. All of the troops to-day, by order of General Reynolds, were assigned to the 1st Brigade, 1st Division. Mail arrived.

June 26, 1864. Inspection at 7 a. m. Reading Northern papers received from Miss C. G. of Lowell.

June 27, 1864. Drilled the company in loading and firing. Put my Drummer in the ranks, temporarily, for selling his drum.

June 28, 1864. We are made a brigade at last, the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, the 19th Army Corps. The regiments are the 116th New York, the 153d New York, the 90th New York, the 29th Minnesota, the 30th Massachusetts, all old regiments.

June 29, 1864. Nothing new.

June 30, 1864. An expedition afloat. The 1st Division has orders to move to-morrow.

July 1, 1864. Preparing to move. I think Mobile is the destination. Colonel Dudley has a cavalry division at Baton Rouge. Bully for him!

July 2, 1864. Our brigade went aboard the steamer to-day. We went on the Henry Ames. Touched at Port Hudson at dark, at Baton Rouge at 9 p. m.

July 3, 1864. Arrived at New Orleans at 10 a. m. Disembarked and went aboard the ocean steamer Mississippi with the 116th New York and the 90th New York. General Emory and his staff go on this steamer.

July 4, 1864. Loading the steamer; troops still arriving, not known where they go; some think to Mobile, some to Fort Monroe.

July 5, 1864. All the ocean steamers have been seized to transport the troops. The 1st and the 2d Divisions, under General Emory, consisting of ten or twelve thousand men, sailed at 6 a. m. Aground on the bar at sunset.

July 6, 1864. The tug boats came to our relief but they cannot extricate us. General Emory has gone to telegraph to New Orleans. We got off at last. We are going to Fortress Monroe.

July 7, 1864. Made fifty-two miles up to noon. Passed the Creole. Suppose the General is swearing over his luck. Expect we shall reinforce General Grant.

July 8, 1864. Made two hundred and forty-seven miles up to noon. We have seventy-five officers aboard, twenty-six horses and twelve hundred men. Wrote a letter to-day.

July 9, 1864. Made Key West in the morning at 8 o'clock. Passed a steamer which was going to New Orleans. Made two hundred and thirty miles. A sail in sight. A little cooler to-day.

July 10, 1864. The sea very calm; several sail in sight. Made three hundred miles in the last twenty-four hours. Service by the Chaplain at 10 a. m. Man lost overboard last night. We lowered a boat, but could not find him. From the 116th New York Regiment.

July 11, 1864. Sea not so calm. Made two hundred and thirty-eight miles. The steamer running alongside to-day, some distance off. A gunboat passed us this afternoon.

July 12, 1864. Made two hundred and seventy-one miles. Porpoises seen for the first time. Arrived at Fortress Monroe at 5 p. m. Three years ago I was here at the Fort and two years last January, also; some changes since then.

July 13, 1864. Two steamers got in ahead of us. We were immediately ordered to Washington, not stopping over five minutes at the wharf. Report that the enemy are near on a raid. On guard to-day. President Lincoln was on the wharf when we arrived. I had an introduction to him. He said: "Boys, have you come from New Orleans to help us out?" General Stanton was also there. The President said to Captain Shipley: "You are not to be pitted, for I see that you have been," the Captain having taken the small-pox on his way North with the regiment on a veteran's furlough.

July 14, 1864. Arrived at Washington city. Great excitement; no communication with the North; the B. & W. R. R. wires cut. The rebels are thirty thousand strong. The 6th Corps from Grant is here. The division took up the march for Tallytown, nine miles distant.

July 15, 1864. Marched all day yesterday and half of the night before. No rations for the men. Bivouacked fifteen miles away from Washington. Moved again this morning; nothing to eat but hard bread. The rebels are retreating. Caught up with the 6th Army Corps, twelve thousand strong; marched to Pocksville.

July 16, 1864. Resumed the march, crossed and forded the Potomac River, waist deep, marching until 10 p. m. Officers very hard up for something to eat.

July 17, 1864. Moved at 2 p. m. one mile and bivouacked at Big Springs; Company F joined us last night, from Washington. Hills and valleys abound. Grain principally raised.

July 18, 1864. Resumed the march at 4 p. m., passing through Ball's Bluff, Snicker's Gap, on the Blue Ridge Mountains. Splendid views of the country. Marched fifteen miles. Joined General Crooks' command of Hunter's Corps. Had a fight with the enemy. No teams up to-night.

July 19, 1864. Marched at 9 a. m. The 1st Brigade, 1st Division, on the right, the 19th A. C. (30th) Regiment in advance. Johnnie has gone and we re-crossed the river, remaining until night.

July 20, 1864. Ordered to Washington. Re-crossed the river and marched to Goose Creek, twenty-five miles, passing through Leesburg.

July 21, 1864. Arrived at 11 a. m. Very hard march; many fell out; resumed the march at 2.20 p. m. on the turpikie road. The enemy has gone towards Richmond. Crossed the creek and bivouacked for the night.

July 22, 1864. Resumed the march at 9 a. m. Passed through Drainsville; bivouacked at 9 p. m., going fifteen miles. Roads some better; not so stormy.

July 23, 1864. Resumed the march at 8 a. m. Arrived at Georgetown Heights, passing over the Chain Bridge at 3.30 p. m. Marched fifteen miles. Received mail from home.

July 24, 1864. Sunday. Everybody cleaning and washing. Wrote home. Reported that we go to City Point.

July 25, 1864. Very disagreeable in camp. Made out June returns of camp and garrison equipage. Our corps badge is a four-pointed star.

July 26, 1864. Moved at noon on the Rockville pike road. Marched fifteen miles. Went into camp at noon. It is reported that the rebels have crossed the Potomac again, coming into Maryland.

July 27, 1864. Resumed march at 4 a. m. Bivouacked four miles beyond Clarksburg. Passed through Hyattsville, beautiful valleys. Bivouacked at 1 p. m., thirty-three miles from Washington.

July 28, 1864. Resumed march at 5 a. m. The 19th Corps in advance. Halted at Monocacy River to await orders, on the Monocacy battle-grounds. Resumed march at 5 p. m., passed through Fredericksburg.

July 29, 1864. Went into camp four miles out of Fredericksburg, at 11 o'clock last night. It is quite a city. Resumed march on the Harper's Ferry road. The 6th Corps in advance. Bivouacked three miles below the ferry.

July 30, 1864. We have joined the 8th Corps, under Crook. All hands ordered to the rear toward Frederick. The 8th Corps left us to go another way. Very warm, hard marching. Harper's Ferry is pretty well destroyed.

July 31, 1864. Bivouacked last night near Jefferson, marching twelve miles. Resumed march at 5 a. m. The 8th Corps gone another way. Camped at dark, five miles beyond Frederick.

August 1, 1864. Laid still today. Drew four days' rations, it being the second time only that pork has been drawn for two weeks. The boys feel better. Mail arrived. Wrote home. Chambersburg burned by the raiders. Lieutenant Tenny joined the regiment.

August 2, 1864. Colonel Dudley and Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier have arrived. Colonel is commanding the cavalry, the Lieutenant-Colonel commands the regiment. Lieutenant Tenny detached with Dudley. Marched to Monocacy Junction at noon, six miles. The 2d Division arrived from City Point, the 8th Corps near by.

August 3, 1864. Bivouacked on the late battle-grounds. The 2d Division not arrived yet. Received a letter from home by train. Had a fever last night, quite unwell.

August 4, 1864. Better to-day. Broke camp at dark and took cars for Harper's Ferry, went up on Maryland Heights, arriving at daybreak.

August 5, 1864. Laid still to-day. Expect an attack. The Heights are strongly fortified. Splendid views of the country.

August 6, 1864. Rain last night. No enemy in sight. Passed over on the pontoons through Harper's Ferry, Bolivar, bivouacking on

Bolivar Heights. The 6th Army Corps have joined us. We are on two lines of battle, on two ridges. Troops on our left. Expect they are General Crook's.

August 7, 1864. We have marched four hundred and fifty miles since arriving in Washington, the 13th of July. General Grant was at the ferry yesterday. It is thought the enemy are in large numbers near Washington. The Chaplain had service at retreat.

August 8, 1864. General Sheridan arrived with six thousand cavalry and he assumed command. More troops are expected. We look for hot times soon. Colonel Dudley is going home on leave, his cavalry has joined Sheridan. Sent to New Orleans to have my trunk sent home by Adams' Express.

August 9, 1864. The Chaplain is going home to obtain recruits. The 8th Corps arrived last night. The supply train ordered back under the guns of Harper's Ferry.

August 10, 1864. Marched at 5.30 a. m. Passed through Charlestown and camped one mile from Berryville, going about fifteen miles. We have but one wagon to a regiment, but have two pack animals. Charlestown is pretty well destroyed by fire and shot.

August 11, 1864. Resumed the march at 5.30 a. m. Orders for three days' rations, to last four days. Met the enemy's skirmishers and pickets outside of Berryville, the cavalry drove them all day. Took some prisoners and killed some.

August 12, 1864. The column moved at sunrise, marched in the fields yesterday. Went fifteen miles to-day. The cavalry had a big fight yesterday; they are now below Winchester, going toward Middletown. Bivouacked at sunset in columns, by divisions. The enemy close in front.

August 13, 1864. Under arms at dawn. Waited for the wagon train of supplies to come up, it arrived at dark, some guerrillas captured it, but it was retaken by our cavalry. Our regiment detailed at 10 p. m. for ordnance wagons train guard.

August 14, 1864. Regiment guarding ordnance train in Wagon Point. Three days' rations issued, to last four days. Enemy supposed to be at Strasburg. Have a chance to clean and wash. Mail, but no letter for me.

August 15, 1864. Moved last night at 10 o'clock, marched all night, arriving at Winchester at 6 a. m. Halted two hours, then marched through the town and bivouacked by the train. A spy was hanged for decoying the wagon train.

August 16, 1864. The town looks very dull. Visited a cemetery where a large number of Confederate soldiers were buried. Patriotic inscriptions on the head-boards. Marched fourteen miles last night.

August 17, 1864. Resumed the march to the rear, going to Berryville, eleven miles, acting as guard for the train, arrived and relieved from train, joined the brigade. A fight reported in the advance

between the 6th and 8th Corps. The 19th are here to prevent a flank movement.

August 18, 1864. Marched at 4 a. m., all forces going to the rear Longstreet joined the enemy with large numbers. Halted three miles from Berryville and drew two days' rations. The balance of the corps joined us here under General Grover, coming from Snicker's Gap. The enemy are at Winchester. Bivouacked at sunset in two lines of battle.

August 19, 1864. Under arms at dawn. The 19th Corps in the rear of the column. Private Chapman joined the company on the 18th, from the hospital in Baton Rouge, La. Private Hurley went to the hospital in Frederick, Md. Private Skehan went to the hospital in Washington, July 26. One of the 153d New York killed near the picket by guerrillas.

August 20, 1864. Rainy. Under arms at dawn. Strict orders that no soldier should leave the regiment camp, also the cooks, clerks and the detached men. Mail arrived; received eight letters; latest dated August 14. Waiting for rations to come up from Harper's Ferry.

August 21, 1864. Inspection at 8 a. m. Camp laid out; two days' rations drawn; coffee and hard bread. Noon.—Heavy skirmishing on the right and left of the entire line. The 19th Corps ordered to the right, passing through Charlestown. 11 p. m.—Ordered to the rear; going to Hallstown.

August 22, 1864. The whole army fell back last night; heavy fighting yesterday. The enemy in large force. Formed in line of battle on the heights between Hallstown and Harper's Ferry. Skirmishing going on on the left and in front. Surgeon Towle and Captains Clark and Tremaine joined the regiment.

August 23, 1864. Skirmishing on the left; splendid place to make a stand, and we are desirous the enemy should make an advance on us. Regiment ordered, at sunset, to move forward on a gorge in the woods and hold it; also to support a battery; the regiment somewhat divided.

August 24, 1864. Relieved from the gorge and sent back to support a battery which commands the railroad and the highway. Skirmishing on the left of the 19th Corps. Right wing in the gorge.

August 25, 1864. Left wing in the gorge, Captain Creasy commanding. More troops arrived at the Ferry. Three spies hanged. Battery left us; taken elsewhere. Received and answered letters.

August 26, 1864. Reconnoissance last night. Enemy on our left, a mile and a quarter; gone by, bag and baggage. Our cavalry went out as far as Charlestown. Right wing on picket.

August 27, 1864. Enemy all skedaddled. Cavalry in front, to find out where they have gone.

August 28, 1864. Joined the regiment. Army ordered at 3 p. m. to move. Marched two miles beyond Charlestown; bivouacked and threw up rifle pits, working nearly all night.

August 29, 1864. Under arms at dawn. Brigade detail from our regiment for picket. Fifty-three privates, seven non-commissioned. I have charge of the left. Threw up barricades along the line. Heavy skirmishing by the cavalry in front.

August 30, 1864. Picket line advanced and re-enforced by twenty-five men. The army strongly entrenched; very tired at night from visiting posts.

August 31, 1864. Inspection and muster at 6 a. m. by Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier. Colonel Beal has been appointed Brevet-Brigadier-General. He is Colonel of the 29th Maine Regiment.

September 1, 1864. Making out pay-rolls. Received a letter from home.

September 2, 1864. Finished pay-rolls. Four months' pay due. Enemy fortified at Bunker Hill, between Winchester and Martinsburg.

September 3, 1864. News of the capture of Atlanta by Sherman, great cheering by the boys. Broke camp and moved on the Berryville road in considerable force, the firing subsided during the night. We bivouacked in line of battle.

September 4, 1864. Rainy and uncomfortable last night. Army entrenched to-day. We changed our position farther front at sunset.

September 5, 1864. Our line of battle runs from the Martinsburg to the Berryville roads, which pass through the town, reaching to Winchester. Reconnoissance by the 2d Division, some skirmishing, enemy have left our immediate front.

September 6, 1864. Under arms at dawn, quite a dull day. All are anxious for reading matter. It is the opinion that General Sheridan will not fight the enemy but keep them in the valley, which prevents so much force from co-operating at Richmond.

September 7, 1864. Subsistence trains came up and rations were issued. Thirty ambulances were captured on the way to Harper's Ferry by Mosby's Guerrillas. Sent letters home, with the key of my trunk. My second quarter's ordnance returns correct, 1864.

September 8, 1864. Under arms at dawn. Wrote to Captain W. S. Bailey, of the 28th Massachusetts. Our regimental wagons sent for at Harper's Ferry. The enemy at or beyond Winchester. Whiskey rations served to the regiment.

September 9, 1864. Lieutenant Loring discharged, on the Surgeon's certificate. Teams came up at sunset. Small mail arrived. Drew stationery from the Quartermaster.

September 10, 1864. Made out the company's receipt for clothing for August, also the state bounty roll. Exchanged receipts with the Quartermaster for camp and garrison clothing.

September 11, 1864. The camp flooded. Cleared at noon. There is a day of fasting and prayer throughout the country in praise of our success in the army and navy. Proclamation of the President was read and prayers offered in each regiment.

September 12, 1864. A company detailed on the forage train. We went out five miles to the rear, Lieutenant Barker and I, and got clover hay, the boys found apples. We returned at retreat. Read a letter from Miss C. G.

September 13, 1864. Company and battalion drill. A division of cavalry captured a regiment on reconnoissance, 8th South Carolina.

September 14, 1864. Rainy, no drill. Wrote Miss C. G. It promises fair for the re-election of President Lincoln.

September 15, 1864. Company drill in the morning, battalion drill in the afternoon. Mail arrived, no letter for me. Line of battle formed at dawn.

September 16, 1864. Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier has obtained leave of absence for twenty days, he left to-day for Charlestown, Mass.

September 17, 1864. Men preparing for Sunday inspection. Officers built shanties out of rails and banked them. Tent shelters for roofs. Lieutenant General-Grant is here, visiting our army.

September 18, 1864. Company inspection at 8 a. m. Catholic service at 9 a. m., in the 9th Connecticut, the 2d Division. Orders for wagons to be sent to the rear. Expect to move at 2 p. m. to-morrow.

September 19, 1864. Received letters from home. Marched at 2 p. m.; our regiment in the rear. Met the enemy at Opequan Creek; all our forces formed and fighting from 11 o'clock until sunset. We drove the enemy from Winchester. Lieutenant Haley of our regiment was killed, and one private; seven were wounded.

September 20, 1864. Loss heavy on both sides. We camped on their grounds. There were thirty thousand engaged on both sides. We followed retreating "Johnnies" all day. Crossed Cedar Creek at 4 p. m. twenty-eight miles from Winchester. The enemy are near Strasburgh; our cavalry in front skirmishing. There was a large loss of officers yesterday.

September 21, 1864. The enemy strongly fortified in the Gap. They were completely defeated and routed, leaving many dead and wounded on the battle-field. Our army lay still until noon, then advanced in line of battle towards their fortifications. My company and Company A are on provost guard in Strasburgh.

September 22, 1864. Joined the regiment in the morning. The army moved forward at 9 a. m. into the woods and built breastworks. Advanced slowly, all day, driving the enemy into their main works. At sunset, the final charge was made from all points, the enemy was routed and their works captured.

September 23, 1864. The regiment lost two killed, seven wounded yesterday. A grand victory! Many prisoners and guns. Enemy demoralized. We gained their works at dark last night, after charging over hill and valley, following up all night, to Woodstock, twelve miles. Arms strewn along the road. Many stragglers taken.

September 24, 1864. Changed camp to Edenburg at noon, four miles distant. Resumed march at 6 a. m., passing through Jackson. Our regiment was sent on ahead as skirmishers. Met the enemy and drove them all along; saw their whole army retreat. Made eighteen miles and passed through New Market. Run across a dead Johnny; went through his pockets, found a plug of Virginia leaf tobacco. By his side lay a small bag of flour. Appropriated both, and that night had some flour fritters mixed with water, and a good smoke. Such is war!

September 25, 1864. Great fun and excitement yesterday, chasing the enemy. Burned their storehouse at Jackson. Resumed the chase at 7 a. m. Arrived at Harrisburg at 3 p. m., going twelve miles. No Johnnies to-day.

September 26, 1864. Our army has marched ninety-six miles in six days and fought two battles, besides heavy skirmishing all one day. The enemy are "done gone," completely routed, having lost ten thousand men in all. Colonel Dudley arrived. I am on a Board of Survey on wounded horses.

September 27, 1864. The 90th New York Regiment returned from their furlough to our brigade. Four days' rations issued. General Averill relieved from his cavalry command for not coming up to time in attacking the enemy in the rear, neglect of duty and disobedience of orders.

September 28, 1864. Company B detailed on forage train. Visited the town and the rebels in the different hospitals; there were four hundred in all. The town is very dilapidated. Colonel N. A. M. Dudley is detailed on Colonel Emery's staff.

September 29, 1864. Moved at 5 a. m. Marched eight miles and went into camp at Mount Crawford. Our cavalry have gone to Staunton, the most fertile portion of the valley. A number of flour mills, store-houses full of grain burned last night.

September 30, 1864. The cavalry went beyond Staunton and destroyed the railroad which leads to Richmond. Noon, ordered to the rear. Arrived at Harrisburg at 5 p. m., and bivouacked. The enemy gone down the valley, probably to Richmond. We are one hundred and ten miles from Harper's Ferry. Martinsburg is the base of supplies.

October 1, 1864. Our army is now on the backward track, having whipped the enemy and driven them out of the valley. The cavalry having burned everything in the shape of grain and the flour mills, back to New Market.

October 2, 1864. Line of battle formed, four days' rations issued. Colonel Dudley in command of the Third Brigade, First Division, and our regiment is transferred to that Brigade, but remains with the First Brigade until the Third joins the Division which is now at Harper's Ferry.

October 3, 1864. Ordered to be in readiness to move at daylight. Countermanded. All the wounded and sick sent to the rear. One company from the 29th Maine arrived.

October 4, 1864. Obligated to take off my shirt and wait for it to be washed and dried, having no change. Large fires seen on our right. Lieutenant Whitcomb on picket. Some of the officers play bluff to pass away the time.

October 5, 1864. Camp guard ordered. Lieutenant Page started for Boston to take the body of Lieutenant Haley home. Obtained a metallic coffin from the enemy's stores at Harrisburg. Our officers sent a letter of sympathy to his family. I visited Captain Fiske in the afternoon. Drew one day's rations.

October 6, 1864. The army marched at 5.30 a. m. All forage grain to be burned on the way. Marched twenty tedious miles and bivouacked beyond New Market.

October 7, 1864. Resumed the march, fifteen miles. McNeil's Guerrillas harassed our rear, killed and cut the throat of a signal officer. Hard marching over hills and through the valleys.

October 8, 1864. Resumed the march, passed through Strasburgh, stopped at a hotel and got dinner, by going in advance of the train. The army halted at Fisher Hill and the advance wagon train returned.

October 9, 1864. Four days' rations issued. Regiment still guarding the train. Enemy following us. Our cavalry charged on them, capturing thirteen pieces of artillery and 800 prisoners, glorious success. Our Chaplain arrived last night. Recruits are at Washington.

October 10, 1864. Cool. The officers quartered in a flour mill near Strasburgh. The 6th Corps gone to Front Royal. We changed camp to cross Cedar Creek in the afternoon, three miles from Fisher Hill. Sergeant Leary sent to the hospital; burned himself with powder.

October 11, 1864. The enemy do not seem inclined to come on and attack, after the loss of the other day. Mail brought me four letters. Folks were very anxious concerning me after the fight. Dutch Lieutenant arrived.

October 12, 1864. Quiet. Acted as Quartermaster and issued shoes and socks to the regiment. Wrote Walter Bailey, Captain of the 28th Massachusetts Regiment.

October 13, 1864. Hurrah! Johnny came down to the Heights around Strasburgh on a reconnoissance in force and drove in our advance, consisting of a portion of the 8th Corps. Colonel Wells of the 34th Massachusetts was killed. Our cavalry went round on their right flank and took four pieces of artillery from them.

October 14, 1864. To the right. Expected an attack to-day. The 6th Corps returned. The enemy are re-enforced fourteen thousand; they are at Fisher's Hill, having fallen back from Strasburgh. Captain Tremaine detained as division officer. Re-occupied our old camp at noon. A deserter shot.

October 15, 1864. The First Division made a reconnoissance, starting at daylight. Our regiment acted as skirmishers. Advanced to Strasburgh and found the enemy in their old position on Fisher's Hill. They are strengthening their works.

October 16, 1864. Under arms at 4.30 a. m. entrenching our position. The Second Division were at work all last night. The 6th Corps started for Petersburg, but have been ordered back. Our regiment changed position from left to right of the brigade and a battery took our position.

October 17, 1864. Pleasant. Quiet about the camp. I am detailed on a Board of Survey on Brigade Quartermaster's stores. Made up report in the afternoon. The non-re-enlisted men of Companies A and B were mustered out of service to-day, time having expired. Our valises came up from Winchester and we have a change of clothing.

October 18, 1864. Sent valises back. Mail arrived; letters from home. Took a horseback ride and visited our recruits. Received notice of having been promoted to First Lieutenant by Governor John A. Andrew. General Sheridan has gone to Washington.

October 19, 1864. Under arms at 4.30 o'clock. Heavy volleys of musketry heard on our left. Expect a fight. The enemy came on to us, surprised the 2nd Corps, drove them back and flanked us. Part of our corps sent to the left but to no avail. Our regiment suffered severely. All fell back four miles. General Sheridan arrived and turned the battle. He rode along our front, saying: "Boys, we shall sleep on our old camp ground to-night!"

October 20, 1864. Drove the enemy, re-occupied our works and drove them to Fisher's Hill, capturing forty pieces of artillery, etc. I went on picket at Strasburgh, last night. The 19th Corps occupied the town. Returned to Cedar Creek to-day. Very hard fighting yesterday, fought all day. Opportune arrival of Sheridan saved us.

October 21, 1864. Very quiet in camp. Loss to our regiment 103 killed and wounded, nine were killed outright. Captain Whitcomb instantly killed, Adjutant Clark mortally wounded and has since died. Captain Brent Johnston, Lieutenant T. B. Johnston and Lieutenant E. W. Ferris wounded. The enemy robbed our dead and wounded. Our colors were the first to be erected on our re-captured works, I was with them. General Sheridan rode up and asked "Whose colors?" I replied: "The 30th Massachusetts Veteran Volunteers."

October 22, 1864. Detailed with thirty men, and reported to Dr. Towle, the Division Surgeon, to assist in removing the wounded from Newton to Winchester. I buried many legs, arms, hands and dead bodies. Horrid scenes in and about the hospitals. Removed 200 from houses in Newton to wagons.

October 23, 1864. Stopped last night at a citizen's house. Sent balance of the wounded to Winchester. The bodies of Adjutant William F. Clark and Captain Whitcomb sent North. It undoubtedly

caused many deaths, by sending wounded bodies in army wagons. Some of the recruits resigned to-day.

October 24, 1864. Returned to camp yesterday morning. Colonel Dudley returned from Washington, brought all clothing, and camp and garrison equipage to the 19th Army Corps. Drilling my recruits. Congratulatory orders received from the President, and read to us.

October 25, 1864. Water froze last night. Made out clothing receipt roll for September. More recruits joined, making fourteen; four more added; total, eighteen. Eleven came armed. Loss in battle to our regiment: killed, thirteen; wounded, ninety-five; missing, nine-teen—one hundred and twenty-seven out of two hundred and seventy.

October 26, 1864. Squad drills. Regiment received one hundred and twenty-five recruits. Lieutenant Barker gone to Washington to bring on recruits. Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier arrived also. A mail and overcoats from New Orleans. Colonel brought my commission as First Lieutenant.

October 27, 1864. Wrote to Captain W. S. Bailey, 28th Massachusetts Regiment, and to cousin Ellenette. Very dull in camp. Colonel Dudley commands the 3d Brigade. He is bound to have our regiment in it, which does not suit us.

October 28, 1864. Windy and cold. Drill today. Order issued for our regiment to report to the 3d Brigade, but countermanded later, and we still belong to the 1st Brigade. Good! This is the fighting Brigade.

October 29, 1864. Base of supplies moved to Martinsburg. Quartermaster Gardner came, four recruits arrived from Boston for the regiment. Made out muster rolls in the evening. All quiet.

October 30, 1864. Inspection at 8 a. m., regiment line formed. Worked at pay rolls all day.

October 31, 1864. Inspection and muster. My aggregate increased to fifty.

November 1, 1864. Nothing new. Colonel Dudley commands the 1st Brigade now. Expect to catch the deuce now.

November 2, 1864. Three companies on forage train, C, E and G, Lieutenants Reed, Howe and Poreé. Hard day's work, went out twelve miles, returned at dark. Mr. Barnard from Lowell is here, came to see his brother who was wounded.

November 3, 1864. Cold and rainy. There are thirty-four muskets now in the company. All charges are to September 1st on pay rolls.

November 4, 1864. Very muddy. Maryland is admitted as a free State. Captain Creasy returned. Dress parade to-day.

November 5, 1864. Cold and some snow. Mr. Totten (the sutler) is stopping with me. No drill this afternoon.

November 6, 1864. Brigade review at 10 a. m. Mail arrived, received a letter from home, dated October 30. Lieutenant Barker

returned with fifty-one recruits. Five more men in my company. Service by the Chaplain in the afternoon.

November 7, 1864. The 19th Army Corps reviewed by General Sheridan. I am on brigade guard. Orders to be in readiness to move in the morning.

November 8, 1864. Line formed at early dawn, orders countermanded. The regiment is voting to-day. Lieutenants DuVerge and Snyder mustered into our regiment as Second Lieutenants. They came with the recruits.

November 9, 1864. Marched at 9 a. m., with the whole army in motion. Bivouacked one mile beyond Newtown and laid four-rail abattis. The cavalry remain in the front. Our division bivouacked in advance of the army as guard.

November 10, 1864. Finished entrenching. "Abraham" is re-elected. Hip, hip, hurrah! Mail arrived, letter from home and Miss O. G.

November 11, 1864. Pleasant. Skirmishing along our lines by the cavalry. Colonel Whittier is Officer of the Day. Under arms all day; firing stopped at sunset.

November 12, 1864. The enemy's cavalry still hover round our lines and skirmishing goes on. In the afternoon our brigade went out on a reconnoissance and drove the cavalry, returned at dark, tired and hungry.

November 13, 1864. Cold; have built a house out of rails and banked it up with earth, have a stone chimney attached, which makes it comfortable. Quiet along the lines.

November 14, 1864. Company drills. Colonel Dudley returned from commanding the brigade. No inspection. Wrote home.

November 15, 1864. Rainy and cold. Drew some clothing for the company. Detailed on a Board of Survey, under General Dwight, on public property of a deceased officer of the 12th Connecticut Volunteers. He was killed in action.

November 16, 1864. Made up my reports. Company drills as usual. Wrote to Aunt Lizzie.

November 17, 1864. Nothing new. Rainy.

November 18, 1864. Quiet. Company books arrived; also Lieutenant Page. Re-constructing our works. Orders to build log houses. Letter from home. Wrote home.

November 19, 1864. Forwarded camp and garrison returns for July, August and September. Men are cutting logs and building houses.

November 21, 1864. Forwarded monthly returns. Wrote to Miss O. G. in the evening.

November 22, 1864. Cleared off cold. At work on company papers. Cavalry gone out to Fisher's Hill; also our 3d Brigade to Middletown. Reconnoissance. Enemy reported at New Market.

November 23, 1864. Captain Barker is Officer of the Day. At work on company papers.

November 24, 1864. Thanksgiving. Very pleasant. Our brigade met in the afternoon and the Chaplain read the President's proclamation and offered prayer. The band played the national airs. Poultry was given to the men, which was sent by friends at home.

November 25, 1864. On fatigue duty in the morning with sixty men, brigade drill in the afternoon; drilled by Colonel Dudley. Our log houses progress slowly for want of axes.

November 26, 1864. A load of luxuries arrived for the regiment, given by a Mr. Ross, of Boston, turkeys, apples and pickles. Dress parade at sundown. Court-martials read; some hard sentences.

November 27, 1864. Very muddy. Brigade review at 9 a. m. I went on picket at 2.30 p. m. Everything quiet. Captain Prince has arrived.

November 28, 1864. Relieved at 9 a. m. Picket will be relieved in the morning. Regiment at work on log houses.

November 29, 1864. Pleasant. Nothing new.

November 30, 1864. Made out returns. Mail arrived; two letters from home.

December 1, 1864. Another letter from Miss C. G. The details are very heavy for picket and fatigue. Made out muster-rolls of non-veterans. Seven to go out.

December 2, 1864. On fatigue duty in the entrenchments. My company has three houses built.

December 3, 1864. Mail arrived; letters from home. Wrote home in the evening. The 6th Corps has gone to Washington; expect they have gone to Petersburg. Pay-rolls arrived to be signed.

December 4, 1864. Brigade reviewed in the morning; brigade dress parade in the afternoon. Expect to be paid every day; six months' dues.

December 5, 1864. Took my non-veterans over to the Mustering Officer and had them mustered out, five present and one absent. I was obliged to account for every man in the company, except the veterans, eighty-three in all on the rolls.

December 6, 1864. Very pleasant. The regiment moved into the log houses on the hill last night, although they are not all finished yet.

December 7, 1864. Camp and garrison equipage arrived to-day from our storage in Washington. Many articles were lost, much belonging to the men. Officers convened at headquarters last night.

December 8, 1864. Quiet about camp. Mail arrived, letter from home.

December 9, 1864. The Paymaster came at last. Snowing at dark quite fast.

December 10, 1864. Six inches fell last night. The Chaplain is taking money to carry to the express for the men. I gave him \$250 to send home.

December 11, 1864. Cold. Company inspection. Emerson on picket. Wrote to Amos Sanborn (jeweller) to make me a corps badge out of silver.

December 12, 1864. Very cold and blustering, snow blew into the quarters last night, this morning it covered my blanket.

December 13, 1864. Quiet about camp. Letter from home.

December 14, 1864. On picket, in command of the line of our brigade. A deserter came in last evening, he gave gloomy accounts of the enemy, they are at New Market.

December 15, 1864. Relieved at 9 a. m. Colonel Dudley relieved from command of the brigade and assumed command of the regiment, General Beals commands the brigade. Received a box from home, collars and gloves.

December 16, 1864. News of a victory by Hood over Thomas, one thousand prisoners, sixteen pieces of artillery. Our army fired a salute of one hundred guns over it.

December 17, 1864. More news from Thomas, sixty pieces of artillery, five thousand prisoners, wagons, etc. "Bully!" The brigade was convened and the news read, immense cheering in camp.

December 18, 1864. Cloudy and muddy. Settled my commissary bill, \$100. Chaplain returned from Harper's Ferry. My house goes up slowly.

December 19, 1864. Made out muster and pay rolls for one enlisted man who goes out of service to-morrow.

December 20, 1864. Officers met together and settled the bill for sending home deceased officers and the recruiting bill. Total, \$1,464. They appointed me treasurer, there were twenty-five to pay, I have collected from all except four.

December 21, 1864. Snowed last night. The 2d brigade is gone to Summit Point, the 8th Corps to Washington. Bought a stove for my house, paid \$8.

December 22, 1864. Cold and windy. Good news from Sherman, Thomas and Rosecrans. At work on my house.

December 23, 1864. Moved into my house to-day. Took a horse-back ride this morning. Captain Barker still remains with me.

December 24, 1864. My new house is quite comfortable. In the evening we officers met at Lieutenant Buyer's house, Lieutenant Snyder was gay, visited Colonel Dudley afterwards. Received a comfort bag by mail from Miss C.

December 25, 1864. Inspection at 11 a. m. In the evening the officers visited the Colonel's quarters.

December 26, 1864. Cloudy and foggy. Wrote Miss C. Made up my clothing account book ready for the pay rolls. Big news! Savannah captured by Sherman.

December 27, 1864. Quiet about camp. Made out my reports as treasurer of the regiment. Finished my monthly reports.

December 28, 1864. Making out muster and payrolls. The Chaplain has gone to Winchester. Quartermaster Gardner detailed from the regiment.

December 29, 1864. Cold; snowed last night. Lieutenant Reed Officer of the Picket.

December 30, 1864. Orders to move. Moved at 7 a. m. The army fell back to Stephenson's Depot, near Winchester. Our regiment detached and guard the railroad at Opequan Crossing, two miles from Harper's Ferry, occupying a camp formerly of the 8th Corps.

December 31, 1864. Snowy. Mustered at noon. We have very good quarters; the officers board with a family near by; attraction, three young ladies. I received a letter from home. Enclosed was the poetry "Sheridan's Ride," which I read at the officers' dinner hour, at the house near our camp where the young ladies lived and waited on us. The family was very much excited and provoked over it.

January 1, 1865. The first day of the month, first day of the week, brings us a happy new year. Visited Captain Barker, who is stationed with his company three-quarters of a mile down the track.

January 2, 1865. Finished payrolls. Received my box last night, which contained coat, trousers and vest. A beautiful day.

January 3, 1865. Snowy. Making out ordnance returns. Made an eggnog in the evening and asked the officers to my quarters. A sutler has arrived.

January 4, 1865. Blustering day. Drew and issued clothing to-day.

January 5, 1865. Lieutenant Page gone to headquarters to be mustered out of service; expiration of his term. Wrote to Miss C. G. Men at work on the houses.

January 6, 1865. The Second Division passed down on the cars; expect they have gone to Petersburg.

January 7, 1865. Am Officer of the Day. Cleared off cold. Lieutenant Page has gone home. Visited pickets in the afternoon. Was thrown from my horse and bruised my face.

January 8, 1865. Very pleasant. Regiment inspection at 10 o'clock a. m. Lieutenant Porter mustered out of service. My face was hurt quite badly; one eye is closed.

January 9, 1865. Pleasant. Nothing new.

January 10 and 11, 1865. Quiet.

January 12, 1865. This is my birthday. Twenty-four years old.

January 13, 1865. Inspection to see who will go home of the non-commissioned officers. My Orderly Sergeant and Musician will go, two from a company at a time.

January 14, 1865. Very dull about camp.

January 15, 1865. Pleasant.

January 16, 1865. Quiet.

January 17, 1865. Drill in the morning. Nothing new.

January 19, 1865. Captain Johnston and Lieutenant Ferris arrived. Ferris quarters with me.

January 20, 1865. Went to Harper's Ferry to get express matter for the regiment, returning in the afternoon. Captain Clark has gone home.

January 21, 1865. Hailed all day. Very quiet about camp. Whiskey rations issued. Express matter arrived.

January 22, 1865. Company inspection. Services by the Chaplain in the morning and service in the afternoon at Brucetown, about three miles out. I rode over.

January 23, 1865. Stormy, rain and snow.

January 24, 1865. Pleasant and cold. Visited at Brucetown. Pleasant call on the citizens.

January 25, 1865. Colonel Whitier, Lieutenants DuVerge and Schmideberg have gone on leave of absence. Lieutenant Ferris acting Quartermaster.

January 26, 1865. Very cold to-day. A letter from Ordnance Department. Returns correct for the fourth quarter, 1864. Two letters from home.

January 27, 1865. Cold. Quiet in camp. Made a call with the Colonel in the evening on Mr. Clevenger, who lived near our camp. The family were rebels.

January 28, 1865. Nothing new.

January 29, 1865. Attended church in Brucetown with other officers.

January 30, 1865. Am Officer of the Day.

January 31, 1865. Made application to be discharged from the service, under Circular No. 75, War Department, of September 22, 1864.

February 1, 1865. Furloughed men returned to-day. Wrote to Mr. Charles W. Whitney, Boston, for a business position.

February 2, 1865. Long roll last night, caused by picket firing.

February 3, 1865. Applied for a furlough for Privates Donker and Lawless, Company G. A letter from father, he is in Washington, in the Christian Commission employ.

February 4, 1865. Received my application for muster out. Approved.

February 5, 1865. Went to Brucetown to church in the afternoon.

February 6, 1865. Went up to Stephenson Depot. Was mustered out A. G. O. Have served three years, eight months and fifteen days. Was mustered out by E. C. Pellet, Captain and A. C. M., 1st Division, 19th Army Corps.

February 7, 1865. Visited Captain Barker last night, stayed over night in town.

February 8, 1865. Party given by the officers at a house near the camp, young ladies invited, a pleasant time.

February 9, 1865. Started for home, Chaplain Whittemore and Dr. Davis go on leave of absence. Stopped at Baltimore over night. Took charge of a young woman who was dressed in soldier's uniform. After arriving at Baltimore Provost Marshal relieved me of my charge. She was probably the wife of some Union soldier from Stephenson's Depot.

February 10, 1865. Left Baltimore at 9 a. m. Harry Gilmore on the train, a prisoner. Arrived in New York at 6 o'clock; stopped at Lovejoy's Hotel. In evening visited No. 444.

February 11, 1865. Arrived in Boston at 6 a. m. Put up at Parker's Hotel. Visited friends. Dr. Davis and I stopped with A. M. Ferris, who was at one time a Captain in our regiment.

February 12, 1865. Snowing. Took breakfast with Captain A. M. Ferris. Visited Aunt P. in East Boston. Spent the night with Mrs. Haley, in Chelsea.

February 13, 1865. Went to Lowell, folks glad to see me. Feb. 14, 1865. Sleigh ride. Feb. 15, 1865. Sleigh ride. Feb. 16, 1865. Rainy. Feb. 20, 1865. In Boston.

February 22, 1865. Returned to Lowell. Miss Sarah M. Haley came with me.

April 3, 1865. Petersburg and Richmond evacuated after three days' fighting. General Weitzel and the negro troops occupy Richmond.

April 4, 1865. Lee's army retreated towards Lynchburg, Va.

April 25, 1865. Went to Boston, quartered with Emerson, formerly Lieutenant in our regiment, at Parker's Hotel.

April 26, 1865. Called on Mrs. Haley and family.

April 27, 1865. Visited Lieutenant Clinton Page in Boston. Went home in the afternoon.

April 28, 1865. The dancing school (Mrs. D—s) was to have given me a benefit, but I cannot be here. I am going to Canada to work for the Hunterstown Lumber Company.

Letters Written During the Civil War From 1861 to 1865.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., April 20, 1861.

DEAR —————:

Yours of the 17th was received yesterday. I was very glad to hear from you. I received Lizzie's letter, it was a good one. I suppose she is at home by this time.

I began work a week ago to-day. There are eight of us who load from four to six cars a day. After tea I read the Boston Journal, and have recovered somewhat from my homesickness. But to my subject, which is war. I am sorry to see it make its appearance in our boasted land of freedom, and we find there are Benedict Arnolds in our midst who are not loth to confess that they are such—i. e., to judge by their actions. My blood boils every time I have touched a paper, all the more when I read Fran's letter. I have seen an account of the proceedings in Lowell in the Journal, and have followed the Sixth Regiment to Washington, headed by the Lowell Brigade Band. We need a force large enough to subdue the rebels at once and not allow an equal contest for a long time. We must pen them in and march on.

Fran says that father is ready to go, but I *am going* and wish you all to give your consent to let me enlist. I think of the rebels during the day and dream of fighting at night. There will arise before my mind various objections to my going, viz.: "There will be enough without you." Then the thought arises, suppose every one should say so, where would our freedom be? Another thing, I have no family to look after but myself, and the army should be made up of such. I glory in Fran's patriotism in saying she would go if she could. We need a force to put them to silence, as did Washington in Shay's Rebellion. I do not know much about military tactics, but could soon learn to shoot a rebel or a traitor. The sooner this matter is settled, the better. There are four as good companies gone from Lowell as any State can boast. I wish I were among them. I will take father's place. Governor Andrew's speech, when he presented that flag, was inspiring enough to last the regiment through the campaign. I see that Lowell has appropriated sixty thousand dollars for the benefit of the families whose husbands have gone. That sounded well in our Ogdensburg paper, for it was there I read it. The people are forming a company here, but I should prefer to enlist under the flag of the old Bay State. Don't raise one objection, but say "Come and enlist," or,

as did the Spartan mother—"Here is your shield, return with it or on it."

I am not laboring under any "sea fit," as I once was, but a duty which every one ought to perform,—love of country, and, as expressed by the Roman senator, "Not that I love Cæsar less, but Rome more." I will not write any more, as it is nearly 10 o'clock. By the way, Mr. Proctor says he will take me back to work if I return. Write as soon as you receive this and give me your thoughts regarding it.

Yours,

WARREN.

OGDENSBURG, N. Y., May 5, 1861.

DEAR ————:

Your papers and letters have all been read with pleasure. The days have passed rapidly since I left home. By the time you receive this, it will have been four weeks. You state that business is very dull. So it is here. Daniel Whitney writes that he shall not ship any more lumber than is necessary, and, if any one comes to buy, sell at cost, if for cash.

There were nine babies sprinkled this morning at church. They were all pretty and none of them cried during the ceremony. My dressing gown and slippers are very handy to wear Sundays. You inquire about my room; it is a front one, upstairs, in a small cottage. I attended a concert the other evening given by an instructor of music who fills a place similar to Mr. Metcalf's in our public schools. Each pupil carried a small flag. The programme was made up of national airs. It was given for the benefit of the instructor, who has enlisted.

You write that the companies are all full. I think, had you been so disposed, you might have obtained a chance for me. I like to see patriotism manifested by deeds as well as words. How came Mr. Whitney to know I wished to enlist, unless father told him and asked him to write to me? Why haven't you sent me the daily papers, unless you thought I should get excited over the news? I don't like this kind of love for country. It may be I am jealous, but so it seems to me. The papers state that two companies of Rifle Guards are now forming and that Major Gordon is authorized to raise a regiment to be mustered into service. It was Friday's Journal. There are chances enough. Has Captain Davis's company gone? And what kind of a uniform have they? Did they furnish their own, or did the State? I should like to have been at the presentation. If I could join a company which would be received soon after its organization by some regiment, I should like to do so. The Boston companies go to the forts in the harbor to be drilled. Major Gordon's regiment will go there. Will Captain Davis's go there or directly to Washington, as they are somewhat drilled? I had given it up, for you said there was no chance in his company. I shall do just as you say; if you say, go

please secure a place in a good company; if you prefer to have me stay at home, I shall, for I could not go without your consent, or the impression on my mind that it was contrary to your wishes, nor should I expect that protection from the God of battles which I otherwise should look for. I leave it with you to decide. Write as soon as you receive this.

SON AND BROTHER, WARREN.

BIG POND, BETWEEN CAPES CHARLES AND HENRY,
May 25, 1861.

DEAR—————:

After losing sight of you on the wharf, we all took off our knapsacks and prepared for seasickness. Before night there were only eight who were not, George Pray and I being among the lucky ones. In Boston Harbor we passed the School Ship and saluted her. Towards night we all went below and turned in. They formed a row on the canvas, from stem to stern. I slept on cannon balls in boxes, and slept soundly, too.

The second day the boys felt better and lay round on deck, sleeping, singing, smoking, etc., but when grub comes we all rise, with dippers and knife in hand. We have coffee, meat, bread and crackers, and have been eating the oranges and apples which were given us, but those are all gone now. We pass a vessel now and then, giving cheers and raising the Stars and Stripes. One did not show her colors at once, so both cannon were loaded, but she soon threw her colors up. The lighthouses do not show their lights along the coast of Virginia, so we had hard work to make way, slowly, last night. All are in good spirits. I forgot to change my money; if I can't change it on shore, I shall send it home.

We are now going up the bay; a number of United States blockading vessels are in sight. We just passed a British brig and gave three cheers. I am now in Fortress Monroe; it is a great place. Passed the Minnesota as we came to the wharf. A blockading fleet is also here. The Billy Wilson Zouaves have arrived and are landing; they are gay fellows. There are a number of vessels in the bay which were taken as prizes.

We are now in a large square of ground, lying down. It is as warm as July. Apples are on the trees, quite large. We are sunburned, and have red noses; a rough looking set, but all well. The Sixth Regiment are not here yet, but we expect them soon. Suppose you have heard about the fight at Alexandria. Ellsworth was killed. General Butler is here and we expect to go into quarters to-night. The barracks are all full, so we quarter in a large hotel, The Hygeia, which used to be a summer resort for Southerners. I saw General Butler ride by, also P. Haggerty, his aid. The Vermont troops went out two miles yesterday to drive away the secessionists. They burned the

bridge, then retreated. I could see the smoke. We had baked beans for supper. I will write again soon.

WARREN.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., June 4, 1861.

DEAR —————:

I have been waiting to receive an answer from you before writing again, but have given it up. We were quartered in the hotel until Wednesday, when we had orders from General Butler to give it up and go to the Fortress. The hotel is now converted into a hospital. Dr. Kimball is the head surgeon. Dr. Bradley is his assistant. A small portion of the building is reserved for travellers, and is kept by Mr. Willard's brother, of Washington fame. We went through the manual of arms in presence of General Butler before entering the Fort, after which he addressed us: said he should be inclined to favor us a little on account of our coming from Lowell. At first we were attached to the Third Regiment, Massachusetts Volunteers, but are now an independent company. The Sixth Regiment will not come here, so we, probably, shall never be attached to them, and, I think, will remain as we are until the expiration of the three months' troops takes place, then a new regiment will be formed from the Sixth and others and we made a part of that. A. B. French, Fielding, and J. F. Scripture are here. The boys were glad to see them, and asked French if he would make them some ice cream, as he was in that business.

There are eight thousand troops in and around the Fort. We are quartered in the end of a long building with the regulars, and occupy two rooms beside the mess room: have low wooden bedsteads, a tick filled with straw, and sleep as soundly as the Queen of England, with all her decorated spreads. We are to be drilled on the artillery. General Butler said he should make us the best drilled company in the State. I visited the Zouaves and the Troy regiments the other day, which are stationed above the Fortress, towards Hampton, and they are not so pleasantly situated as we.

We have had two skirmishes at Hampton, which place is now deserted. It contained one thousand inhabitants. One man left thirty thousand dollars' worth of property behind him. The troops helped themselves to everything that came in their way, hens, pigs, cows, mules, etc. I talked with a negro who ran away from his master, and who piloted our troops back to the place after it was deserted. He said they found a large barn full of tobacco and each soldier helped himself. General Butler has since given orders strictly forbidding such work again. As far as our troops penetrate, the negroes come into our lines. There are, now, one hundred and fifty or more in the Fortress, besides many in the camps outside. They are all pleased to get away, and I think slavery is abolished in Virginia.

The other day we were on fatigue duty and hauled some large

cannon to the wharf, to go to New York. They weighed four and one-half tons. To-day we have been unloading powder. There were twelve of our company who went to Hampton to get down a vessel owned by a negro; he said the rebels would not let him have it and ran it ashore. Our boys expected to see some excitement, and started equipped, but found no one to molest them.

We have received papers from Lowell friends which were eagerly seized. We have to pay ten cents for the latest New York papers. We live well enough for soldiers, much better than those in camps. Some of the boys are at work at their trades; one is in the hospital as clerk, Goodell, and one is in the apothecary department, and all receive extra pay. We rise at dawn; breakfast at 5.45; roll call and drill from 5.30 to 7.30; at 9 a. m., five of the company, under a Sergeant, report for fatigue duty; dinner is at noon; drill from 5.30 to 6.30; supper at 7 o'clock; lights out and we retire at 9.45. Sunday morning, at 8 a. m., inspection. So you see our duties are light. I go on guard once in eight days. Our boys are well and happy. One fellow just came in with his hair cut, clipped, leaving a little long tail in the middle of his head, like a Chinaman. How we all laughed!

SON WARREN.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., June 11, 1861.

DEAR—————:

I will drop you a line. Yesterday we heard that our forces met above Hampton, each thinking the other the enemy. It had been reported that rebel forces were in the vicinity of Hampton, so General Butler ordered troops down from Newport News and those from here to co-operate at the junction of the roads. There they met, but being ignorant of the order, each supposed the other to be the enemy, and fired into each other, killing and wounding many before the mistake was discovered. Then they joined and marched towards the rebels, met them three-quarters of a mile from their trenches. We had four pieces of artillery all the time advancing and firing, under command of Lieutenant Grebble. They met the infantry, forced them back behind their earthworks, where they took a stand. Nothing could be seen of them while they were firing but their heads. Our artillery kept advancing, as did the Zouaves, who fought bravely, and the Fourth Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, until the guns were silenced for twenty minutes. Then was the time for the infantry to charge, but where were the commanding officers? No one to give orders, they said; but the Zouaves and the Fourth Massachusetts rushed on, when the bugle sounded a retreat, and retreat they did. The artillery had used all their rounds of ammunition except three each, so they retreated. Lieutenant Grebble stepped forward one of the guns to see how the shots were telling, when a ball from the enemy struck him on the head and he was no more. That ball passed on and hit a soldier in the leg. The men at the guns retreated and advanced

three times before they could obtain their guns and Lieutenant Grebble's body. General Pierce was in command, and all say if they had been led on and had charged when the big gun was silenced the day would have been ours. Lieutenant Grebble was heard to say, after the guns were silenced: "Where are our infantry?" He also said in the morning, when our troops fired into each other: "He would rather have been shot himself than had that happen." The men who manned the guns returned to the Fort last night with them and brought the wounded and the dead. Some of our boys helped nurse the wounded. I have heard since that Lieutenant Grebble was killed while in the act of spiking a gun, and I have heard the stories of three men who helped spike the guns. They brought in a shell fired by the enemy which did not burst. I saw a soldier's hat through which a rifle ball had passed.

We are the permanent garrison of the Fortress. We take a tramp outside to-morrow with our knapsacks, to get used to wearing them. One Zouave had his hand nearly shot off; he came up to one of the officers and asked him to cut it off with his sword. The soldier took it calmly. It is a pity so many have been killed and wounded and nothing accomplished. It is stated that General Butler sent word to General Pierce reprimanding him.

I have a picture of the Fortress, which I shall send you. I have begun to keep a diary, and you may send me a blank book, no matter about a regular diary, as I shall require more space than would occur between two dates. A number of us now occupy a small house. My comrades are Daniel Waters and John Parmenter. In the next room are George Pray, Henry Fletcher, and Thissell.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., June 15, 1861.

DEAR—————:

I received your letter with pleasure. I also received a bottle of peppermint, one of blackberry wine, and a pair of slippers, the latter I am now wearing and they are very acceptable. Alas for the wine! I put it into my valise, the wax came off, and when I opened it the wine had all run out. It soaked into my shirts and some sugar I had put there. Did Aunt C. send it? I did not save a teaspoonful. The other box has not arrived. This came on the steamer S. R. Spaulding. I understand a schooner is coming with the Massachusetts' stores; it may be on that. The boys were highly pleased with their packages. One of my comrades had about two hundred ginger snaps, two large pound cakes, etc. The Captain opens the boxes at his quarters, then calls us over. Has Mr. Pray received George's last letter? He is going to send for his trunk and I shall wish for some things of mine to be sent in it. I will mention them in my next.

I received a letter from Mr. Proctor in reply to mine. He was pleased with it and said it would be published in the Advance, a daily

paper printed in Ogdensburg. I guarded thirty horses outside the Fortress last Friday. One of the regulars fell asleep while on guard last Friday, and he will be severely punished. Ten of our company were on guard last night at the Rip Raps, a small island between here and Sewall's Point. A battery is nearly constructed there, the big gun is among them. A Mr. Sawyer has been trying a gun of his own invention. He could reach the Point. I saw the result. One of the men who helped man the gun said the first shot struck near the flag-staff and some went over the Point, where some rebels were in bathing. These men did not stop for their clothes but put for the woods. The distance is over two miles to the Rip Raps. One shell was fired directly to the opposite shore, close to a barn where some men were collected; they scattered like crows, and ran up a white flag as large as a sheet. We have no guns which can reach the Point from this fortress, and these shots were unexpected. This big gun will tell on them. Mr. Sawyer, who directed it, is the most expert artillerist in the United States. As they have no cannon which can reach us, they could not reply.

I think if our gunboats should attack them from above the Point, and a cross fire be directed from the Rip Raps, and infantry landed from below, we could take the place, for they could not pay attention to all these places at once. I think General Butler is satisfied they can "be bothered" from the Rip Raps, anyway. A small steamer comes down from Norfolk every morning to watch our movements. A large family from Norfolk came into the Fortress this morning for protection, from Hampton.

You queried about my washing. I do it all; I have a tub and a board and some soda. It makes my back ache, I tell you, and I shan't grumble about nice linen any more. Massachusetts' bills pass here, which was luck for me, as I did not get my money changed. It is laughable to see the negroes. They look exactly like our minstrels on the stage. You don't see any true darkies in the North. We had two in our barracks the other day, and one tried to out-dance the other; neither would "gib up." They danced until their perspiration ran from them. It is very warm here. I am writing on my valise, dressed only in underclothing. Fisher Hildreth is here, and he went up in the boat with General Butler to witness the firing. There are plenty of Lowell men about. I shall try to send the picture by some one of them. George says he is now writing for his trunk, and I will mention what I should like, and you may add what you see fit: tea, thin boots, soda, Rochelle powders, pens, paper, linen coat, thimble, Pain Killer, blacking brush and blacking, diary, woollen cloth to scour my musket, pastry, doughnuts, etc., etc. Ask the neighbors to put some things in for the boys. We had a splendid bath last night; two hundred went in.

Mr. Crane has received his appointment to the Post Office. Mr. Fiske's son is assistant under him. Daniel Waters, of our company, has a chance there, also. I did not come out here to leave the company but to stick to it until the last. I suppose Harper's Ferry is taken. Send me some papers, but late ones. You don't wish for a lock of hair—nonsense!

SON WARREN.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., June 19, 1861.

DEAR—————:

I heard this morning that some nurses had arrived from Lowell and that they had packages for the company, so Corporal Brigham went over to the hospital and got them. I was pleased to be one of the lucky ones. I had used all my writing paper and was waiting for this. I shall send it all back to the old Bay State, soon, after penning it. I looked out of the window and saw Corporal Thissell escorting the ladies round the fortress. They visited our barracks. When they called on me I was mending my pants; had all the necessary articles about me, and, to cap the whole, was wearing my cooler suit, viz., shirt and drawers only. My comrade, Parmenter, was writing. Thissell introduced us to the company and I offered them our only seats, the beds. We had a social chat of ten or fifteen minutes. I should think they were nice women, and I don't think I shall dread being sick so much now, we have so many kind nurses from near home. They seemed pleased with our quarters, and asked us to call on them, which I shall do; certainly on the youngest.

It seems to me that people are quite excited over the Big Bethel fight at the North. They need not be alarmed about the fortress being taken, it can't be done. It is true the enemy have erected batteries on the land side which will have to be dislodged, consequently a larger force will be needed than is here now. Nothing need be apprehended about their cutting off our water supply. An artesian well is being dug. I have a piece of coral which came up on the screw, one hundred and twenty feet under ground. A large supply of water comes from Baltimore on the vessels. Yesterday our company was detailed to assist in unloading the "Union" gun. We worked all day and moved it about one hundred feet from the schooner. I wish you could see it; it is sixteen feet long, weighs fifty-two thousand pounds. Probably you have read a description of it. It will not be mounted on the Rip Raps. It may be placed so as to command the land side.

Tuesday the funeral of Major Winthrop took place. A party of our troops went up to Bethel to obtain the body. At first they refused, but, finally, told where he was buried. It was laid in a shelter tent. The troops escorted it to the wharf and it was sent to New York.

Tuesday the General tried the Sawyer gun again from the Rip

Raps, he going up the stream and observing the shots, while it was fired. The shots reached the battery at Sewall's Point with effect.

That little tug has not shown herself since the Cumberland fired at her. The Minnesota has arrived. I suppose Walter Bailey must be off soon for the seat of war. How does he like it? Major Ladd and a Mr. Pressy are here from Lowell.

If I can't send my picture by some one soon, I shall put it aboard the steamer, Thursday, for Boston. Captain Davis has been up to Washington and the Relay House. The 6th Regiment is there. Lieutenant Farrar went up last night. I like Captain Davis tip-top and he is liked by the other officers about the fortress. I think he will be promoted some time hence. Our company are well, with the exception of one or two who are troubled with the summer complaint. There is to be an opposition store here soon and I suppose things will be a little cheaper. A schooner has hauled alongside the wharf, loaded with groceries; it hails from Boston.

Two prisoners were brought in last night. There is some talk about exchanging. There were five negroes in our mess room last night, we got them to sing and dance! Great times. Negro concerts free of expense here. You hope I shall not be obliged to leave the Fortress. I will say that the company is ready to go and anxious to meet the enemy and see if they can redeem the loss that occurred at Great Bethel. Four prisoners just went by guarded by four of our soldiers. They have gone to the "rear." How should you like to be guarded when on such an errand? The order is to shoot if they try to escape.

I should like to have father and mother come out here; the fare by water is twelve dollars. Tell Lizzie D. I received her letter. Will write to George Wight soon. Send only Lowell papers, and those from Boston which contain Beecher's sermons. We get the New York papers one day old. Give my regards to the Wights, Baileys, Kings, and the widow F. Send apples, preserves, currant jelly, and a sealed can of plum preserve.

BROTHER WARREN.

FORTRESS MONROE, OLD POINT, June 30, 1861.

DEAR ————— :

Last night it was reported that a schooner had brought our boxes, that were to have come by the steamer Pembroke. I went down to the wharf and found it was so. I shouldered mine and went up to quarters. The cakes were spoiled; I think McCurdy's bananas injured them. Friday I received a package which was sent by the city, also the box sent by Robert Read to the Centralville boys. Saturday evening George Pray received his trunk by the steamer S. R. Spaulding. I also received a package and letters. All were right; dough-nuts tip-top. I did not receive the cover for my head to keep off the flies; they are very thick here. General muster took place to-day,

previous to paying the troops. I have just been relieved from guard duty; was guarding prisoners of war. A captain of a schooner, who had tried to run the blockade, was brought in last night. He showed the British ensign. He loaded at Washington with tobacco; said he was bound for Halifax, but was spying around the bay. Four Zouaves were also brought in, who belonged to a Louisiana regiment. I visited the Minnesota to-day. Stub Fuller caught me by the hand when I got on board and showed me round. I did not expect to see any one I knew. Two nice ships have been brought in as prizes, loaded with munitions of war, from England, bound south. I hear a telegraph is to be laid to Newport News. Lizzie asked me where I would prefer to be. I answer, here.

No movement of troops yet; I don't think there will be until after Congress meets. Our Sergeants have been to drill with cannon, after which they will drill us. How do you like the picture? We are all well and in good spirits. There is just enough excitement to keep us awake to our duties.

SON WARREN.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., July 14, 1861.

DEAR—————:

Your kind letter of July 11th was received with the accustomed pleasure. The S. R. Spaulding arrived Saturday afternoon and I obtained my package the same evening. The mosquito bar suits me exactly. One fellow had one made over small hoops, which made it stand out from his face. Don't send any more letter paper rolled, it spoils the looks of it. Quite a number of Lowell people are here, and such a shaking of hands you never saw. Mayor Sargent shook hands with me twice and did not know it. They visited our quarters and seemed quite pleased with the situation, then told us the news from the Spindle City, stating, among other things, that the young ladies were well and longing for our return.

Last night I was called up at 11.30 o'clock to go on guard and relieve a sick man. Inspection this morning, as it comes every Sunday morning. We put our quarters in order and equip ourselves for dress parade. The company looks tip-top, and was highly spoken of by the spectators. We were on a line with the regulars and went through the manual as well as they did. After the parade was dismissed the Mayor started for Hampton, where he is now. On his return the General intends to take him to Newport News, and his boat is ready.

I visited Hampton, which is a very old place, but, as I saw a sketch has been given in the Citizen, I will skip over this. I visited the old church, obtained two books and a piece of one of the bricks of which it is built and which were imported from Holland. I shall send these home. On a stone in the graveyard near by, one inscription dated back to 1701. Every house is deserted, some of the people have left their furniture as well as their slaves. The troops occupy most of the

houses. It really seems sad and I should pity them if they had not chosen the crooked path. Entrenchments are being thrown up across the upper end of the village. The 3rd and 4th Massachusetts Regiments will occupy the place, but I expect they will go home on the S. R. Spaulding and the Colonel Fletcher Webster Regiment will take their place. I also have the key of the organ of the church, this organ is larger than ours.

I don't believe there will be any fighting here until the forces co-operate, then a dash will be made on Richmond. Some skirmishing takes place at Newport News and at Hampton by scouting parties, accounts of which you read. The steamer on which I went to Newport News was burned immediately after her return. Dr. Bradley had a situation aboard of her and he lost all his clothing, the crew barely having time to escape by jumping into the water.

We are to have a new suit of clothes for fatigue and drill duty, it will be of blue flannel. Captain Davis is Provost Marshal. I don't know how long he will occupy the position. He has time to drill the company. I don't think father better go as Lieutenant with the Butler Rifles. As to the post office, I should get only twenty-five cents a day extra and should lose my drill; the latter is important should I go into action.

Some one has written home that rich foods injure us. It is all "gammon." Send a pound cake! I am suffering from only one thing, i. e., bed-bug bites. I took twenty-eight from one nail hole. We call our cottage the "Bug House." I have stopped the holes with soap. I received the jelly; it was nice. I was not aware I sent all my love to Fran. Of course to one is to all. Walter will do well enough. Tell Mrs. B. not to be alarmed. Give my love to all Centralville. I wish you would all come out here. I will write to grandsire and Aunt L. You know I have no desire to smoke, so please don't mention it again. I would like some of your small beer. I don't think we shall have to stay here after the war is over. If I live I shall be somewhat changed. I am raising a ferocious moustache. I shall try to preserve good habits. It is well enough to send tobacco, for some will use it anyway, even if they buy it. Good bye.

SON WARREN.

FORTRESS MONROE, HEADQUARTERS, VA., July 16, 1861.

DEAR _____:

I have been appointed an "Orderly" for General Butler. He has two, Sergeant Worcester of our company is the other. We take the places of two New Bedford boys, who returned with their companies. I have a horse to ride. Father will know the duties. Now send me three white shirts, my pin, also some chokers, collars, my blue necktie and one other pretty one, you can select from them, also my watch and chain. Please see that the watch runs all right. I don't

know yet as to extra pay. Oh, my razor. Send as soon as possible, by express. I can get linen done here for six cents a piece.

Yours in haste,

WARREN.

FORTRESS MONROE, July 26, 1861.

DEAR—————:

I received the box yesterday, it was all right. The boxes are all opened to see that they contain no liquor. I suppose those pieces were patterns of dresses. I did not examine them, for you know all patterns are alike to me. John Parmenter, as he was a dry goods clerk, looked at them and pronounced them pretty, so I will decide the same.

Last night four steamers came down from Washington for four of our regiments to report to Washington. The regiments which were in Hampton will go; Colonels Duryea, Baker, Townsend and Taylor. This will reduce our force more than one-half. consequently the troops remaining at Hampton will have to come up towards the fortress or strengthen the works at Newport News. Perhaps Hampton will be burned, for it will not do to evacuate and leave the houses for the enemy to occupy. It will be very dull here now, and we can do nothing towards routing the enemy, but merely hold our position at Newport News and at the fortress.

The steamer Quaker City captured a sloop night before last, which was bound for Richmond. She had six hundred bushels of corn and seven passengers on board. The men were brought before the General and examined. I announced them, one at a time. Two were willing to take the oath; the others were stern rebels and are now in the guard house. They were all intelligent and well dressed.

Fisher Hildreth is here. Last Sunday there were a number of members of Congress here from Washington. No visitors are allowed now. Two of our Corporals go up to Baltimore every evening to prevent any one coming aboard. I carry orders from the various commands and accompany the General when he rides horseback. When not thus occupied I remain at headquarters. A balloon ascension is to take place soon. Mr. LaMountain is here. He made an ascension last evening; he could see ten miles distant. I am glad the sad affair at Manassas is not as bad as was represented. My duties are somewhat confining. I go on every other morning at 7 o'clock and stay until 9.30 in the evening, taking turns with the other Orderly. I have got so I can ride very well. We were paid off yesterday for one month, ten days, up to the first of July; the amount, \$15.52. The boys never appreciated money any more than they do now. They are going to buy everything. I may send home ten dollars, and, if I get short, can send for it again. Thissell has a stove in his room and we cook sundry articles. We had some fritters last

night which were "bully," as the term is. Now I am flush, I can buy ice cream at five cents each. A scouting party has gone out to-night.

I remain yours,

WARREN.

FORTRESS MONROE, July 28, 1861, Sunday A. M.

DEAR _____:

This letter will follow pretty close upon the last but all are acceptable. I was told that a box had arrived for the R. L. I., but did not go over to the Captain's quarters, as I did not expect anything. I was happily disappointed on being informed that three boxes awaited me. Accordingly, to my room they went, and the knife was applied to the string. The first presented sugar, lemons, etc.; the second, doughnuts, cheese; the third, cake. I thank all the household of Captain J. M. Howe.

The other night steamers arrived to transport four of our regiments to Washington, and I had to carry orders all night to the camps. Hampton is now evacuated. It seems a pity to leave the place, but the General hasn't a force sufficient to hold it. The negroes occupy the houses, two of which were set on fire, when our engines went up to put the fire out. The telegraph operators were the last to leave, and, just before they left, a flag of truce made its appearance; several persons accompanied it. They stated that Mr. Shurtleff, who was taken prisoner by a scouting party at the time Rawlins was killed, wished to have his clothing sent out to him. This was a good excuse to see what was going on. No confidence can be placed in them, and they will probably extend the pickets again to the bridge, which they burned, and which General Butler ordered to be rebuilt. The General gave orders last night to destroy three feet of this on the farther end, at which time he rode up to Hampton, accompanied by Captain Haggerty and myself. It was laughable to see the negroes. One man had two geese, tied by their legs, thrown over his shoulder; another, six or eight hens. The women are all colors. There were babies, cooking utensils, old, broken-down teams full of everything.

There are two whole regiments and a half of another, and I think these will be ordered to the Rip Raps. I think Newport News ought to be held, as it commands the mouth of the James River and prevents vessels passing from Norfolk up the river. General Wool has been treated shamefully. Just think of an old veteran, who has passed through wars successfully and who stands on an equality with General Scott, to be placed as he is, with civilians who never saw a battle-field appointed his equals in command, with important posts of action assigned to them! We have officers who don't know how to lay out a camp. Now, is it surprising that we are unable to cope with the enemy? I think not. The Captain told me that the General asked him which he would prefer, if he (the General) left the fortress, go with him, or remain here. One of the men who helped destroy the

bridge just came in; he says he took up thirty feet of it and brought them to this side, in good condition, so they can be put back again readily.

BROTHER WARREN.

FORTRESS MONROE, Aug. 4, 1861.

DEAR—————:

As one of the boys is going home to-morrow, I will drop a line and let him take it along. His name is Silas Cowdry. I will send you five dollars, and you can buy what you like with it. I obtained a pass from the General to go to Baltimore and spend one day. I went over the city, ascended the Washington Monument and obtained a splendid view of the city. The place is very dull and people seem sorrowful and sad. The grass is growing in the streets. One young girl, as she passed me, gave me a very ungracious look, pouted her under lip, and crossed to the opposite side of the way, so even the hem of her dress might not touch a Union soldier. I laughed outright. I had a nice sail on the boat, both going and coming. I visited Federal Hill, where Colonel Duryea's Regiment is camped.

General Butler, Captains Haggerty and Fiske have gone to Washington. A balloon ascension was made yesterday. The Vermont Regiment goes home Monday. It is said that the enemy are mounting a gun at Sewall's Point, and will trouble our shipping. Wait until we get our gun up and then we will see! A track has been laid to the light-house, where the Union gun will be mounted in place of the Floyd. I picked some tomatoes out of the General's garden, and Thissell and I cooked them; they were splendid. There is positively no sale of liquor here now; the General says he shall not even exempt himself.

SON WARREN.

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA., August 9, 1861.

DEAR—————:

I received your last. It has been a warm day, the warmest we have yet seen and which old Virginia can produce. We have had a little excitement here within a few days. A deserter came into our lines and was brought to the General's quarters to be questioned. He belongs in Bangor, Maine; shipped as a sailor to go to Georgia, and was impressed there. A few weeks since the regiment was ordered to Yorktown, to join the forces under Colonel Magruder. The Colonel, knowing Hampton was evacuated, marched nearer it, and extended his pickets as far as the village. By this means the fellow made his escape, by swimming the creek. He said there are seven thousand troops in the vicinity of Hampton. On learning this, our General got everything ready for an attack, riding up to the camp at Hampton about night, giving orders to the commanding officers, after which he

went on to Hampton until we came to the bridge which had been partially destroyed, near the farther end of which a picket had been stationed. As all was still across the river we came back to the quarters. I remained here all night. A little past 12 a messenger called the General. Hampton was on fire; the enemy had fired it. It was a splendid sight, as the town is quite large, one of the old places. All but fourteen of the houses were burned. Our picket at the end of the bridge exchanged shots with the enemy. They would have burned the bridge, too, if the farther end had not been removed. I was told to-day that General Magruder gave orders to have the town burned. I was on the Minnesota to-day with orders, and I was told that the light of the burning town was seen fifty miles away by men on vessels. Captain Davis' wife has been visiting on the Minnesota, by invitation of its Commander. Both the Captain and his wife are very popular.

The other day a young lady and her brother arrived on the Baltimore boat who desired to go home to North Carolina. I took them from the steamer to the Norfolk News boat, from there a flag of truce was sent out, which Captains Butler and Fiske carried six miles. I had a long talk with the lady, she is a nice girl. She has been attending school in Vermont for two years and has not decided which side to take in this great struggle. Her father owns sixty slaves.

The General went to Newport News the same day and experimented with the Sawyer gun. The Union gun is mounted near the lighthouse. A railroad has been laid from this point around the hotel and extends inside the fortress. The artesian well is now over four hundred feet deep and no good water yet. They are building a large cistern and well water is to be carried to it. The Savannah was towed up the river to be ready in case of an attack and a light battery went up also. Colonel Phelps is Brigadier General now. He is a fine man and very cool in time of action. The General has been confirmed and, I think, will stop here. A flag of truce came down to-day from Newport News, which brought General Scott's niece and a shipwrecked seaman. The Commodore would not allow this boat to come clear down but sent a row boat out to meet her. He would have served her right had he sent a shot into her in return for that they fired at us awhile ago. I was going aboard the Minnesota at the time with orders. An expedition has gone up the bay to seize stores known to be in the vicinity of the mouth of the Potomac. I ought to have a pistol to carry when I go out with the General, perhaps I can exchange my watch for one. The General has gone out to drive in his private carriage. Everything quiet here now. I will finish to-morrow. No more.

SON WARREN.

FORTRESS MONROE, HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF VIRGINIA,

August 16, 1861.

DEAR—————:

I have an opportunity to write this evening. Received your letter by the hand of Cowdry. You represent yourself as being so good at killing cats I should like to have you experiment on some around our quarters when you come down here. Then the neighbors are away at the beach! You must not believe every story that reaches home about Dr. B. or anybody else. The doctor has been quite sick since he came down here, he has had hard luck. The boys did not require his services, after we found we were to remain at Newport News, so he had to look elsewhere and obtained a position on the Newport News boat. That was burned and he lost all his clothing and is now in the hospital sick. Dr. Kimball's things are mostly packed; he has been superseded and will go home, I do not know why. I expect a change will take place all round.

General Wool arrived to-day. General Butler and his Staff, including myself, went down to the wharf to receive him. He looks like Grandsire. A salute was fired while he was landing. After breakfast the company went to Newport News, where they were received by General Phelps and another salute was given. Soon a picket came in from the guard, on horseback, out of breath, and stated that the enemy were advancing. Immediately another courier galloped up, who confirmed the news and says he saw bayonets glistening. General Phelps said, "Get ready, boys, keep cool, boys, keep cool." The long roll was beat and all were in readiness. I expected to soon see some fun and, I assure you, I was all ready for it. We waited some time, until another courier came in and said the enemy had proved to be a mule, in a cart, hauling three men. We had a hearty laugh.

After the General had visited the works, officers, etc., all repaired to the boat and are now safe and sound at headquarters. General Wool has not yet selected his Staff. I can't tell what is to be done with General Butler, nor what he is to do with himself, nor whether I shall act as Orderly to General Wool. You will have no difficulty in coming here. At the Baltimore boat they will ask what you are coming for and you can tell them. Perhaps Mr. Fletcher will come with you, as Henry said he was coming out. Could you make a rough wooden trunk with small hinges, small size? It would be convenient for me to lock my things in, if we should be ordered away. About three hundred of the New Jersey regiment were brought down to the Rip Raps yesterday for insubordination. This morning when a cat came out of a box which stands at the head of my bed, I looked in and there were three kittens. It was only the day before that George had killed two other kittens which a cat had in the wash room. Please send my gold slide and ribbon, I got hard up and sold my chain. Lieu-

tenant Wilson is at home recruiting for his company. Our Orderly Sergeant is to be Lieutenant.

SON WARREN.

FORTRESS MONROE, August 25, 1861.

DEAR—————:

I received your letter Wednesday. I haven't heard the John Brown song yet. A letter from Fran. was received the same day yours came. While I was reading them the band began to play "The Dearest Spot on Earth to me is Home, Sweet Home." It struck me very forcibly as being true.

The big Union gun was fired yesterday; it proves well. Captain Davis has been reappointed under General Wool, who has assigned all the volunteer troops outside the fortress to command of General Butler. He has selected a part of his Staff, who are from the regular army officers, and belong to the fortress. The General is to go to the Rip Raps to-day, to experiment with the Union gun. They will fire toward the Point. The enemy have cut our telegraph wires again. Two cannon were spiked yesterday at Baltimore.

8 o'clock p. m.—The General has been over to the Rip Raps. Two or three shots were fired at the Point, when a secesh steamer came in sight; she immediately whirled about. After dinner they went up to Hamilton and reviewed the troops. One regiment, the German 20th, went through the movements as on the battle-field; it was good. I felt pretty good, riding after the General; I expect to supersede him soon! A man reported this evening that the flag-staff on Sewall's Point had been shot down. Our band played three evenings in the week near the quarters.

Aug. 30.—Didn't have time to finish and will do so now. Yesterday General Butler went to Newport News, and I accompanied him. He made some remarks to the 2d New York Regiment, who had all laid down their arms thinking they were three months' troops. All are going up this forenoon to review and inspect the troops. It is a splendid day (Sunday), and I would like to spend it with you at home. I must get ready, so good-bye. Affectionately,

SON WARREN.

HAMPTON ROADS, VA., Aug. 31, 1861.

DEAR—————:

No doubt you have heard ere this that an expedition under General Butler and Commodore Stringham left Fortress Monroe last Monday, having in view the reduction of Forts Clark and Hatteras, which are situated on Hatteras Inlet, in the State of North Carolina. I accompanied them, carrying along my gun and other equipments with the intention of lending a hand. The fleet consisted of the following vessels: the steamers Minnesota and Wabash; the gunboats Harriet Lane, Monticello and Pawnee, and the transportation steamer Adelaide,

George Peabody, with the tugs in the rear. I assure you it was a splendid sight as we sailed from the Fortress. About eleven hundred troops were taken along, viz., the companies from the New York 20th, Colonel Max Weber, one company of regulars from the Fortress, one company of marines from the Minnesota, one company of the Union Coast Guard. At 2 o'clock the powerful screw of the Minnesota began to revolve, and the other vessels followed in her wake, but, after arriving off Cape Charles and Henry, the gunboat Monticello took the lead, followed by the Adelaide, on which vessel I was. We were the first on the ground, arriving about 4 o'clock p. m. On Tuesday all had followed, with the Minnesota bringing up the rear. As she came along, showing her copper bottom, rising and falling on the billows, she reminded me of some portly broker, as he walked down Wall Street with his gold-headed cane. About 10 o'clock, after the clerk had opened *shop*, it being too late for action that day, the order was given to anchor and prepare to come into line of battle at dawn of day. All were sorry, for it gave the enemy a chance to prepare, which they did.

Wednesday noon, everything being in readiness, the vessels approached to within three miles of the shore and opened a heavy fire. Directly a reply was made from Fort Clark; then cheer upon cheer was given by our boys, who were very anxious to land. The gunboats skirted along the shore, throwing shells into the woods to cover our landing in case the enemy were lying in ambush. After firing some two hours, the General gave the order to disembark. The breakers at Nahant, Boston Harbor, are nowhere in comparison to those we had to encounter and land under. Every man was completely wet through. After three hundred and thirteen men were landed, we saw it was useless to try to land more, as a number came near drowning. By this time word was given that the enemy was retreating, and our men followed them. We landed about two miles below Fort Clark and took possession. The location is at the entrance of an inlet, and contains six thirty-two pounders, all of which were spiked. One brass piece was found between the fort and our landing place, which had been disabled.

The enemy fell back to Fort Hatteras, about three-quarters of a mile to the rear, on the other side of the neck, at the head of Albemarle Sound. We immediately hoisted the flag, while the ships changed positions so as to act on the other fort. As it soon grew dark they ceased firing. By some mistake, toward night, the Pawnee and the Monticello opened fire on us who were at Fort Clark, mistaking us for the enemy, and thinking to drive us out. To convince them of their mistake a party carried our flag along the beach, from the landing directly toward the fort, but that amounted to nothing, for they fired harder than ever. Shells exploded all around me, so near as to scatter sand all over me. Surely we did not desire another Big Bethel

affair, so we retreated. It was quite dark by this time, and we huddled close to each other, dug holes in the sand and lay down for the night. I should have mentioned that skirmishers were sent out soon after we landed, who reported that the inhabitants had all fled in vessels from the other side of the island. At one farm a table had been set for dinner, so our soldiers sat down and partook freely thereof. They also brought in some ducks and sheep, which we roasted over a fire. You can well imagine our position that night, lying on the sand. A portion of the Union Coast Guard reoccupied Fort Clark, taking along a field piece which we had landed. Two steamers were seen by our sentry coming down the sound, and we watched with eager eyes. They came alongside the fort, as we supposed, to take aboard the troops and evacuate, but, after we had obtained possession, we found that reinforcements were aboard. The next morning our vessels opened fire and continued until noon, we lying in the sand and watching the effect of the shots, which passed directly over our heads. They returned the fire and fought bravely, but their guns and balls fell short. The last hour it seemed as if every other shell from our ships went directly into the fort.

In the meantime three steamers were seen in the distance with troops aboard, which had come down from Newbern, but it would have been folly to have tried to land. It was evident that the enemy could not stand the fire much longer. For an hour previous to the surrender no reply was made. Several men were seen scampering towards the water, jumping into a boat and rowing for their lives. Then a white flag appeared on the ramparts of the fort. Again imagine our feelings! All I can say is that my legs never flew any faster than on this occasion, when running towards the fort. Our men advanced in companies; as I was not attached to any I rushed ahead and was the fourth man there, Captain Nixon of the Union Coast Guard being the first. He received the Commander's sword. Colonel Martin was accompanied by Commodore Baron, formerly of the United States Navy. The Commander said his terms were these: "To allow the commissioned officers to march out with their side arms and the soldiers to stack theirs." Captain Nixon replied: "I must report to my superior officer, the Commanding General." Commander Baron then said: "We will return and fight it out." That didn't scare us at all. Soon General Butler came ashore and they submitted on the usual terms of surrender. Commodore Baron was sent on board the Minnesota, which gave him a chance to see his old friends who still cling to the Union. From his appearance, I should judge he felt pretty badly. Our boats immediately entered the sound, and I assure you the secesh steamers, which had been watching our movements, wheeled at once. There were seven thousand men, one thousand stands of arms and a large amount of stores taken. I consider this the greatest and most important victory we have achieved. This fort mounted fifteen guns, thirty-

two pounders. They had shells, but nothing to fire them with. Not a man was lost on our side, while the enemy had forty or more killed and wounded. It was heart-sickening to look around the fort. They had had no place to carry their wounded for protection, so they were exposed to our fire. One of our bombs struck the ventilator of the magazine, and that brought them to terms, for an alarm was given that the shell had exploded in the magazine. The keys were given to me, by order of the General, and I prepared a salute of thirteen guns. I found three hundred rounds of seven and eight pound shells.

The prisoners were taken aboard the Minnesota. I think she will sail for New York. I assisted in raising the Stars and Stripes over the Fort, where all were eager to lend a hand. A sixty-four pounder was landed on the beach the day before we arrived, which, had it been mounted, would have done great execution. The Harriet Lane grounded as she came through the channel and I was afraid we should lose her. Her guns and coal were thrown overboard just before we left. Our boat was the first to arrive and the first to leave. All the troops were left behind except the marines. We started for Fort Monroe at dark last night, and arrived at 3 o'clock in the morning to-day. The General went to his quarters, reported to General Wool, and we are now on our way to Washington with dispatches. Our party consists of General Butler, Captain Haggerty, Lieutenants Weitzel and Fiske and your humble servant.

The prisoners are very fearful as to their disposal. One asked me if I thought all of them would be hanged. All are ignorant, but the officers are "right smart," as their phrase is. Their uniforms are not made of such good material as ours. All had smooth bore muskets, and the officers' swords looked as though they had been used in the War of 1812. Their fare is as good as ours, I think. One of them told me, "he didn't like bombarding at all, would rather use the dirk knife." We have thirteen of the wounded aboard and a surgeon from the Minnesota to attend to them. I obtained a secesh sword, a pistol, a dirk knife and an ambrotype of a pretty young lady.

The post is an important one, for it gives access to Norfolk, and a great many prizes have been taken in this way by the privateer Gordon. The General has papers which were found in the rebel Adjutant's office, which contain a great deal of information. A gun-boat from Baltimore has just come alongside and received the news, for which she fired a salute. Captain Davis and the company felt badly that they were not included in the expedition and a'l because we are attached to the garrison of the fort. I have no more time to write. We shall get to Annapolis about 8 p. m.

From your affectionate brother and son,

WARREN.

Excuse writing, for the boat rocks badly. Send this to Fran. I



Henry Warren Howe.

Quarter Master Sergeant 30th Mass. Infantry Regiment.

am ready for another expedition. Didn't have time to see whether there were any letters for me at the fort. I told Thissell to open my box.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Sept. 2, 1861.

DEAR—————:

I suppose you see by the heading where I now am. How came I here? An expedition sailed from Fortress Monroe, one week ago to-day, for Hatteras Inlet, off the coast of North Carolina. It consisted of eight sail. I suppose you have heard the result before this. I accompanied the General. He came here after that was over to report to headquarters. I write to let you know we start for Boston to-morrow, so, of course, you will come up. I am boarding at the National Hotel. We arrived Sunday at 10 o'clock a. m.

Yours in haste,

WARREN.

I then went with the General to New York and Boston and Lowell, Mass., where the E. B. S. Regiment, the 30th Massachusetts Regiment was raised, and the General appointed me Acting Quarter-master's Sergeant, the regiment being stationed at Camp Chase.

ON BOARD SHIP CONSTITUTION,
BOSTON HARBOR, Jan. 2, 1862.

DEAR—————:

On January 2d we broke camp in Lowell at 7 o'clock in the morning. Every one had some friend to part with and it seemed as if we were bound on some pleasure excursion rather than to meet our brothers of the South as enemies, but "such is life." I went to Boston at 9.30 o'clock, in advance of the troops, to see to the delivery of the luggage on board. The troops arrived about noon and marched to the Common, where they were reviewed by General Butler and his Staff, and the General presented us with a national flag, after which they marched to the wharf and at 10 o'clock were all aboard. It has been very cold all day and the boys suffered much. I have all the Quarter-master's stores aboard. The men were stowed very closely, too much so for comfort. The officers occupy the saloon. I am in the state-room with the Quarter-master and the Commissary Sergeant, also the Quarter-master's clerk.

January 3, 1862. Friday. Very cold last night. Went ashore to-day to see about the balance of the goods. Could not ascertain anything at the freight depot; accordingly went to Lowell and obtained information desired. Called at Mr. Brooke's office and bade the folks good-bye, then went home and took a farewell dinner, after which rode up to camp and saw Lieutenant Fiske on business matters. Took the 2.15 train for Boston, arriving on board at 6 p. m.

January 4, 1862. Saturday. Went ashore this morning and stored my luggage on Long Wharf, as the Captain said no more could be put aboard, which order did not suit me very well; accordingly, I went to Captain George about it and made out to get two boxes, the most important, aboard. The rest will go on the next vessel. Mr. Stone, reporter for the Lowell Courier, came aboard to-night. He is going with us. A tug plies between us and the wharf. Had a splendid dinner to-day. Reading, singing, playing cards in the evening, smoking after meals, are the principal amusements just now. All are anxious to sail. Services took place in the saloon at 10.30 o'clock. Rev. Mr. Babidge, of the 26th Massachusetts Regiment, made a few remarks. The text was from Genesis 16th chapter, the 13th verse: "Thou God seest me." The Chaplain of the 12th Maine assisted. There are a few ladies on board, Colonel Shepley's daughter and niece, and Colonel French's wife.

January 6, 1862. Monday. Have opened three bottles of ink, but some one has spirited them away, so use red this morning. Stormy, and the men are discontented. It seems strange that we don't move. It has become quite filthy below. Some complaint about quarters, so went down this morning and arranged them. The General is expected aboard to-day.

January 7, 1862. Tuesday. Went ashore to see about my transfer from my company at Fort Monroe to the 30th Massachusetts Regiment. Lieutenant Weigel is to write to the Captain in reference to it. Called at the Normal School to see cousin Ellenette. Got back in time for dinner. An Indian squaw is on board; she is quite handsome, her husband is a Zouave soldier. We were obliged to handcuff a man for trying to desert. Rumor is, that we are going ashore at Fort Warren to await orders. I hope not. Some of the men were disposed to make trouble last night, but were quieted.

January 8, 1862. Wednesday. Went ashore and took a warm bath at the Hancock House. The English steamer sailed to-day; we fired a salute. Wrote Captain Davis, telling him to send money home and the folks would draw it from Treasurer Aid Association, Deacon Stickney, Treasurer. Pleasant day.

January 9, 1862. Thursday. Nothing new. Two gunboats came up the harbor.

January 10, 1862. Friday. Went ashore to get some cases of shoes, bought a pair of canvas shoes. General Butler came aboard and then went to Fort Independence. Returned for dinner. We are to go to the fort and await orders. A gunboat came alongside and I loaded our tents and stores on her, we move in the morning. So we have been fighting for the "Constitution" eight days and have gained "Independence!" Well, we must go where Uncle Sam sees fit to send us. News that the Burnside expedition has sailed. Expect a hard day's work to-morrow.

January 12, 1862. Sunday. Have been shipping our goods to Fort Independence. Three companies are aboard. At night an order came countermanding. What queer works! I shall be able to tell any box of ours as far as I can see it, we have tumbled them over so many times. It does not seem like Sunday; I should have forgotten it but for a notice given that there was to be preaching at 3.30 o'clock. I think we shall go to Fortress Monroe or Ship Island. By the way, I am twenty-one years old to-day. Oh, dear, I wish it was sixteen! I shall be an old man when the war is over, if I live. We expect to sail early to-morrow morning. Captain Paul R. George took dinner with us to-day. This will be my last until I arrive at my destination. I am as comfortable as I should be at home in the parlor. The fog is all that prevents us from sailing at this moment. Good bye.

SON AND BROTHER H. W. HOWE, Aged 21.

January 13, 1862. Monday. We set sail at 7 o'clock a. m. Splendid morning. It took some time to get the bows round. As soon as she was headed toward the sea a salute was fired and every one was merry. A pilot went down the harbor with us, and when we were opposite Fort Warren a squad of soldiers gave us three cheers, which were responded to by all on deck. Very soon Neptune had some customers on their backs, and by noon half of the officers took their state-rooms. Those who remained well had great sport playing tricks on the unfortunates. I have not been sick yet. At sundown we dropped anchor and remained there until 8 o'clock p. m., at the entrance of Martha's Vineyard Channel, to await high tide, as the water is too shallow for the steamer to pass at low water. 8 o'clock p. m.—We are now on our way again. Splendid evening. A music box, a fife, cards, reading and checkers are the amusements.

January 14, 1862. Tuesday. Stormed all day. Quite monotonous. No land in sight. At night we came to a standstill, it was so foggy. There are heavy swells, we sail slowly, stop often. It cleared up a little at noon. Saw two sails on the port bow, land on the starboard, supposed to be Cape Charles. Made towards it, direction southwest. It grows thick again. Stopped and cast anchor. We are about thirty miles from the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, anchored in eight fathoms (48 feet). It seems as if we might have been in, ere this, and owe the delay to the fact that twenty-five dollars per day is paid for the use of the steamer. I saw four whales, two passed on our starboard side, quite a sight. The Colonel continues sick. I am O. K.

January 16, 1862. Thursday. Weighed anchor at 7 o'clock and again made for the Fortress. We soon saw Cape Charles, then Cape Henry. All came on board to look around. Some of the officers fired at ducks. Lieutenant Norcross fired and a ball passed through his finger, but don't think he will lose it. A fleet appeared ahead of us which proved to be a lot of schooners belonging to the Burnside

expedition, carrying horses and luggage. We gave and received cheers. We dropped anchor and the Colonels have gone ashore. Oh, I must go and see the boys. Later.—The Burnside expedition sailed two days since. It is thought it has gone to Pamlico Sound. All are now writing home, if I have time I shall write more. The Colonel has come aboard. We shall stop a day or two. Captain Davis and Lieutenant Fifield came aboard and took dinner with us. The R. L. I. is to be changed into a Flying Artillery. Corporal Hartwell has gone North to recruit.

WARREN.

FORTRESS MONROE, VA., January 18, 1862.

DEAR———:

No doubt you are anxious to hear from Warren, accordingly I will write. We are still on board, waiting for orders. The more I see of this, the greater humbug I think it is. A fortnight has passed since we came aboard. The men and the officers are discontented. Last night, the men broke open the ship's stores and got liquor, a row followed, several were put in irons, one or two injured. I went ashore Friday and stayed all day; enjoyed myself finely. Ate a hearty dinner of baked beans with the boys. Everything about the Fort looked natural. The boys are all well, but wish to get away from the Fort. The company has been changed to a Flying Artillery Corps. They are to have six rifled pieces, drawn by horses, and will go into the field next spring. It will take some time to learn the drill and obtain an outfit. The boys live "like fighting cocks" now. I suppose you have seen George Pray. He will be here in the morning. A flag of truce went up to Norfolk to-day. The report is that General Wool sent word to have all the women and children leave the place, which would lead one to suppose that an engagement is to take place soon. Some think that Burnside's expedition has gone there by way of Hatteras, and our war vessels are to go down Elizabeth River; but it is impossible to tell. Our Major, Charles J. Paine, arrived from Washington to-day. Parker is no longer Quartermaster. G. C. Easterbrook supersedes him. He is from Worcester, Mass. Parker feels well; he will probably get something as good, if not better. Captain P. A. Davis is attending to my transfer. Gus Ayling, of the 7th Battery, stayed aboard with me last night; he had an influential uncle in Boston, who helped him to his new position. We expect orders to sail every morning when the Baltimore boat arrives.

WARREN.

ON BOARD SHIP CONSTITUTION,
HAMPTON ROADS, VA., January 26, 1862.

DEAR———:

I have just come aboard to wash and change my clothes and find a leisure moment to write to you. It is a week to-morrow since we

went into camp on the neck of land which connects the Fort with the main land. We have had a severe time. It rained constantly until within two days. The troops went ashore for exercise in the morning, and at noon the Colonel sent for the camp equipage. Every one was completely wet through and many lay outside their tents in the sand that night. All worked in the rain the next day, trying to get into a comfortable situation, and we have been doing so ever since. A great many of the Maine Regiment are sick; also some of our boys. I should think two hundred in all. I have worked very hard, providing rations for the men and sending over the camp equipage. The Colonel seems to like me. The tide came up so high last night that all the tents were struck and we went farther up in to the main land, to the woods. A part of the men camped in a graveyard.

I have made an application for a transfer. The Colonel and Captain signed it and then sent it to headquarters. It was refused. An order came from Washington to grant no transfers from one department to another. The Captain then ordered me to my company. I saw him about it and thought of going to Washington to speak to the General, but he is expected here soon. Lieutenant Weigel is here and he says I shall come out all right. I hope so. I have received my two months' wages. The next time I write I shall know where I stand. I am well. Why haven't you written?

SON WARREN.

After dinner. Dr. Bradley is Surgeon for the contrabands at the Post. Colonel French and Miss Shipley have the measles; they caught them from the boys. I had some beans this morning which had been baked in the ground, and they were nice.

W.

CAMP STANTON, FORT MONROE, VA., February 1, 1862.

DEAR———:

I will begin my letter by saying I am O. K. My discharge was obtained from the War Department by order of General McClellan, through the intercession of General Butler. I have felt very anxious ever since I landed and am very much pleased to know that everything is satisfactory at last. If I hadn't obtained my rank after working so hard with the regiment, I should have felt like—well, no matter what. I am sitting on a camp stool in Captain Blanchard's quarters. On my left, the Captain's servant is peeling potatoes. Lieutenant Fiske is reclining on a couch, reading Yankee Notions; behind him a drummer boy is writing home, and such is camp life.

I have to see to the provisions and wood, assisted by Commissary Fay. These are obtained from the Fortress. I wish you to send my equipment, viz., knapsack, haversack and canteen, to Captain Davis. The boys are all pleased to know that I have obtained my discharge and promotion. There has been quite a controversy between Governor

Andrew and General Butler through the War Department in regard to which one has the right to commission the officers. I hope the General will come out all right. You must not believe all the statements in the Boston papers in regard to any subject, but the letters which come directly from the soldiers. The paper correspondent does more injury than good.

Colonel Shepley has been to Washington and received sailing orders. The steamer is taking on supplies. The Maine Regiment goes aboard to-day. I met George Richardson with whom I used to attend school. He is Purser's Clerk on the Pensacola. I went alongside and sent my letter by him to father. The Pensacola is going to the Gulf and is the vessel that ran the blockade on the Potomac. There are a number of vessels in the Roads. I shall send some money in my next letter, which will be when we sail. You can deposit or use it, as you like.

I will write you my position at night. I have two large cord wood sticks which I place the width of my body apart; on these I pile a sand pillow, then spread my rubber blanket out, put the red blanket over that, roll two others around me and "lay me down to sleep." "Such is life." Tell S. A. B. I haven't forgotten my promise to write her and that I will do so after we arrive at our destination. Tell Nettie W. I don't refuse two pieces of pie, if she will send them to me. Give my regards to every one who may inquire. My next when we sail.

SON AND BROTHER WARREN.

FORTRESS MONROE, February 2, 1862.

DEAR—————:

We have struck our tents and are going aboard. I send you twenty dollars. Send the articles I mentioned to Captain Davis, as packages for soldiers, by the City Government. We expect to sail to-morrow (Monday). I will write the first opportunity. All well.

WARREN.

SHIP CONSTITUTION, HAMPTON ROADS, VA.,

February 5, 1862.

DEAR—————:

By an unexpected event, you find us at Hampton Roads. About 5 o'clock last evening, our Captain discovered a sail in distress and made for it. It proved to be a gunboat, bound for Hatteras Inlet, which had lost her rudder, sprung a leak and had nine feet of water in her hold. Captain Fletcher got out hawsers, made them fast to her, and put about for Fortress Monroe, where we arrived at 11 o'clock in the morning. We shall coal up and leave again to-morrow. I send this letter by Parker.

WARREN.

ON BOARD CONSTITUTION, February 6, 1862.

Set sail again at 3 p. m. The pilot left us at Cape Henry. While we were at supper, a jar of the vessel startled us. It proved to be a collision with a schooner. Our Captain saw her coming and stopped, turning from his own course; she struck our quarter and no damage was done.

February 7, 1862. We are now in a warm climate. Passed a steamer bound for Port Royal with the United States mail aboard. Porpoises can be seen in our wake. We are sailing eleven miles an hour. The weather looks squally. We crossed the Gulf Stream at 4 o'clock.

February 8, 1862. Splendid day. We make twelve miles an hour. There is no sail in sight.

February 9, 1862. Sunday. Land in sight, Florida Reefs. We passed Jupiter Light at noon. Made two sail, one a sloop of war; she was too far away to speak, so we ran up our flag. A number of the officers have subjected themselves to the barber and left him with sand-papered heads and faces. I have a sunburnt nose and face.

February 10, 1862. Monday. We entered the Gulf Stream at 5 o'clock. Pleasant. Passed Key West and could see the Fort on it. Understand that there are some seven thousand troops stationed there. Made Tortugas Island at sundown. I have lain on deck most of the day, enjoying the sun and the sea breeze, I pity you New Englanders, shivering with the cold. I saw turtles and sharks to-day. Squall and rain at night.

February 11, 1862. Sunday. I have packed my clothes, previous to landing. We expect to arrive to-night.

February 12, 1862. Wednesday. Did not come in sight of land yesterday, but about 7 o'clock to-day made Chandler's Light, and soon after saw shipping in the distance, which proved to be at Ship Island. When we were within half a mile distance, our regimental flags were displayed and the starboard and port guns were fired. Large numbers were on the beach, anxious to have an interview. The island is not as barren a place as I expected, although it is sandy where the encampment is. We weighed anchor and the boats put off for the shore. Colonel Butler came aboard. As soon as orders came, I had to spring and work the rest of the day, getting the tents ashore. Father came aboard towards night; he looks fleshy and sports a moustache. The troops were all landed during the afternoon and the tents were pitched. I went ashore in the evening. Father has a little wooden shanty which he occupies for sleeping and storing goods. His clerk stays with him. I remained with father all night and went aboard in the morning and worked all day, discharging cargo.

February 13, 1862. Thursday. There are a number of prize vessels around the island; some are valuable, others worthless. All the

horses which were sent out, have been lost; I say all, for very few were saved.

February 14, 1862. Friday. I worked hard all night unloading, as also did Parker, and the boat has just left for the wharf. The wind blows and she has drifted ashore above the wharf. We brought out four hundred and fifty thousand muskets, cartridges and a large amount of shells. We expect ships with stores every day. The sutlers have sold out nearly everything. Robert Read and William Wight came aboard; they are looking fine, and have a nice store. Read is making money fast in his sutler's shop. A bakery has been set up and the men buy soft bread every other day and night. Four or five of our boys have died of fever since arriving; they caught cold at the camp at Fortress Monroe. I saw a rifle ranger boy last night who was dying; it seemed sad, probably he has a kind mother at home who is unaware of this. I was just told that the 26th Massachusetts Regiment were to take possession of the island fifteen miles to the west of this, towards Mobile.

Our wood comes from the upper end of the island and a chopping party goes out every day to cut it, then it is rafted down. There used to be a large brick house on the island, which was destroyed when the rebels evacuated. Our boys are digging bricks out and making cooking ranges. No alligators or coons yet. Two rebel boats came along the main shore yesterday on their way from New Orleans to Mobile; our gunboats headed them off and they returned; they come down once in a while and show a little fight. A schooner with nine men, belonging to us, took an English steamer which was loading at Matanzas with cotton, she had five hundred bales aboard; is built of iron and is valued at five hundred thousand dollars, all told. She would have tried to run the blockade.

Seventeen of the mechanics are going home, Colonel Butler says so many are not needed. I am feeling tip-top and shall not be homesick; not that I do not think of home and friends, for I think of you all every day, but I feel like this, that I can take care of myself, and only hope you won't give yourselves any anxiety about me. If other troops come along I don't think we shall stay here long. I haven't been inside the Fort yet. It is poorly built. The main land is from twelve to fifteen miles away.

CAMP THOMPSON, SHIP ISLAND, February 22, 1862.

DEAR —————:

I have an opportunity to write. I am now in excellent health and live like a king. My mess comes handy, we have a boy to cook. The New London brought in ten sloops which were all oystermen, all loaded, they looked queerly enough, tugging them along. I went out and bought a barrel of them and had a stew, gratis, for dinner. Chaplain Cleaveland has arrived. We are building a large building, fifteen

feet by twenty, for the Quartermaster's stores. We heard of a great victory gained by Burnside,—three thousand prisoners—also of another in Kentucky. A gunboat has captured a steamer loaded with cotton, named the Magnolia. The engineer tried to blow her up and was scalded to death.

Yours until the next,

WARREN.

SHIP ISLAND, Wednesday, March 5, 1862.

DEAR ——— :

I suppose ere this you have received letters from me and I imagine father has told you all the news. However, word from me that "all is well" is everything to you. February 28th was monthly inspection and muster for pay, all the troops on the island were reviewed by the General and his Staff. The day was warm and many fell out of the ranks exhausted while passing in review. One day it is warm, another, cold. A gunboat, named the New London, went on an excursion to Biloxi and Colonel Butler went on her. They approached to within a mile of the town, then took a skiff, with a howitzer, and landed. They went to the Post Office, found the New Orleans and Mobile papers, four days old, took forty muskets and sundry other things. The people did not dare to interfere. One man said, "You have got my boy over there, haven't you?" Butler replied, "Yes, paying him thirty-five dollars per month in the Quartermaster's department." A number of boys were standing around in utter amazement. Their papers stated that the Yankees had whipped them in Tennessee and in Kentucky, had taken twenty-three regiments and captured Roanoke Island, with three thousand troops, and had burned Elizabethtown. I hope this is all true. The papers contained a minute account of the number of our troops here and our situation. I would walk the distance home if I could get hold of one of these fellows. I always regarded Van den Huysen, nephew of Jeff. Davis, as a knave. He slept in my stateroom a while, when we were coming on, until I told him to leave. He was Quartermaster's Sergeant of the cavalry. They are now in New Orleans.

I went aboard the gunboat South Carolina the other day, she is the last boat that left with the mail and she took her prize, the Magnolia, loaded with cotton, along with her. Captains Read and Durevauge, with Lieutenant Perkins and a crew, went over to Horn Island last Saturday on a scout. A storm arose and they were gone over their time, which they had set for their return. All felt anxious, as no one had ever been there. Tuesday night the New London started in search of them, and ran across them as they were coming back, at the head of Ship Island. They had landed on Horn Island, found two hundred head of cattle, killed ten, cut them up, filled the boat and returned, after an absence of four days. They found a contraband in

a shanty eating a portion of a dead creature; he had gone out fishing from Patapasco and drifted away. He had been there four days and was lazy and numb. I got rid of my own negro and turned him off, and took an enlightened man from the North in his place. He made some capital fishballs for dinner. I wish Lizzie and Fran. could see some of these genuine contrabands, I think it would change their ideas somewhat. Chaplain Cleave and is liked very much here. I fitted his tent for him. I received a letter by the Pensacola, she has sailed again. All are anxious to go on the main land.

I am,

SON WARREN.

SHIP ISLAND, March 10, 1862.

DEAR —————:

As there is a mail going to-morrow, I will write. My last was sent in the South Carolina, by way of Key West. I wrote you of the scouting party to Horn Island, which island used to be a breeding ranch, owned by Southerners. I received a letter dated March 6, by way of Fortress Monroe, dated February 12, directed to father.

March 7, 1862. Water froze in my tent. A steamer came in to-day which proved to be the Calhoun, taken awhile since from the enemy. She will be a good boat to run up the creeks into the main land, as she draws only six feet of water and will run sixteen miles an hour. A schooner arrived with mechanics aboard, who come to re-build the Fort; they brought the materials with them. On March 8 the steamer Fulton arrived with six companies of the Maine 13th Regiment. Five Lieutenants came on her with their commissions in their pockets, signed by Governor Andrew, to join our regiment; it seems that the Governor has carried his point and some of our officers will be forced to go home. It causes hard feelings, I assure you.

The General is expected every day on the Mississippi, also a new Colonel, Major, etc. The General may bring his entire Staff, and then where shall I be? Two companies from the 26th went over to a landing near Mississippi scouting, they landed, marched along, when a masked battery opened on them; they retreated to their boats in season to prevent their being cut off by some cavalry.

March 9, 1862. The ship Idaho arrived, bringing a tenth company with their batteries. A member of Company C died and was buried under arms to-day. The Chaplain preached a short sermon, the text was: "He that is not with me, is against me." We all like the Chaplain very much.

March 10, 1862. Troops are being landed; all is confusion on the wharf. I have pitched the tents for our tenth company. The ship Ocean Pearl arrived with horses, of which they lost ten on the passage. Captain Jones has been discharged for knocking down a contraband on the steamer; father knows him. Parker has received his

papers as Postmaster. We have quite a large fleet here now, and I don't think we shall stop here long after the General arrives. I think it will be a pity if Colonel French has to go home, after he has worked so hard to drill the regiment. We had a brigade drill this afternoon, consisting of four regiments; it was a grand sight. We draw ten days' rations to-morrow for the regiment.

March 11, 1862. A number of schooners are coming in to-day, which are a part of a mortar fleet, so you may expect to hear from us ere long. A company went to the island fishing, to-day. They caught in the seine a lot of salmon and bass. I have a green palm leaf, which is used as a fan; it is pretty and I wish you had it. I suppose you are singing, "Oh, the Cold, Stormy March Days." The mail is about to close, so must I.

SON AND BROTHER WARREN.

SHIP ISLAND, March 23, 1862.

DEAR—————:

Although I haven't received a letter from you since I arrived, I will write. The steamer Mississippi arrived on Wednesday morning, bringing the General and his Staff, also the Western Bay State Regiment. It has been blowing hard since then, consequently they haven't landed. They were obliged to stop ten days at Port Royal on account of a disaster; the steamer ran aground and stove a hole in her bottom. Aide-de-Camp Weigel was ashore yesterday, and says the Captain is in irons, and they think he is secesh.

A number of changes will take place in our regiment as Governor Andrew has gained the day. The Colonel takes command to-day, and the Major soon after. I understand that the new Quartermaster is to be Post Commissary. Probably Colonel Butler will go home. Our officers feel like going home, too, for none like the new arrangement. Colonel French will be on the General's Staff, if he chooses, as Inspector General. Possibly the non-commissioned staff will be superseded and then what will become of me? It is astonishing to see the wire-pulling for commissions; nearly all who succeed do so through influence only, no matter whether they are dummies or not. It is vexatious to see aspirants gain their points, who, literally, know nothing in military affairs. Governor Andrew has sent five officers, who don't know enough to tie up the door of a tent. This is a fact, for I pitched a tent for them and one asked me how to tie the door up. The boys say he is to finish his study in Greek at Ship Island, as he left college to come here. All are sorry to lose Colonel French. I rode up the island, on horseback, the other day. Plimpton is in Read's store. We have the following regiments here: the 26th Massachusetts, the 9th Connecticut, Eastern Bay State (30th Massachusetts), Western Bay State (31st Massachusetts), the 12th Connecticut, the 8th New Hampshire, the 12th, 13th and 14th Maine, the 21st Indiana, one from Michi-

gan, one from Wisconsin, Major Read's three companies of cavalry and four batteries, and more are coming. The navy consists of one frigate, two sloops of war and six or eight gunboats.;

I weigh one hundred and fifty-nine pounds and am very well. I have obtained the autographs of our regimental officers, which I will send home. I heard that Captain George has been arrested for cheating in the contracts for the government. Is that so?

March 28, 1862. The General and Staff came ashore to-day. A salute of thirteen guns was fired. Colonel French is to be on General Butler's Staff.

Our new Colonel, N. A. M. Dudley, and the Major have arrived, and taken command. Lieutenant Tenny, from Boston, has been appointed Quartermaster. Lieutenant Claiborne has resigned and will go home. One of the new Lieutenants will take his place. The division has been formed into brigades, under Generals Phelps, Williams and Shepley; we are under Shepley. The three cavalry companies are distributed to the three Brigadier Generals. The island is becoming slightly domesticated. A large number of hens and turkeys have been brought out and they are strutting around the camp. The steamer Connecticut arrived this forenoon with the mail. I hope I shall have a letter. Good bye, from

SON AND BROTHER WARREN.

SHIP ISLAND, March 28, 1862.

DEAR—————:

I received your letter last night in a bundle of papers, dated February 18, also a package of papers which were sent to father. In spite of all you have done, I receive the news of the war before I get your letters. I think some of them miscarry. A mail has arrived to-day, which has been lying at Fort Monroe, dated February 6. I hear that an advance will be made in less than ten days. Three companies have gone to Horn Island to obtain cattle. An engagement took place between one of our gunboats and five rebel steamers, about ten miles from here, towards Mississippi; we could partially see it. A sand bar between them prevented much harm being done. A part of our expedition leaves to-day, viz., the Western, the 12th Connecticut, the 26th Massachusetts, under General Butler and General Williams. No one knows where their destination will be. The rest expect to follow soon. I have seen a paper dated March 10, which gave an account of an engagement between the Monitor and the Merrimac. A flag of truce came over, which was brought by four white men and women, these were the first white women I have seen since I left Fortress Monroe. How the soldiers ran to look at them! They wore log cabin bonnets and two were quite pretty. There are eleven ships unloading here, besides some steamers. A building is being erected in the rear of Read's shop which is to be used as a machine shop. I am afraid we shall be whipped,

as the enemy are all being driven south and we shall have to take them in the rear, where, if we get ashore, there will be no retreat. I don't think the General has sufficient force, but he may come out all right. All will fight manfully. I like the new Quartermaster pretty well. I shall leave all my baggage behind and take only a blanket, haversack and canteen. We may go to Fort Jackson by land and then throw up fortifications. Warm weather is coming on and alligators are hatching.

April 13, 1862. A regiment has gone on to Biloxi to clean out a Mississippi regiment for this reason: we sent over a flag of truce yesterday and it was fired on when it was returning. General Williams' Brigade has been ordered to be ready to start at a minute's notice. I am O. K., but you may expect to hear from me as on the move before long.

BROTHER WARREN.

CAMP, SHIP ISLAND, April 14, 1862.

DEAR —————:

I received your box and letter all right. Seven regiments are going down to Southwest Pass to-morrow, possibly ours. I hope I shall not be left behind. I expect Fort Jackson will be the point of attack. I received a letter from George Pray, dated March 15. All well. I sent a letter and my white shirts by the "Undaunted," in care of Lieutenant Claiborne, who will call on you. Governor Andrew refused to commission him, as he was not from the State of Massachusetts.

Yours till after the battle,

SON WARREN.

HEAD OF SOUTHWEST PASS, MISSISSIPPI RIVER, MISS.,

April 21, 1862.

DEAR —————:

My last was written the day before my departure. The following regiments comprise the expedition: the 26th, the 30th and the 31st Massachusetts, three Western, two Connecticut, and four batteries. Our regiment is on the ship North America, three on the Great Republic, one on the E. Wilder Farley, two on the Mississippi and one on the Matanzas. We were towed to sea by steamers and ordered to report to Pass A'Luttre, thence ordered to Southwest Pass. All crossed the bar with help of steamers, except the Great Republic. There is sixteen feet of water over the bar, and she draws nineteen. Going up with a fair wind, we enjoyed the scenery. The water is very muddy. The ground, as one enters the passes, is low and swampy, covered with tall grass, and reminds one of a western prairie, with a narrow river winding through it. The distance from the mouth of the river to the head of the Pass is fifteen miles. Pilot Town is situated about six miles from the mouth of the river. The buildings here have piazzas

on each story and are very quaint looking. A vessel passed us on the way down, and stated that bombarding was to begin that day. Soon after, firing was heard, and smoke could be seen, which has continued ever since. We are anchored twenty miles distant, awaiting the reduction of Forts Jackson and Philip. This morning we heard from a gunboat that a breach had been made in the walls and a lot of cotton fired, inside the Fort. The gunboat brought down nine wounded seamen and conveyed them to Pilot Town, which is to be used as a hospital. They have sunk one mortar boat. They have a chain just above the Fort, supported by rafts and anchored boats, also fire-rafts, which are sent down on our fleet, if a near approach is made. Fort Philip is not so strongly fortified, but the one commands the other. Last night our boats were to advance and cut the chain, after which our fleet can surround the Fort and obtain a better position. Firing has been continued day and night and it is a hard fight. The army can do nothing until the Fort is captured and that cannot be stormed, as no landing can be made. Last night, at 11 o'clock, a row boat hailed us and called for a line. The river runs very fast here; the boat drifted astern onto another boat which was floating by a line from our ship. The row boat was rapidly filling with water and was in a very dangerous position, being run somewhat under the other. We soon found that it was General Butler and his Aid who were in the partially swamped boat, and all possible speed was made in lowering a third boat to take them aboard. It was a very narrow escape for them. And such confusion as there was on both ship and boat, I never saw. After the third boat was lowered, they scrambled aboard. I tell you, they shook and trembled like leaves. They had been going from one steamer above us to another alongside, and the water swept them down on us. I don't know how long we shall remain here, probably until the Fort is captured, and then we shall occupy and advance.

April 23, 1862. Fighting still going on, but with what success I am unable to say. A gunboat passed yesterday with one mast shot away: she was going down to the hospital. A sad accident occurred last night. Captain Durivage fell overboard about 1.30 o'clock. No one saw him, but the sentry heard a splash and sung out, but the Captain sank to rise no more, the current here is so swift it took him under. A gloom prevails. Tell father to see Homer Bartlett and Joseph White regarding my commission. The mail is going out.

WARREN.

MISSISSIPPI RIVER, OPPOSITE FORT JACKSON, April 29, 1862.

DEAR ——— :

When I last wrote you found me at the head of the Passes awaiting the reduction of the Forts. Yesterday they surrendered and a steamer took us in tow the same afternoon and we arrived at the Forts at 6 o'clock. Our regiment and the 12th Connecticut came up the river, while the

remainder went around in the bay on the east side to cut off retreat. There was a mutiny at Fort Jackson and two hundred and fifty, being loyal, deserted. They were cut off by our troops, as I have indicated. Fort Jackson is built of brick and is surrounded by a moat. As the Fort is situated on low ground, it can be flooded inside. Fort Philip consists of earthworks, thrown up along the river. Our fleet cut the chain and passed up, through, under heavy fire. They took Fort Peru, farther up, killing all, so the sailors had to go ashore to bury the dead. To-day we were landing for both Forts, when General Butler came down the river and said all must re-embark and sail for New Orleans immediately. *Hurrah!* The fact is, the soldiers are impressed into the service and are held by traitorous officers. The commander of the Fort, named Colonel Duncan, escaped. The garrison was made up of soldiers from the Irish and Italians, not many true Yankees. After they had surrendered the officers blew up a floating battery, and it is rumored they will be hanged for doing that. The soldiers say the officers, when they were in action, stood over them with loaded revolvers and would shoot them if they did not fire. It is very warm here and I intend to put up at the St. Charles Hotel, and will drink your health. New Orleans must be ours! *Hurrah!* I am well and in good spirits. Plenty of alligators. I have seen the papers of March 30; later than that, I know nothing. I hope the army of the North are going on, that we may meet them. Our shells did good execution on the Forts, where they fought bravely. We lost one boat going up, when the chain was cut. Hoping my next will be from New Orleans, I am

SON WARREN.

Love to all.

MEDICAL DIRECTOR'S OFFICE, NEW ORLEANS, May 13, 1862.

DEAR —————:

When I last wrote, I was on the way to New Orleans, where we arrived on May 1. The 26th Regiment was left at Forts Jackson and Philip; the others of this expedition followed us up the river. Immediately above the Forts, plantations present themselves. It is seventy miles up to this city and it is a beautiful sail at this season. Sugar cane is about eight inches high. On every plantation gangs of slaves can be seen at work. The proprietors' houses are large and surrounded by orange trees. The houses for the slaves are little white cottages, with a veranda to each. I counted twenty on one plantation. Each plantation appears like a small village. As we neared the city, buildings became numerous. All the people ran out to see us pass. Some waved handkerchiefs, others stood dumb. Of course all the darkies hopped and danced. Outside the limits of the city, as we were approaching, we saw a company of Frenchmen hastening to protect their property. Everybody was running to and fro; large numbers of them were crowding the wharf, still they *said* nothing. Soon all our shipping came to anchor, and the next day we were landed.

The troops are quartered all about the city, in buildings. Our regiment is in camp in Lafayette Square, Odd Fellows' Hall. The remainder of our troops has arrived from Ship Island. There have been no mobs, although they are all hot traitors. The poor rejoice in our arrival. Flour has been selling at \$30 a barrel; there was no tea or coffee. Our General has been giving provisions to the poor. I went to the Custom House the other morning, and should think there were one thousand women with baskets to obtain food. Before we came, all who could not be forced to go to the war, had to drill every day, or pay a fine. You never saw such a state of affairs. Three of our companies are on provost duty, under Colonel French. Company C, Captain Shipley, seized one million dollars in specie, yesterday. They had put it under the Spanish flag for protection. Eight hundred thousand has been seized in a bank, and arms, etc., are found in various parts of the city. All the cotton on the levee was burned when it was known the Forts had surrendered. All the shops had been closed, but a few are opening now. Yesterday our forces seized three loads of cotton up the river.

It is very interesting to sit on the sidewalk and watch the passers. Oh, just look at the colored folks dressed so finely, with their high colored turbans. An aristocratic young lady took particular pains to pass several times, wearing a secesh flag at her waist. She said she would tear the United States flag before our eyes, if she only could get one. I sung out, "Three cheers for the red, white and blue." The city is not a desirable place to live; it is too low, on a level with the river, and the water does not run off freely. The river is high now. I expect we shall have to stay here all summer. A vessel has just arrived with one year's stock of camp equipage. We heard that the Federals gained a victory at Shiloh but lost at Corinth last Friday. I wish the war was over. There is too much speculation carried on by politicians. I have good quarters, sleep on two stuffed settees. The Staff board at a hotel. The mosquitoes are very thick, it is useless to try to sleep without a mosquito bar. My health is good. Dr. Cleaveland has gone home, took a sudden start, I don't know why. Parker has an office in the Custom House and is Postmaster of New Orleans. I wish you could see what is used for money here! There is no specie. The horse railroad checks pass for five cents. Recruiting is brisk; we enlisted twenty-five men in our regiment to-day. I shall write at every opportunity. This letter goes on the Matanzas.

SON AND BROTHER WARREN.

NEW ORLEANS, May 18, 1862.

DEAR—————:

The steamer which was to carry the mail met with an accident and will be delayed a day or two, so I will write again. Sunday in New Orleans and Sunday in Lowell, what a difference! The bar rooms,

eating houses, cigar shops, all are open. I attended church this morning, in company with three other officers. The church was of the Episcopal denomination. It seemed like home, it being the first time I have had an opportunity to attend public worship since I left Lowell. Our regiment has received a new uniform throughout and I am busy just now issuing these to the companies. I have adorned myself with a white shirt to-day and I feel very comfortable. In my last letter I mentioned that the prisoners who were taken at the Forts were released on parole. Yesterday five or six were re-arrested, as they had been detected in organizing a company which was to join the Confederate Army. General Butler has ordered them to be shot. Good! say I. Confederate money is to be abolished on the 27th of this month, as well as "shin plasters." The last mentioned consist of paper money issued by private firms which are doing business in the city, and is considered good according to the state of the man who sends it out. I enclose one for twenty cents. General Phelps' command is in camp at Carrollton, seven miles up the river.

I suppose my sisters would like to know how the young ladies of New Orleans dress, so I will try to describe some. The bonnets are flaring; colors, pink, white and blue, they are adorned with large roses; muslin dresses, lace and silk mantillas made in different shapes and sizes, some wear hoops, some do not. Flowers grow in profusion here. I should like to send you a bouquet of magnolias, negroes sell them in the street, one bit each (ten cents). We are quartered in Lafayette Square, opposite Camp Street. Fran., I think I shall take a creole home with me when I come back. No more just now. I hope you are all well.

I am your son and brother,

WARREN.

NEW ORLEANS, May 29, 1862.

DEAR—————:

I have received the letters sent by Lieutenant Johnston and Captain Clark. I saw, after Colonel Dudley arrived, that Governor Andrew would commission the officers of this regiment. I never wanted the Quartermaster's position, for it is one that no man living ever filled to the satisfaction of a regiment, and again, it is a staff appointment. I want a Second Lieutenancy. I don't care to what regiment I may be appointed, if I am only commissioned. A private who was in the 19th Regiment, on the Potomac, was commissioned in ours, and has joined it; all the result of influence. You seem to be afraid to have me enter as a line officer, lest I may be killed or suffer hardships. Folks at home are ignorant of war. You must understand that there is a vast difference between an enlisted man and a commissioned officer. If the one chooses to resign he can do so, the other is held. I acted as Lieutenant from the time the regiment began to recruit until

it was organized, which would aid me a good deal in procuring a position as Lieutenant. I spoke to Captain Haggerty the other day, but he said all was helter-skelter now, by and by it would be different.

I have just read the papers of May 16, which did me good. The time will not be long distant ere peace will be declared. Texas cattle have been cut off from the enemy at Corinth, by our gunboats on the river. Deserters state they are suffering for food. Everything is quiet in the city. I met an old schoolmate to-day; he belongs to Nim's Battery. The ship North America sails to-day. Lieutenant Farson will go home, as he is not commissioned, but he deserves to be. I sent thirty-five dollars home on the "Undaunted," by Adams' Express. Have you received it?

SON WARREN.

BATON ROUGE, June 11, 1862.

DEAR ————:

I wrote a short letter a day or two since. Now, as I have more time, I will write again. I am right glad we have left New Orleans, for, I assure you, it is not a pleasant place to live in, and we could not be located in a healthier situation than we have here. Yet, in my opinion, a move will soon be made up the river, perhaps to Vicksburg. The fleet are now arriving from below and, undoubtedly, we shall join them. I don't care how far up we go, for then the chances will be more favorable for us to go home by way of land, when the army is disbanded. An alarm was sounded last night, and the long roll was beat. The boys were in line, ready to march.

I have but little to do except when on the march. A nice large tent, with a green carpet, is at my disposal, and I live principally on milk, which is very good here. I learned to-night that General Banks had been driven back towards Baltimore. I am afraid this call for more troops and Banks's retreat will tend to keep us in service longer. I received your two letters of May 18 and 19 this afternoon, and was glad to get them. Lizzie and Fran. are to teach! I hope I may arrive home at a future day to visit them in their schools. While I am writing this the band is playing in front of the State House. This is a large building, surrounded by gravel walks and beds of flowers, from which beautiful bouquets are plucked. I expect we shall go up the river within a week. Hoping you are all well, I remain

SON AND BROTHER WARREN.

BATON ROUGE, LA., July 15, 1862.

DEAR ————:

Some of our boys are going home, as they have been discharged, and I take the opportunity to write. I received two letters from you to-day, dated June 27 and 28. Our regiment is still up the river, awaiting the arrival of General Halleck's force. I am nicely and have plenty to eat, all the way from goose to roast beef, and should like to

stay here through the Summer, if I am obliged to remain in service, for it is healthy. I have been reading a New York paper which gave an account of the last battle at Richmond. It seems we were driven back, with great loss. I have thought all along we should get whipped, for all their forces are concentrated there. I was ill at New Orleans, but recovered in a short time. All were sick, owing to their being confined so long on board the transports while coming up the river. The guerillas in the country are destroying the cotton. A notorious leader, named Castles, was captured the other day. Captain Magee, of the Cavalry, caught him. The Captain said: "If Castles fall, huts must." I should like to send you some ripe figs, if they would only keep. We peel them, put on sugar and milk, and they taste quite like peaches. I should like to have you all send me your pictures. I am glad Fran. likes Maine. I send two Confederate muskets. Please present one of them to the Middlesex Mechanics Association.

July 21, 1862. The Corporal did not take my letter, so here goes for a little more. Our regiment is faring badly. It is bivouacked on low ground and many are sick. We expect Butler's men back in a few days. Twenty men with their Captain, from the Wisconsin Regiment, went up the river Yazoo and met the Ram that escaped from Davis's fleet, and they had a running fight back. The Ram threw a shell into our boat, which killed five, wounded five and killed the Captain. The Ram ran by our fleet, they only firing as she ran past, as they did not have steam on, and now lies under the guns of Vicksburg. Our boys at Fort Monroe are on their way to Richmond. W.

BATON ROUGE, LA., July 31, 1862.

DEAR—————:

Our regiment has returned from the "cut off" near Vicksburg with the whole expedition. It has been a failure. The men have been camped in swamps and a great many have died, and more are sick. At the monthly inspection to-day only two hundred turned out. The Vermont, only forty, and the others in like proportion. The men have been subject to swamp fever and chills. I was lucky in not going, for undoubtedly I should have been sick; hardly a man escaped, and it will take time to recruit again. Vicksburg is surrounded with batteries, and now they have that Ram to assist in protecting the place, which came down the Yazoo River. The river is not clear, as the enemy have left batteries, which they are constantly changing the position, from one bluff to another. A battery opened fire on one of our river boats, below here, and so hot was the fire she was obliged to return to New Orleans. A regiment and battery have been sent down to clean them out. Most of the officers attribute the sickness to General Williams, for he kept the men drilling five hours a day with their knapsacks on, when sickness was prevailing to a great extent. To-day he had all the forces out on inspection in the hot sun two

hours longer than was necessary, and has ordered a drill of five hours to be kept up since they returned to Baton Rouge. Every man in the brigade ought to rest a long time. It was a sad sight to see so many sick when the brigade returned. I worked all the afternoon to get the sick of our regiment to the hospital. There were but seven officers to report for duty the last day at Vicksburg. I received a package of papers, dated April 29, March 11. I heard a mail had arrived, so I will leave this letter open.

W.

BATON ROUGE, LA., August 6, 1862.

DEAR ———:

For two weeks we have expected an attack on this place. Yesterday, August 5, it came. The brigade, under command of General Williams, camped outside of the city to be in readiness to receive them, and, at daybreak, they came upon us in the woods. Our boys were just making coffee when the long roll was beat and to their colors they rallied. We fought in the woods for five hours, and it was a bloody fight. The smoke was so thick it was impossible to distinguish the enemy except when in close contact. Some of the men came to the rear, wounded in every part of their bodies. I was ordered to assist the surgeon in carrying them off and sending them to the hospital. The Quartermaster was shot through the arm. Captain Kelty of the Zouaves was killed "plum dead." Lieutenant W. G. Howe, Acting Adjutant, was wounded and left on the field, but was afterwards brought to the quarters. Our regiment lost thirty killed and wounded. General Williams was killed, as was the Colonel of the 7th Vermont. We whipped the enemy with great loss on their side, say three hundred. Their regiments were made up from fragments of those at Shiloh. They thought we were all sick, but found that even sick men shouldered muskets. The fire was hot and we drew back twice to entice them from the woods. At last they retreated. To-day we went out to look at the grounds, and it was a horrible sight, the dead lying about, horses, equipments, etc. The horse I rode was hit by a ball, but, "nary I." Pit, pit, pit, the bullets would go into the trees about us. We have begun to bury the dead. One of the enemy's regiments fought under the black flag. We took some colors. The enemy expected the co-operation of the Ram, but it did not come down the river in season and they saw it was useless to try to contend with our fleet, so they blew her up at noon. She lay about four miles above us. General Breckenbridge commanded the enemy. We expect another attack and we are all ready for it. After Quartermaster J. F. Tenney was wounded, the Colonel told me to act on his Staff as Lieutenant, and I am doing so now. He is in command of the right wing of the brigade, which consists of four regiments and three batteries. I don't think I shall be Sergeant any more. I think Lieutenant W. G.

Howe will die. It is sad to go through the hospital and see the wounded. The enemy are badly cut up and whipped. More next time.

SON AND BROTHER WARREN.

Send this to Fran.

CAMP WILLIAMS, BATON ROUGE, August 9, 1862.

DEAR———:

I wrote on arrival at the camp, and, as a mail goes North to-morrow, I will write again. Since I have been acting Lieutenant, I have been on fatigue duty at the Parapet, in charge of two hundred colored "gemmen." The order is to clear one thousand yards in front of the entrenchments, in case the enemy come again we can have a fair chance at them. No doubt you have heard that Brigadier General Phelps's resignation has been accepted. He wished to arm the contrabands and form a regiment, which Butler opposed, but the latter was willing to arm them with working tools and employ them about the camp. I wish you could see my battalion of choppers and hear their remarks. It is amusing to hear their Captain give orders, "Git up in dar," "Close up dar." One of them was sick and I asked him how he was. "I am heaps better, but mos de misery seems to be in de hed." They all live by themselves in shanties. A battery went up the river a few miles and captured one hundred guerillas and three hundred horses. Our regiment is not what it used to be at Vicksburg, the expedition used it up; many of the boys are in the hospital. You have, doubtless, received my letter written home of a hurried account of the battle at Baton Rouge. That battle lasted five hours. I wish you could have heard the bullets whistle, while, occasionally, a solid shot would come along "chug" against a tree close by. One of the enemy's regiments carried a black flag, another a Union flag; the one that carried the Union flag said, as they approached us (it was so smoky it was hard to distinguish any one), "Don't fire on us, we are friends." They had just got up to one of our field pieces when their ruse was discovered. Their flag was picked up by three of their color bearers in turn, as each of them was shot by the Michigan boys. Our boys gave them volley after volley as they ran. This took place on the extreme right of the brigade, our regiment was about in the centre. They expected to walk right into town, as they had heard our men were all sick on their return from Vicksburg, but they were mistaken; many a sick man shouldered his musket and fell into the ranks; yes, men who had their discharge papers, went out and received their final discharge from this earth. Their regiments were made up of remnants from Shiloh. Immediately after the battle, the Colonel (Dudley) put me on his Staff and told me he would give me the first vacancy in the regiment. We have entrenched ourselves near the barracks, at the north end of the city.

All the buildings in the vicinity have been burned to allow us to get a fair chance at the enemy when they come again. Negroes, both

men and women, do this digging. Butler can't spare re-enforcements, as the enemy have been re-enforced, so we shall have to fight "right smart." We can hold our position against the enemy four to one. Most of the citizens have "skedaddled," and I am glad, for they were found with the enemy fighting against us. A battlefield is a horrible sight—men lying dead in every conceivable position and horses shot. The dead were all buried by our men. Captain Kely was buried in the State House grounds. Lieutenant Fiske is Acting Quartermaster. Send this to father.

BROTHER WARREN.

NEW ORLEANS, August 21, 1862.

DEAR ————:

The regiment was ordered to get all surplus luggage aboard two river boats and come down to the city and store the same in the Reading Press. I expect our forces will evacuate Baton Rouge and proceed to Carrollton, five miles above the city of New Orleans. I think the town will be burned. There is nothing gained in holding the place.

August 25, 1862. Colonel Dudley is Acting Brigadier General. He has recommended me to the Governor for promotion for acts of bravery on the battlefield; also four others. I wish you would see if I can't be commissioned in the new regiment. The Colonel sent a strong recommendation (I made the copy) addressed to Adjutant General Schouler, and so there will be no doubt but that I will be commissioned.

Yours in haste,

WARREN.

Fiske is Major. There is to be a Union meeting here to-night. One regiment has been raised.

CAMP WILLIAMS, CARROLLTON, LA., September 19, 1862.

DEAR ————:

I have just finished a letter home and will write you a line. There is no news to write, nor any excitement. General Sherman and his Staff have arrived. I suppose he will take General Phelps's place. I am Acting Lieutenant in Company G, Captain Yeaton's company, and hope to be commissioned, unless the Governor sends out some more from Massachusetts. I think we shall remain here all Winter. I long to be with you once more and enjoy a sister's company. We are men and women now, but that would not prevent us from indulging in former frolics. I sent a box home which contained the histories of Rome, England, lives of the British poets, some music and china ware, which I obtained from a deserted house.

LOVING BROTHER WARREN.

CAMP WILLIAMS, CARROLLTON, LA., October 14, 1862.

DEAR _____:

I have an opportunity to send a letter by Lieutenant Johnston, who goes home with Captain Crowley's body to-morrow. The Captain had the fever which is prevalent and remained too long in camp, in consequence of which he did not receive the attention he otherwise might have had he gone to the hospital. We are all suffering from chills and fever, but I have escaped as yet. A steamer will sail on the 16th with the discharged soldiers. There will be one man from my company, Private T. B. Honey. I haven't received your photograph yet. Will write soon again.

WARREN.

CAMP WILLIAMS, CARROLLTON, LA., October 31, 1862.

DEAR _____:

Yours of September 14 was received October 1, and I was right glad to hear from you and to know that "all is well." There is not much danger of an engagement at this point, and you must not be alarmed on my account. I only hope the enemy will be followed up. I hear that the R. L. I. boys are not all sick in the hospital. There is to be an expedition fitted out directly, consisting of General Weitzel's Brigade. Their talk is of going to Texas. The 41st Massachusetts, also the "Tiger" Regiment, are coming here. Both are new. I received a letter from Henry Taylor, who used to attend school in New Hampton when I did. He was, afterward, in Harvard University, a chum of Edd. Tucke's. Now he is Quartermaster of the Third Wisconsin, at Fort Scott, Kansas. It was a welcome letter from an unexpected source. That is the way old acquaintances are scattered all through the army.

Our Adjutant, Dimon, has been promoted to Major, in the Second Louisiana Regiment. General Dudley is sick with the climatic fever. I went on picket with my company the other night, and thought I "should make a die of it" (darky). The mosquitoes filled the air like rain drops, yet my servant lay on the ground and slept all night, perfectly indifferent to them. I have but twenty-five men for duty. We received a new state flag and a new national one. On the latter is inscribed "Baton Rouge," as also on our old one. How I should like to eat some of our pears! I have sent for my trunk. Hoping for a speedy restoration of peace, I am your loving son,

WARREN.

A kiss. Be careful, or we shall bump noses.

UNITED STATES BARRACKS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., November 5, 1862.

DEAR _____:

I suppose you are quite anxious to hear from me, as I haven't written for two mails. We have moved twice since I last wrote you, first to Carrollton proper, thence to the Barracks, five miles below

New Orleans. Camp Williams was too unhealthy, and, as our regiment were nearly all sick, after an inspection by one of General Butler's Aids, we were ordered here to recruit. The 30th have seen tough times, and now, I hope, there "will be rest for the weary" for two months. I set it no longer, for a move has always been made in that length of time. We lost our Orderly Sergeant, Harris, overboard, as we came down the river. He slipped off the edge of the boat. It was sad, and stillness prevailed during the remainder of the trip. Heswam quite well at first, but, as he was only just from the hospital, he was weak and went down before the boat that was sent out could reach him.

We got into our quarters by dark. This is a pretty place and the men enjoy it much. The accommodations for the officers are, one room for each company on the second flight and one directly under it for the mess room, of the same size. The laundresses and the officers' servants stop here. One can furnish and fit the rooms as well as one pleases. I sleep between sheets. The Second Louisiana Regiment have been stopping here, but they now take the old camp. General Dudley remains with his old brigade. Lieutenant Colonel Bullock is in command. I haven't been to the city for a long time. I presume you have seen Captain Shipley and Lieutenant Brent Johnston. Tell the latter that Tom (his brother) is on duty again. The apples came all right, as fresh as if just picked. Please send half a barrel by the mail steamer, as freight. Lizzie, it would be useless for you to come out here, the risk of sickness would be too great. It is quite cold to-day, the doors are shut and a fire in the fireplace. I should like to be at home while you are all together. I laughed as heartily as you did, I reckon, Fran., while reading the account of that race to the cars. I stop writing to dine, beefsteak, boiled potatoes, oysters, coffee, butter, milk. How's that? Yours till the next.

SON AND BROTHER WARREN.

UNITED STATES BARRACKS,
NEW ORLEANS, November 12, 1862.

DEAR ———:

As the mail goes Saturday, I will send a few lines. What can I say that will interest you? The men are recruiting slowly. There was another detail last night, of one hundred men, who are to be stationed in different parts of the city, over public buildings and confiscated property, so you see our companies here are rather small. I went to the city yesterday, called on Harry Read, took dinner with him. He works in his father's store. He told me that Colonel Jack Butler made sixteen thousand dollars on one cargo of cigars and sardines shipped from Havana and paid no duties on them. Harry boards with Parker and they occupy a confiscated house, nicely furnished. General Butler's mess bill amounts to two thousand dollars monthly. I see by

the New York papers that General Banks is in New York for the purpose of raising an expedition to go to Texas, and it is rumored that we shall go.

My Captain is still ill, and I remain in command. Colonel Dudley is Inspector General of the Department; I don't think he will return to the regiment, but a better soldierier cannot be found in the Department. After dinner I heard that a mail arrived, so I went over to headquarters and got a letter from Fran. We are counting on a big dinner Thanksgiving at the Colonel's quarters. I should like to be at home and attend caucus at Huntington Hall. I went to see a sugar mill at work the other day. It was laughable to see the women and children lugging the cane. I sent my boy down to-day and got a jar of syrup, which was delicious. I send my photographs, two in this, two in the next.

SON AND BROTHER WARREN.

UNITED STATES BARRACKS,
NEW ORLEANS, December 3, 1862.

DEAR —————:

I think it is time I heard from you, as I have not received a letter since the first of November. Captain Yeaton died on the 28th of November in the hospital at New Orleans, where he had been sick over three months. The Surgeon called his disease consumption. I used to visit him often, but he became discouraged at last and really gave up. The funeral took place last Saturday and was attended by his company as mourners, with one other company as escort, I acting as Lieutenant of the same. The body was placed in a tomb subject to the disposal of his friends, who reside in Lawrence, Mass. He was a church member. The election of Representatives to Congress takes place to-day. Our Thanksgiving dinner passed off agreeably. It was a reunion of all the officers who were connected with the 30th. I send you a "Delta," which gives an account of the affair. A complete roster of the company's officers is to be forwarded to the Governor by this mail. There are from five to seven vacancies, and, as I stand second on the list, I don't see why my turn won't come this time. It is three months since I was appointed Acting Lieutenant, and I have been in command of the company all the time. If everything comes out right, I shall expect a trunk, blue belt, shoulder straps, bugle, box of gloves, etc. Tell mother the prettiest thing I have in my chest is that looking-glass. It now hangs on the wall over the fireplace. I received father's photograph. It is good. Mr. Farrington is auctioneer of all confiscated property, and has a store in the city. I wish the Governor would send out four hundred men to this regiment; we might have some hopes. I suppose Massachusetts has filled her quota of troops. I hope now we shall "Burn(the)sides"

of the enemy until they are truly penitent. Hoping mother is as erect as ever and the rest of you are enjoying good health, as myself, I remain your dutiful son and brother,

Love to all friends. Letters from such are acceptable.

H. WARREN.

UNITED STATES BARRACKS,
NEW ORLEANS, December 9, 1862.

DEAR—————:

Your letters by the last mail and by Lieutenant Johnston have been read. Captain Shipley and Lieutenant Johnston were warmly welcomed. Francena, when I looked at your photograph, I knew you not, you seem to be changed. I pride myself on your good looks! Ahem! The officers are getting quite numerous again, each company having two. I have been paid, but the money is all gone. It costs a good deal to live here. I have a little watch to send home, soon. Fran. may have it; next time, Lizzie's turn. I received my pots of jelly, father's photograph, etc. Mother, I wish for yours and Lizzie's. I sent home some "shin plasters" in the "last letter." I am settling Captain Yeaton's accounts. I am as well as usual. Write often.

SON AND BROTHER WARREN.

UNITED STATES BARRACKS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., December 17, 1862.

DEAR—————:

The mail goes North to-morrow and I will write a few lines. Major General N. P. Banks and Staff have arrived, rather unexpectedly to us. He has superseded General Butler, and he took command at noon, December 16, at which time a salute was fired and a general introduction took place between the two heads of the Corps. I tell you what, there are many blue faces round here. No one here knows why this thing has been done. Butler has accomplished great results since leaving Ship Island. Eight regiments have arrived and are camped up the river. Where the expedition will go, you know as well as we do here. I received a package by express and liked the articles. Fiske, Norcross and I are in Company G. I send you a paper which contains Butler's farewell address. I wish for mother's and Lizzie's photographs.

WARREN.

UNITED STATES BARRACKS,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., January 1, 1863.

DEAR—————:

I have been patrolling down the river, thirty miles, with a squad of men, offering protection to those planters who might desire it in anticipation of any trouble which could occur from the negroes at Christmas or New Year. I had a splendid time and was received

kindly at every plantation and hospitably treated. There were French, Dutch, Creole and Southerners. I had a fine chance to see the process of sugar making, for all the mills are now running. One plantation of fourteen hundred acres will make seven hundred hogsheads of sugar.

Ere this letter reaches you, I shall be twenty-two years old. Time flies, don't it? One year ago to-night I was at home to spend my last evening ere I departed. Don't you recollect how cold it was? You, mother, and Lizzie, came up to see me off and gave me the looking-glass as a parting gift. I have it now hanging in my room and use it every morning. Well, I don't know as I could be doing anything better in this world than defending my country's cause; I am contented and happy and enjoying good health, laboring under only one complaint, i. e., inactivity. A soldier always wishes to be changing his position. I close by wishing you all "A Happy New Year."

RECEIVE FROM SON AND BROTHER WARREN.

ON BOARD STEAMER IBERVILLE,
OFF LEVEE, BATON ROUGE, LA.,

January 14, 1863.

DEAR _____:

When I last wrote to you, I little expected that I should be at the same city where we were last Summer, but all are subject to the orders of superior officers, consequently being in General Dudley's Brigade, you find us as represented, as he is in command of the city. I have no idea that our regiment will go forward from this point, for we are in too poor condition. I expect my commission by the next mail. I weigh one hundred and fifty pounds and have every reason to be thankful for being so well all the time. I wish for your picture and Lizzie's. The officers think Francena good looking; anyway, I think so. God speed the day when I can enjoy the pleasure of embracing you all as my dearest kin on earth. I am twenty-two years old, and feel as though I ought to be up and doing, but what better work can I be performing than defending our native land? As long as I know you are well, I rest content, otherwise I should be very unhappy. We remain aboard to-night. I suppose you received the watch, sent by express. You must enjoy yourself to the best of your ability, and not be too much concerned about me. We can not always be together. Colonel Bullock wishes to write and I will close.

AFFECTIONATE SON AND BROTHER WARREN.

BATON ROUGE, LA., January 21, 1863.

DEAR _____:

I did not receive a letter from you by the last mail, but the Colonel received a roster, from the Governor, of the officers of our regiment. I am happy to know that I am a Lieutenant in every sense of the word. The Boston Journal says, dated August 18, I shall, probably, draw the difference of pay the next pay day. I am still in Company

G, Captain Ned Fiske. Our regiment is quartered in a large, modern building, and I am near it, with some five other officers, in good quarters. I have a frame bed, with my tick and blanket spread over it. This town has gone to ruin, commercially. Provisions are scarce and very high. The citizens are nearly all gone, and the buildings are closed or occupied by troops. I should think there were twenty thousand troops here. Our regiment and the 4th Wisconsin are the only old ones.

Major General Brooks arrived this morning. I think an advance will soon be made towards Port Hudson, which is eighteen miles distant, on a bend in the river, and is said to be well fortified. Our regiment turns out only three hundred men, and that is the maximum number we shall approach, unless recruits are sent to us; yet we are the "Invincibles," so "say they all." A party of us visited the old battle grounds the next day after our arrival. Some of the trees have been cut down, otherwise it looks very natural. Mounds are to be seen where the dead were buried, and two pits, where some one hundred and twenty-five bodies were thrown. The trees and the graveyard fence are quite well peppered with holes, and, occasionally, the spatter from a ball can be seen on the gravestones. The old State House is in ruins, although its walls still stand. I visited the grounds where poor Kelly was buried, whose remains have since been sent home. Well, the 30th are not all gone yet, and we intend to give them another try ere long. The enemy's scouts are within five miles of us. We heard this morning that Vicksburg was taken and General Bragg was within a short distance. We also heard that General Corcoran's brigade had arrived at New Orleans.

It is really quite cold here, the air is penetrating and chilly; ice forms to quite a thickness. The Captain and I drilled the company as skirmishers this morning. We have company drill of one hour in the morning, battalion drill in the afternoon, ending with dress parade. I wish to have my uniform sent by express, a good coat, light blue pants, a pair of shoulder straps, a bugle with 30 on it, a blue belt, and a box of white gloves; also a trunk. I am situated now where I hope to be able to save some money. I will send home my Sergeant's sword. Please advance money and I will refund.

Your dutiful Son and Brother,
WARREN.

BATON ROUGE, LA., February 7, 1863.

DEAR —————:

Your very kind letter of January 13 was received on the 28th. Your photograph is a splendid one and it seems, when I look at it, as if you were on the point of saying, "Son Warren, how are you?" I will answer that I never was better. I received the apple sauce. It was very nice. I have my commission in my chest and now feel inde-

pendent. I tell you what, a soldier is a species of a slave, and so is an officer, to some extent. Still, we are all willing to endure privations, and put up with inconveniences for awhile, rather than submit to the cabalistic intentions of the rebel traitors, who, if successful in their well plotted plans, would stigmatize forever the flag which our fathers dearly bought.

The first appearance of our regiment, after arriving in town, January 16, was a march through the principal streets, when we carried the old Eastern Bay State flag, which has "Baton Rouge, August 5," inscribed upon it. It was penetrated, also, with balls. We elicited praise from every corner. Then you celebrated my birthday at home! The 26th Regiment has never seen service yet; it has been in the city ever since New Orleans was taken, doing guard duty. I have confidence in General Banks. I expect a move toward Port Hudson directly.

I mess with seven other officers, and we hire a wench to cook. I was on picket duty, the other night, with one hundred and seventeen men. Everything was quiet, but it rained hard all night. We had no shelter, of course, all had to be awake. It was very cold, but I came out all right the next day. Give my regards to all friends. I will write to Fran. next.

SON WARREN.

CAMP 30TH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT,
BATON ROUGE, LA., February 14, 1863.

DEAR —————:

I did not receive a letter the last mail, but on January 18 there was one from Lizzie. There is nothing new in the Department, but we are subject to hard drills. Captain Fiske has been to Donaldsonville, one hundred and fifty miles below, for the past week, to visit his brother, and I have been in command. I am detailed to go on picket to-morrow. Each brigade furnishes one company, which is relieved every twenty-four hours. I saw Captain Fletcher Abbott, of Lowell, who is on General Dwight's Staff, at Baton Rouge. A concert was given last night for the benefit of the Orphan Asylum, which is located here. It is a State affair. The concert was got up by our people and consisted of our band and a Glee Club from the 41st Massachusetts, with singing by two ladies who live here. It was "tip top." The drums are beating "tattoo" and I must attend roll call. 8 p. m.—To resume, soldiering requires one to be prompt and on hand. Captain Welles, of our regiment, is going home on furlough and thinks he will call on you. He is a lawyer by profession and very smart. He belongs in Old Cambridge. Lieutenant Gardner, Sergeants Penney and White, who are recruiting in Boston, have been ordered back to the regiment. Gardner and White belong to my company. If they haven't started yet you can send anything you choose by them. Captain Welles is

not well and will remain at home two months. I should like to be at home the 22nd (Washington's birthday) of this month. I wrote to Mr. Brooks. Then Tay has a good situation! Well, I wouldn't stay at home for twice that amount. Not that I wouldn't like to see home and the associates there, but not to remain while this trouble lasts.

Colonel Dudley's wife is quite ill with fever. Mrs. Whittemore goes home with Captain Welles. Our officers called on those of the other regiments of the brigade the other evening to become better acquainted, preceding each call with a serenade by the band and the Glee Club. Perhaps you sometimes wonder how I get my buttons sewed on and washing done. All such work is done by a good looking colored girl, and it is well done, too. I have a white pillow-case to lay my head on, and a good camp bed, a pitcher and bowl, tumblers, chairs, little table, china candlestick, stove, and, in fact, live like a little old bachelor. Good night.

SON AND BROTHER WARREN.

CAMP 30TH MASS. REGIMENT, 3RD BRIGADE,
BATON ROUGE, LA., February 26, 1863.

DEAR ————:

On the 7th I obtained a furlough to visit New Orleans to draw my back pay to the first of January, but the Paymaster was short of money, and I shall have to wait until pay day. As I was going through the St. Charles Hotel, I met Mr. Fiske (our Captain's father). I went to his room and had a pleasant chat with him. Then I went to the express office to see if my trunk had arrived, and ascertained that it had been put on the steamer Walla Walla, which was run into by the steamer North Star and sunk. Everything went to the bottom of the sea. Had my trunk been insured I could have recovered its value. I insure everything I send home. No doubt the mermaids are wearing my clothes by this time. I received the letter which stated that you had sent the trunk and which told what was in it. I have only to thank you for your trouble, and must consider it the fortune of war on my part. I shall try to get along this Summer without a new suit, and you need not repeat the order, but send a belt and straps by Captain Welles. A Second Lieutenant is allowed forty-five dollars per month and four rations a day, at thirty cents each, one servant at ten dollars per month; then the taxes come off. It depends upon where a person is located as to saving money, and I get along as inexpensively as I can. On my arrival at Baton Rouge I received a letter from Lizzie and her photograph. I think it is rather sober, but perhaps it is the veil which makes it so. The fruit was all spoiled, being too long on the way.

Some three hundred prisoners were exchanged the other day through the 42d Massachusetts Regiment. I was never so vexed in my life as I saw squads pass along the streets, carrying little hand

flags and wearing rebel badges. The 22d of February was a holiday here in camp. A sack race took place, trying to catch a shaved pig (it was caught by one of my men and I had a piece for my dinner), climbing a greased pole, on the top of which was ten dollars. The colored officers are mustered out and white men take their places. They were principally Sergeants, promoted from our regiments. They are welcome to their places, for all I care. I understand a negro regiment is to be raised in Massachusetts.

Major Fiske is not Provost Marshal and I do not think his father will stand a good chance. I am keeping a diary this year. Think of nothing more to write. Regards to all.

Receive from your affectionate son,

WARREN.

BATON ROUGE, LA., March 9, 1863.

DEAR —————:

Your last letter was dated February 12, although I've no doubt a letter is on its way here. To come to the subject of my story. This division is to move immediately. Troops have been arriving every day for the past week, and General Banks is here in person. We have three divisions, under Generals Augur, Grover and Emery. I think the 30th Massachusetts will take along three hundred and fifty men. All are in good spirits and anxious to move. I expect the attack will be on Port Hudson, which is strongly fortified. The fleet is expected to-morrow. Some say our brigade will go to Clinton to cut off supplies which come from Jackson on the railroad. A portion of the men have gone out to-night to Conite River to secure that, and to prevent a bridge, which crosses it, from being destroyed by the enemy. No one is allowed to take baggage other than what can be carried on the back, everything is stored here. I have my knapsack with a change of clothing, which my servant will carry. We expect to start in the morning, and have no doubt but what we shall be successful, for we have a large force, well equipped, and in good spirits. Captain Fiske and I will take thirty men. A small company, is it not? But I will put them against twice their number. Hoping you are all well, I am your affectionate son and brother,

H. WARREN.

Love to all.

BATON ROUGE, LA., April 14, 1863.

DEAR —————:

Your letter of March 5 was received on my return from the late expedition up the river. The letter had lain at New Orleans some time, for the reason that there were three cents due for overweight. On my return from up the river, I wrote to Cousin George, giving him an account of the trip, which you have probably seen. Everything is quiet at present and most of the troops have gone down the river. We expect to stop here during the Summer. I think General Banks is

altogether too cautious and am afraid the nine months' men will go home without firing a gun. It will suit them, for they enlisted for bounty money rather than to fight; also to see the country. I hope all will be conscripted. There is no regiment in the department, if I do say it, that can compare with ours. The troops felt crestfallen when they returned to Baton Rouge without meeting the enemy (at Port Hudson).

There are four negro regiments here who work on the entrenchments. I suppose I might have been made a Captain of one of these, but that is not my style. I hold to raising corps and arming them with shovels, axes and spades, and paying them for their labor, but not to arming them with weapons of war. No doubt there are those at home who would arm them for the reason that their own chances of being forced to enlist would be the less.

All kinds of flowers are in bloom, and I wish I could send you a bouquet that is on my table. Mrs. Ferris and Mrs. Dudley are still here. It is no place for officers' wives, and it would be better if they would all go home.

I saw in the Lowell paper that father had been elected by the aldermen as Superintendent of Public Buildings, and I hope he will get the place. You say, why don't you get a furlough and come home? Pray to have me so sick I shall nearly die, then I can obtain a furlough, not otherwise. Such are the orders. My trunk has not floated ashore yet. If I go by water, I think I shall drag for it on the way. Titcomb and Kilborne, from Boscawen, called on me; they belong to the 16th New Hampshire. Receive from

LOVING SON WARREN.

CAMP 30TH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT,
BATON ROUGE, LA., April 30, 1863.

DEAR ————:

I suppose you would like to hear from your long absent soldier boy. Trouble and vexation are still heaped upon me. Our regiment was paid yesterday, but I was not. A new order has been issued to the effect that enlisted men who have been promoted must be discharged and then mustered as an officer. As I have done neither of these things, I have sent an application forward. Two other officers are similarly situated. It is mighty inconvenient, this being without money and forced to obtain credit, but it will come out right some time.

There is nothing new. General Banks has advanced to the Red River and has had two or three fights. Lieutenant Colonel William O. Fiske was slightly wounded in the leg; the Captain (his brother) went to New Orleans to see him. Mr. Fiske is with him yet. Mr. Read is closing his business, for his trade is now limited. General Gilman and two hundred and fifty officers have arrived to organize colored regiments. I have received the belt and straps, and they are just what I desired. They would have cost eighteen dollars here. To-day is Fast

here. One year ago to-day we arrived in New Orleans. I suppose it is about time for you to go around the house to see if the plants have started. Everything here has been verdant for two months, and thin clothing is necessary for one's comfort. I don't think of anything more to write.

SON AND BROTHER WARREN.

"Why don't he write longer letters?"

BATON ROUGE, LA., May 4, 1863.

DEAR ————:

As I have not been paid, for reasons stated in a previous letter, I send for fifty dollars. I can't get along without it, and I don't like to borrow of the officers. My pay will come all right by the next pay day. Draw the amount stated and send by express (insured) to me at Baton Rouge as soon as you receive this.

WARREN.

OFF PORT HUDSON, LA., May 4, 1863.

DEAR ————:

I know you are anxious to hear from me. We have the enemy penned in from river round to river again. I am well and in good spirits. The bombardment has been going on for four or five days, and we have driven them into their inner ranks. I expect an assault will be made in a day or two, and pray we may be successful. All have confidence in Banks. I have been discharged as an enlisted man, and shall draw pay from August 31, 1862. My next will give details, if I am suffered to escape injury.

Dutiful son and brother,

WARREN.

Captain Fiske well.

CLINTON PLAIN STORE, LA., June 18, 1863.

DEAR ————:

We are rear guard. Came from the front yesterday. Am well and all right. P. H. bound to fall. My package at express office. Yours in haste.

SON AND BROTHER WARREN.

ON PICKET AT CLINTON PLAIN STORE, FOUR MILES FROM
PORT HUDSON, LA., July 5, 1863.

DEAR ————:

The last letter was received from you, and, thinking it will not make any difference to whom I write as long as you all hear from me, I will "perceed." I am on picket where the ball first opened during the first day's fight. There are two regiments and one battery at the Clinton Store, and we occupy very nearly the same grounds as the enemy did.

Perhaps you would like to know what I had for breakfast this Sunday morning. Hard bread and tea. I tell you what, it is pretty hard to find anything to eat up here. Occasionally a sutler comes around, but such prices! Our little brigade had a march of eleven miles, after 11 o'clock in the morning, the day before the Fourth, in order to cut off some intruders who saw fit to try to gobble a wagon train at Springfield Landing. Well, Port Hudson isn't taken yet. Approaches are making and batteries planted nearer every day. Banks made a stirring speech to the storming party and told them the Stars and Stripes would be waving over the Port on the Fourth, but we didn't see it. The night of the 3rd a Lieutenant and sixty men deserted from the enemy. They said they have a plenty of corn and that is about all. They have turned out mules and horses to save forage. One thing is sure, they fight like tigers. I think now Banks is going to starve them out, but all are waiting for the word *go*, and I think this is the quickest way to decide the matter. They must give in to a properly conducted assault. We have from eight hundred to a thousand men who volunteered on a storming party. There were Lieutenant Colonel William O. Fiske, Lieutenants Johnston and Read, with twenty-five men from our regiment, with rewards of promotion and medals. Our regiment lay within from four to six hundred yards of their works for three weeks, and very little rest had we during that time. It took one a good part of the time to dodge the bullets. The account of the charge in the papers was greatly magnified, and it is a shame to allow reporters to write home such errors. They skulk round behind trees to take notes of what is said or overheard, and rumors are as prevalent here as elsewhere. We have lost too many brave men and officers already. Lieutenant Colonel Fiske will probably be made a Colonel, as Colonel Holcomb has been shot. Rapid promotion for him.

A Corporal from the 4th Wisconsin Regiment (which was in the advance) was taken prisoner, then made his escape, the other day, when General Banks made him a First Lieutenant. Captain Ferris and Lieutenant Norcross have obtained furloughs. There is some talk of our regiment going North to recuperate, and I hope so. There has been some trouble in the nine months' regiment about going home, but Banks soon settled that. I consider them a poor set of soldiers, of little use or benefit to the government. I have seen Henry Chadwick, he is a musician of the band of the 4th Massachusetts.

Allow me to say that I think it unwise for you to be fretting and remaining in such restless anxiety as you write, about your humble servant. I am as happy as a clam, and have been all along, and you only bring trouble upon yourselves. All is, I have made up my mind to take whatever comes. Perhaps you would like to know my conveniences for writing this letter. A knapsack on my knees, with a thin piece of board upon it, sitting on a rail under a large oak tree. I carry one

change of clothing in my knapsack, and at night we dump ourselves down on our rubber blankets. There we lie until called by our black boys with hot coffee, or very often it happens, "Turn out, boys, double quick; lively there; every man to his piece; get into line quick as possible." Such is a soldier's life before the enemy! The Fourth of July was very dull. I lay on my back until night, when a detail came along from Mr. Adjutant, with Lieutenant Howe for picket; so Mr. Howe has to buckle on his sword and "perceed" through the rain to the picket post and relieve a brother officer who has been cursing his lot and the dullness of the day which he has worn away. It will have been two months on the 12th of July since we left Baton Rouge, and we didn't expect to be gone more than two days, so you can imagine how ragged the men must be. I should like to climb one of our cherry trees about this time. How comes on Lee's raid in Pennsylvania? I have seen the papers of June 19. I will write after Port Hudson is taken. If Lizzie is at Pocasset send this letter to her. Receive from your brother

WARREN.

BIVOUAC 30TH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT, FORT BUTLER,
DONALDSVILLE, LA., July 14, 1863.

DEAR —————:

My last was written just before the fall of Port Hudson. This is my first opportunity to write again and I will improve it. Our brigade marched through the fort on the morning of the 9th. At night, two brigades went aboard the boats and started for Donaldsville, one of these being ours. Port Hudson is a strong place, and, if the enemy had provisioned it, they would have been able to resist a long time. I understand that the enlisted men are to be paroled, while the officers are to be held as prisoners. They are fighters, I tell you. I talked with many, and they all say they can never be whipped or subdued, but will fight to the last. I suppose you have read of the fight at Fort Butler. The enemy stormed it, and, as there were one hundred odd convalescent Yankees inside, they repulsed the enemy, with the aid of our gunboats, with great slaughter. The enemy knew all our forces were at Port Hudson.

Our brigade arrived here the 10th to re-enforce. The Eleventh went out to reconnoitre up the Bayou Lafouche, drove the picket back four miles, with our regiment in advance as skirmishers. On the 15th more troops arrived, and, all being ready, we advanced, under command of Generals Grover and Weitzel, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. We camped for the night, Grover on one side of the bayou and Weitzel on the other. I was on picket that night; all quiet. At noon the next day they came down on us on the double quick. Everything was excitement. Our regiment went first to meet them and to support one of our batteries. The enemy were mostly mounted infantry. We

stood our ground as long as we could, then the order came to retreat along the levee, slowly. The gunners left their pieces and the 30th dragged off two of them. As they had no artillery on the other side of the bayou, the enemy charged on them in large numbers, and they were obliged to fall back. Then the rebels got a cross fire on us, across the bayou, and thus it was kept up, we falling back and firing. They are strong, twelve thousand, or more. Kirby Smith, and Dick Taylor, in command. Our boys fought well. Thus far our regiment has lost eight killed, thirty-five wounded, twenty missing. If we had only had a decent battery and artillery! But I think it was only our intention to camp at the place reached and wait until a force had got in their rear. The bayou runs from here to the gulf and our object is to get in their rear; but they whipped us and drove us to the river. A spent ball hit me in the ankle and that lames me a little, something like a "kicked shin." With love to all.

SON WAD.

BATON ROUGE, LA., July 19, 1863.

DEAR—————:

You may wonder how I came here. I obtained a furlough for the purpose of coming here to be mustered out and accomplished my object. The muster dates from September 1, 1862. Our regiment will soon be paid and I am in hopes to send a little pile home. I am going back on the next boat. I think we shall remain at Donaldsville all Summer. It is said the rebels have gone to Texas. They supposed that General Gardner had whipped General Banks, and General Grant had been whipped, and all they had to do was to clean out the remnant left at Donaldsville, then Louisiana would be freed from the Yankees, but they find the contrary. We may go to Texas before long. General Augur and Staff are going North; he is not well. Captain Clarke says he was struck by a piece of a shell, but we can't see it. He is in the hospital. The negroes and the nine month's men are at Port Hudson. Steamers ply between New Orleans, St. Louis, Cairo, Vicksburg. There are busy times on the river. Large quantities of cattle come down and go to the government ranches between here and New Orleans.

It seems good to be where I can obtain a good meal and a change of clothing and ice water. Baton Rouge is one general hospital. It seems as if the backbone of the rebellion were broken, but they are stuffy fellows.

Then Lizzie is on the Cape and Fran. rusticating in the Granite State. You seem to be pretty well favored. I should like to have you make a trip down the river next Fall with mother, if I am about here. There is one thing I should like, a pair of good calfskin boots with a tap on the soles, size six, large. I have every reason to be thankful

for good health, to say nothing about the risks escaped in battle. Hoping, at some future day, to join the family circle, I am, as ever,
Your son and brother,

H. WARREN.

This envelope came from Port Hudson, a rebel one. Not much time to write to friends. Regards to all.

BIVOUAC AT DONALDSVILLE, LA.,

July 29, 1863.

DEAR—————:

Yours of the 12th of July and father's of July 14 were received yesterday. Yes, you do contribute to my comfort by writing, for I receive scarcely any letters from anybody, except those at home. I forgot that you wore glasses until you wrote of putting them on to read my letters. All that kept me from volunteering on the storming party was your anxiety. We got tired of waiting for them to surrender. We were losing men every day in the trenches and by sickness, which amounts to the same thing in the end. Fall it would, had the assault taken place.

You never saw more tickled soldiers than we Lowell boys when we read the names of the drafted men from Lowell. I saw the whole list in the Courier. Hurrah! ! Three hundred dollars or the musket! They can choose for themselves. I wish there had been twice as many. I read the accounts of the riots in New York. Shameful proceedings! I wish the old 30th had been there to give them a sample of street firing. As for coming home, it is out of the question at present. We have officers North now who would be detailed to bring on the drafted men. Major General Franklin is next in command, in place of Augur, who has gone North. Fifteen thousand troops have arrived from Vicksburg and are at Port Hudson, under command of General Heron, who was on the Yazoo River expedition, and it may be we shall go North soon.

We have two hundred men and eight officers for duty. Troops are now going into quarters for the warm weather. There are no rebels about here to speak of. A negro cavalry brigade is being raised in the department and, I presume, I could obtain a higher position in that, but I don't desire to. If we are paid off, I shall try to get leave of absence to go to New Orleans to buy a trunk and some knickknacks. J. M. G. Parker has gone North. I am in command of Company B, as Captain Clark is sick in Baton Rouge. Captain Fiske is well. I don't think of anything more to write at present. My next will be after we move, for we are expecting to go aboard a boat every day. You must write to Lizzie and Fran. concerning me, as I have no more paper.

Receive from your son,

WARREN.

CAMP 30TH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT,
BATON ROUGE, LA., August 9, 1863.

DEAR—————:

I received a letter from Fran. dated July 20. I have just returned from New Orleans on a leave of absence for five days. I went down to draw pay. I sent you four hundred dollars, which you may deposit on my account. I had a pleasant time, aside from enjoying a short rest. I bought a fatigue suit, paid all my bills, and now feel relieved. Captains Fiske and Whittier and Lieutenant Barker are going home to bring on the recruits for our regiment. Axes were ground and wires were pulled in order that they be detailed. However, I am contented, as long as I am well. Still, "there is no place like home," and a week's enjoyment of the same would have been accepted with great pleasure. You know that "Johnnie has gone for a soldier," and a soldier he must be. I see that most of the Lowell men who were drafted will pay their three hundred dollars. Lieutenant Emerson, from Chelmsford, has been promoted to First Lieutenant; Johnston, to be Captain; Sergeant Major Page to Second Lieutenant; I am Second Senior Second Lieutenant by date of muster, Number Two in the rank of Second Lieutenant. There are quite a number of rebel prisoners in New Orleans who receive great attention from the women there, who are not allowed to enter the quarters, so they stand on tiptoe and embrace the prisoners through the windows.

I began to board in a private family this morning, and pay one dollar a day, which is quite reasonable, the highest price being ten dollars a week. Robert Read is in the city. Their trade was taken from them because it was carried on outside the lines. Fran., do you sing the song, "When this Cruel War is Over?" All the go here. Love to friends. Receive from son and brother,

WARREN.

BATON ROUGE, LA., August 26, 1863.

DEAR—————:

I have been waiting anxiously for a letter, but none came in the last mail with Northern dates of the 14th. I presume you have seen Captain Fiske ere this, and had a long talk with him. I hardly think they will get any men from the first draft. Our brigade is under marching orders. The white troops have all left Port Hudson and are quartered at this point. We have no idea where we are going, but keep one day's rations cooked. Many troops have passed down the river, from Grant's army, and troops have also gone to Ship Island. I think it is a prefatory move on Mobile. Our regiment is not fit to go into active service this warm weather. We are having an easy time at present, nothing but duty and dress parade and constant fighting mosquitoes. I presume you received my Sergeant's sword and the photographs, sent by Captain E. A. Fiske. I am exchanging the latter with the other officers; they are called good, although somewhat sober.

I saw an extract in the Lowell Journal which was taken from one of my letters, I suppose by your permission. When I write home my letters are not generally as grammatical as I should desire, if I knew they were to be published. Our Second Lieutenants are doing about all the duty now, five of them are commanding companies. There are twelve officers for duty, the remainder are on furlough. I am enjoying good health and am thankful. I think of nothing else to write just now. I wrote Cousin Ellenette the other day. Give my respects to all and receive from son and brother,

H. WARREN HOWE.

CAMP 30TH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT,
BATON ROUGE, LA., September 2, 1863.

DEAR—————:

Yours from father, mother and Fran. received last night, dated August 1 and 5. The first received for a month, and was right glad to hear from home. You must have had a pleasant time at the beach. I am pleased to know that F. and L. are in good health and enjoying themselves.

You ask when my time expires. At the same date as that of the regiment, one year from January next, although I think I could resign ere the time expires, but I am well. We are all packed to move, nobody knows where, perhaps to Mobile, or Texas, Galveston. The men take a change of clothing merely. I have donned my Port Hudson suit of clothes, viz.: jacket, boots, etc. Everything is kept very secret as to our destination, consequently I trust in the God of battles and "gird on my armor." We have had so many moves, it don't disturb us in the least, but we go to work as if going on drill or parade. I sent my trunk to Adams' Express Office, in Baton Rouge, for storage, and took a receipt. The other officers have done the same.

Yours in haste, son and brother,

H. WARREN HOWE.

NEW ORLEANS, September 3, 1863. Arrived at 11 in the morning. Embark on board a sailing vessel and go outside, down the river, so I shall smell the salt water again. Bully for that! Am gay and happy. May go to Ship Island, Galveston or Mobile.

WARREN.

CAMP 30TH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT,
ALGIERS, LA., September 15, 1863.

DEAR—————:

Mother's of August 14 received a few days since. I expected to be in Texas ere this, but our hopes were blighted. Our expedition went to Sabine Pass and was a failure. The fleet arrived at Algiers, off the Pass, and the gun boats proceeded to enter, but were repulsed by a battery at the mouth and two boats got aground and were captured by a rebel steamer which came down the bay. The channel is narrow and shallow. It was our object to land and march through

Opelousas to cut off some Texans; troops were to go from Thibodeaux at the same time. A blow came up as we were on the way back, and two hundred and fifty live mules had to be thrown overboard from our steamer. We were short of water and horses died of thirst. Now we are to try to go by land to Brashear City to-morrow, by rail.

I suppose you received the one hundred dollars I sent from New Orleans on September 4. Our regiment drew shelter tents to-day. There are to be two soldiers to a tent, each soldier carries one-half of it. I believe I have given an account of myself. Am enjoying good health and pray that you all are. Lieutenant J. P. Haley comes in and sends his regards to Francena, jokingly, of course. I will write again the first opportunity. Receive from son and brother,

H. WARREN.

Give these cards to lady friends.

BIVOUAC FOUR MILES FROM BERWICK CITY,
ON ATCHAFALAYA RIVER, September 23, 1863.

DEAR———:

I thought I would write you once more before we start on this seven hundred miles march. Our brigade is in the advance of General Weitzel's Division. When I wrote last, we were about embarking on cars for Brashear City. I don't see why it is called a city, for it looks more like a western railway station, no accommodations and nothing to eat in the place. We remained there two days, then embarked on boats and went into camp at Berwick. The 13th Army Corps is in camp at Brashear. Their regiments are reduced to small numbers. There is a jealousy between the two corps, so great that they almost became riotous. We are to march through the country in turn, first our division, then Emory's, and so on, whereby the troops will be constantly on the move. There are no rebels between this point and Franklin. Possibly we may have a brush at some of the other places. From what I can learn, we shall go to the Sabine River (two hundred and sixty miles), open the same as a depot for transportation by way of the Gulf, thence move on to the Rio Grande through Texas, and finally wipe the enemy from existence or "make a masterly retreat" and change base. Of course the one who holds the best cards, and knows how to play them, will win. The weather is comfortable and cool. I carry a carpet bag, with a change of clothes (or my servant does), rubber blanket, shelter tent. The 31st Massachusetts has been changed into cavalry and more will be needed. I visited a plantation yesterday, and went into several negro huts to see if I could get some eggs; finally succeeded and had a corn cake made. I should like to have you look into a negro shanty once. In one a spinning wheel was in operation, the wool being held by a wench. Well, "so long." We start to-morrow morning. Receive from son and brother,

WARREN.

IN THE FIELD, NEAR NEW IBERIA, LA., October 7, 1863.

DEAR —————:

Francena's of September 13 was received last night. I was right glad to hear from you all. I received a letter from Lizzie dated August 4. She had not then started for New York, but expected to soon. She will have a pleasant time. I am pleased to know that Francena has an opportunity to teach awhile. I received a letter from Captain Fiske; he wishes to come back and intends to make an application to that effect. He says it is very dull at home. I have also received a letter from Mr. Brooks. Have you received the hundred dollars and the four hundred I sent? We have been moving through the country slowly, say ten miles a day, the 19th Army Corps and the 13th. The cavalry are in advance, and have had two or three brushes with and routed the rebels every time. We have come sixty miles so far from Brashear City. We start at daybreak and march until one or 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The nights are chilly and overcoats and blankets come into play. The citizens display foreign flags along the route for protection. I don't think we shall ever see New Orleans again, unless by leave of absence. If I were to be stationed there, I should like to have you come on very much. It is pleasant there in cool weather. I haven't heard those songs yet. Please send them, for, you know, we are inclined to sing jubilant ones when lying off in camp. There is a chance for us to be mounted. We have made an application to join a division of cavalry, under General Lee. You inquire about my term of enlistment, if it will be out in May. It will not, but at the expiration of the term of the regiment, which has not yet been decided. It will be between December and February, more than a year yet. Don't cry now; I can stand it if you will. We are coming into level country. Large prairies, but very few cultivated. I can't write any more; the mail is going by a boat which came up the river. Receive from your son and brother,

WARREN.

CAMP 30TH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT,

VERMILLIONVILLE BAYOU, LA.,

November 6, 1863.

DEAR —————:

No doubt you have been expecting an answer to your last, which I received from Lieutenant Read. This is my first opportunity for writing. Our forces have been six miles beyond Opelousas. On November 1 we all returned to Carrion Crow, marching eighteen miles that day. The 2d we resumed march and bivouacked at this place. A fight took place the day we left Carrion Crow. The 13th remained behind, consequently they were the opposing force to the enemy. It happened this way: Some of the Louisiana cavalry deserted and informed the enemy of our position. We had one division in advance across the plain and one in reserve. The rebels came on this brigade

mounted, some four thousand strong, and captured and cut them all to pieces, then tried to flank the wagon train which had started across the prairie to the reserve. On hearing this the 19th Corps marched back twelve miles at a quick rate to re-enforce, but the enemy did not attack again. I think we lost seven hundred in all; many were taken prisoners. Wounded men were being brought in when we arrived. There were dreadful sights at the Surgeon's bench. I saw them cutting off limbs. It looks strange to see a leg with its stocking lying on the grass. The enemy won't stand a fight, but take every means of learning our position by inquiring of the citizens. General Banks has been successful in making a landing in Texas by water, so I don't think we shall be mounted again. Our time is out one year from next December 6, that being decided.

Lieutenants Read, Brown and Tremaine have returned. They told me they had a splendid time at our home. Read told me all about it. Captain Fiske is a gentleman and every inch a soldier. Then W. Bailey is promoted to a Captaincy! Well, the Army of the Potomac is the place to get killed and promoted. There were no First Lieutenants in his regiment, so, in being promoted, he had to become a Captain. There are a lot of dead-heads in our regiment who hang on and won't resign unless they are obliged to do so. I asked Major Whittemore if he knew Miss Cogswell, who teaches in New Orleans, and he said yes; he had attended a party at her house where several officers were present. If I ever go to New Orleans again I shall call on her. The officers think I have two pretty good sisters. You must not make too great a preparation for what you intend to do when I come home, for it is a long time yet. Our regiment is now on picket and I am writing this in my shelter tent.

I think R. T. better come to the war instead of getting married, don't you? I suppose you will be all high for skating this Winter. I have had my pistol stolen. I wish father to see Captain Fiske and pick out another, a prepared cartridge pistol, six-inch, Allen & Wheelock patent; I would like some silk handkerchiefs and woolen shirts. My boots came just in time and are just what I need. Don't pay for my coat until I see whether it fits. I think of nothing more just now. I wrote S. A. B. My regards to Julia H. and the D. girls. My next to Lizzie. Receive from

BROTHER WARREN.

CAMP 30TH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT,
NEAR NEW IBERIA, LA., November 20, 1863.

DEAR ————:

In my last to Fran. I promised to write to you next, so here goes. I am sitting cross-legged in my little shelter tent, writing on a small portfolio which I bought of the sutler. I was somewhat disappointed in not receiving a letter by the last mail. Our army has begun the backward movement. We have cleaned the country of all forage,

burned and used for bivouac all the fences, and not a few buildings, besides subsisting the army on the country for two months, and it is the prevailing idea that this was the object in sending us here. The 13th Corps will soon embark on transports from Brashear City to join Banks. The 19th may remain between here and Brashear City for the present. The citizens have been and are suffering to a great extent for the very necessities of life. I can't pity them, for they are all scesesh.

Confederate money is selling at ten per cent., and slowly at that. Their own people dislike to take it. I have fifty dollars which cost me only two of our money. The plantations remain idle, and many are deserted. All the young negroes are carried away to do various duties in our army. The decrepit and lame only are left. Many have been sent by their masters to Texas for safety.

The officers had a very pleasant time while they were at our home. I received a letter from Ned. Tucke; also read of the death of Lieutenant Critchett, of the 7th Massachusetts Battery. I am enjoying good health, as usual, and hope you are. You must wish me present at Thanksgiving, although circumstances will not admit of my being with you. I am well and happy. As the mail closes to-night and I have a letter to write to Captain Fiske, this must suffice. Believe me ever,

Your darling brother,
WARREN.

ON BOARD STEAMER J. M. BROWN,
BRASHEAR CITY, LA., December 18, 1863.

DEAR —————:

For some reason, I do not receive your letters as promptly as I ought. My last was from Francena, dated November 28. I was detailed with thirty men to act as steamboat guard on the trip from New Iberia to Brashear City and return, starting last Saturday. We have to run very slowly on the bayou, four miles an hour, as there are so many obstructions, such as sunken steamers, burned by the enemy. The trip will do for a change from camp life. I have made out my quarterly returns of ordnance, to September 1, and shall make the returns of camp and garrison equipage after we arrive at camp. The detail which came from Long Island to bring conscripts for the 8th New Hampshire came aboard at Franklin. They brought out a rough crowd. They unshackled two cars as they came from Algiers to Brashear City. Our Lieutenant Colonel has resigned and gone home. Major Whittemore commands. General Weitzel has gone North and, I think, will join General Butler. We have been ashore to get wood, look around the plantations, visit the sugar mills, get oranges, etc. Most of the negroes through this country speak creole French. They are of all colors and a variety of breeds. I have read of our victories at Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge. Good news, indeed!

Perhaps you would like to know of a little incident which occurred while we were coming down on the boat. We were twelve miles from New Iberia and twelve miles from Franklin, and had stopped to take on sugar. 'Twas just dark, when three mounted men rode up and asked if we were on guard and were to stay all night. I was on shore, and some one said, "all right." They replied that they were the Provost Guard of the 8th Vermont. I knew better than that, as they would not be on guard so far away from their camp. Accordingly I put my own guard on their taps, sent out two outposts during the night. One of my sentinels, on the stern of the boat, saw some one crossing the bayou above, and brought him in. He chanced to be the owner of the sugar mills. He said he was crossing the bayou to go home, professed loyalty and his oath, but I told him I didn't know him and he'd better make himself comfortable as possible on our boat for the night. In the morning I let him go and we proceeded down the bayou. On arriving at Franklin, we ascertained that there were one hundred and fifty guerillas six miles from where we were, and I think the persons who hailed us were their scouts.

I used to keep all your letters, but transportation in the field will not admit, so I destroy them. Send me some postage stamps. I forgot to describe my "shebang" that I built. It is six feet by ten, covered with the shelter tents and made out of fence rails, plastered with mud. I occupy it. The bed is made of barrel staves. Receive from son and brother,

WARREN.

DEAR ————:

Yours of December 27 came to hand yesterday. I wrote to you two days since, but I suppose you will say, "What of that? Write again." It has been raining for the past week, and one cannot go out without carrying a plantation on his feet. Since arriving at Franklin I have had leisure to post my books. Eight of us are quartered in a large hospital tent, with four beds, two persons in a bed. Lieutenant Brown and I sleep together. There is no news to write. We are waiting for orders to go home or to Baton Rouge to turn over our camp and garrison equipage, to be in readiness to go. Our enlistment papers are all in and we may be North in the course of from four to six weeks. Yours as ever, son and brother,

WARREN.

CAMP 30TH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT,
NEW IBERIA, LA., December 29, 1863.

DEAR ————:

I came to the conclusion that I would not write to you until after January 1, but to-night I received a letter, dated December 15, which seemed to bring home so near that I think it would be injustice on my part if I do not answer immediately. I received sister's letters of

December 6. They were long and interesting, and I consider them as my Christmas presents, for it was on that day they came to hand.

I can think of nothing interesting from our department, except that our regiment will probably re-enlist from January 1, 1864, for three years, as Veteran Volunteers, which will make two more years to serve after our first term expires, on January next. If three-quarters of our regiment so signify, they will go home on a furlough for thirty days, besides receiving the bounty offered by the State and the United States; consequently, if they so do, you may expect to see me at home with them, and it will not be long hence. I shall write again more particularly in regard to it. You need not send my pistol until I write. Tell Fran. to go down to Ellsworth before I come home. The 19th Corps will move to Franklin soon, as forage is getting scarce here. I am thankful to know you are all well, as I am myself. I must toast my toes and go to bed. I have a chimney to my "shebang," and an old-fashioned stove. Good night and a "Happy New Year."

SON WARREN.

CAMP 30TH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT VOLUNTEER VETERANS,
FRANKLIN, LA., January 10, 1864.

DEAR —————:

I presume you would like to hear from your long absent son and I will drop a line. Yesterday the 19th Army Corps marched to this point. In my last I wrote somewhat in regard to our regiment re-enlisting. To-day I can say that the 30th Regiment Massachusetts Volunteers are now the 30th Regiment Massachusetts Veteran Volunteers, and have three years from January 1, 1864, or two additional years to serve after the expiration of their original term of enlistment. We have three hundred and sixty-one men for duty and three hundred and nineteen re-enlisted. Many more would have done so could they have passed the Surgeon, though undoubtedly more will do so. The regiment will soon receive orders to proceed North on a furlough of thirty days; consequently, if nothing happens, I shall soon be stepping in to see you, with extended arms. Over two hundred of our men are from Lowell, the balance principally from Boston, which will add largely to our quota on the last call. One would suppose that after the regiment had passed through so many hardships and privations as we have during the last two years, none would be again willing to re-enter the service; but we are true to the flag, as all Lowell and Boston boys have shown themselves to be, and are bound to rally round it until the enemy are ours. But I will not write a political letter and will change the subject.

There has been quite a snow storm here, something which has not happened for many years. The water froze to the depth of an inch, and I thought I should freeze, too. The country is effectually cleaned of everything required to support an army, and I hardly know what

course will be pursued by the General next. We may go to Texas. I am and have been well and expect a big time up "North in Dixie" in a few days. Business to attend to. So good bye. Receive from
SON WARREN.

CAMP 30TH MASSACHUSETTS VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,
FRANKLIN, LA., January 25, 1864.

DEAR ———— :

This morning I received a letter from Francena, three days ago one from father and Lizzie. Now, whose shall I answer? You see by the address that you win the reply. What shall I write? We are at the same camp, going through the same routine of duties. I had a little change by going on a reconnoissance up Grand Lake, through Lake Chio and beyond, by steamer. It was a splendid trip. The object was to learn if there were any rebels about, but none were seen. Louisiana is a queer State, interspersed with a network of bayous, lakes, etc., all communicating.

January 29, 1864. I have made a table, and will now finish my letter. Yesterday we changed camp a half a mile to a better place, nearer town. Last night five of us went down town and had a shave, our hair cut, and an oyster supper, when we ate sixteen and a half dozen oysters! We have had a review of all the troops at this point by General Emory. Our regiment looked and marched finely. Nothing more to write just now. We are expecting to be ordered to New Orleans every day. Receive from son

WARREN.

CAMP 30TH MASSACHUSETTS VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,
FRANKLIN, LA., February 4, 1864.

DEAR ———— :

Yours of January 17 came to hand on the 1st of the month. To-day I received a box which contained two shirts, three handkerchiefs and the songs. I am pleased with all. I also received the articles sent by Clark. I shall leave my dress coat with J. M. G. Parker until I go down to the city. I was sorry to hear of the death of Grandsire Howe and that father could not attend the funeral.

There are representatives here from the Sanitary and Christian Commissions, but I fail to see any soldier's wants supplied. I think of nothing you need to send to me, unless it may be a worsted sleeping cap. I shall come home some time and can obtain whatever I need then. I hope it will be when our church has a fair. Lieutenant Emerson has returned from his leave of absence, but he has not joined his regiment for duty yet; he is waiting the return of General Weitzel.

Gilmore's brass band gave a concert in New Orleans lately. They say it was a grand affair. General Banks's wife was present, dressed magnificently; she wore a very expensive dress. The regiments

which have re-enlisted are all striving to be the first to go home, consequently there is some underhand work. The Major has gone to New Orleans to see about our case. I will leave this open until we hear from him.

Sunday, February 7. We have received a telegram from the Major, to wit, "All arranged." The 12th Connecticut, the 14th Maine regiments have gone. The 30th and 26th Massachusetts come next. I have been down town to church. There was a flag raising, a day or two since; it was a fine thing. I received a letter from Uncle Lorenzo, which I shall answer soon.

FROM "NEW ORLEANS ERA," MARCH 1, 1864.

"The 30th Massachusetts Regiment of Volunteers was among the first to arrive in front of this city, on May 1, 1862. That honor, and the further distinction of being the first to land, are divided between it and the 12th Connecticut. It is pretty well established, however, that the 30th was the first to march into the city. The first camp was pitched in Lafayette Square. Its subsequent experiences at Vicksburg, under General Williams, on which occasion Major Whittemore approached within 500 yards of the city, and the part it took in the battles of Baton Rouge, Port Hudson, Plains Store and Cox Plantation, are familiar to most of our readers. The men have served their Government faithfully and efficiently ever since their first arrival in this department, and they have recently, with a singular unanimity, re-enlisted for another term of three years. A furlough of thirty days, exclusive of the time to be occupied in going home and returning, has just been granted to the regiment, and all that now remains of over one thousand men who enlisted in 1861, are about to start for their Eastern homes.

"Their old commander, Colonel Dudley, has been assigned to the command of the Fourth Brigade of Cavalry, and with his command is about to see a little of the activity the true soldier so well likes, while the regiment with which his name has been, and still is, intimately associated, enjoy their furlough. Before taking leave of the Colonel, however, the enlisted men desired to present to him a testimonial of the sincere regard they entertain for him both as a commander and a comrade in arms. The proper steps were therefore taken, and a beautiful saber, belt and pistol were purchased, and yesterday was fixed upon for the presentation.

"Major Whittemore, who now commands the regiment, was requested to make the presentation speech, which he did in a very effective manner. The regiment marched from the foot of Canal Street about midday, up Camp to Julia, and from thence to General Banks's headquarters, where it was formally presented to the General by the Major as one of the first regiments to arrive here and one of the first to re-enlist as veterans. The General spoke in complimentary terms of

the 30th, and thanked them for the call. It then marched to Colonel Dudley's residence, on the corner of Chestnut and Josephine streets, where it was drawn up and presented to their old commander. He was surrounded by a numerous party of officers, ladies, and gentlemen in citizen's dress. Included in the former we noticed Major General McClelland.

"About 3.30 o'clock Major Whittmore formally presented the saber and its accompaniments, in a most elegant speech, during the delivery of which he was listened to with profound attention.

"Colonel Dudley—More than two years ago you and I left Massachusetts together to join this regiment on a barren sand-pit of the ocean. We found it one thousand strong, and with severe drill and discipline, you, with your experience and military knowledge, in the short space of a month made it fit for the field, and we embarked for New Orleans, where we arrived after a tedious passage, stopping on our way to occupy with our regiment the tremendous obstructions which the navy had gallantly vanquished. We were the first, or next to the first, ship which arrived, and had not our tow failed us, we would, as had been promised us, have been the first regiment to land upon the soil of Louisiana in the Crescent City. As it was, the 30th Massachusetts was the first to penetrate the city and occupy Lafayette Square, where during a short stay we compelled secession ladies to pay us respectful attention, and upon all occasions it had to be admitted by them and their rebel friends that all Yankeedom was not made up of barbarians. Soon we left for the Capital of the State, and upon the first day of June we raised over the battlements of the State House our flag, amid the soul-stirring strains of the national airs. Next, with eight hundred and sixty men and twenty-six officers, we embarked for Vicksburg, and there, in the terrible swamps, we bivouacked for six weeks, obstinately waited for re-enforcements, which, if they could have been furnished, would have enabled us to have occupied the city one year ago on the Fourth of July last, for I had been, with a detachment of our regiment, within five hundred yards of the batteries and reconnoitered the streets. Our regiment was the first to pass the batteries, as you and I well know, and at last, with only seventy-five men and five officers, we made a parade, knowing that all the rest were sick or dead. Then we left on our return to Baton Rouge, whither we were soon followed by the enemy, who attacked our position on the 5th of August, and I have no hesitation in saying that our regiment, with Nims's Battery, saved the day on that occasion. We had, by emptying the hospitals, been able to raise three hundred and fifty men and twenty officers, all of whom, I believe, did their duty well. Since then we have seen constant service, with the exception of six weeks last Winter, when we were compelled to recruit our exhausted strength at the U. S. Barracks, New Orleans. We have passed with you through the stormy hours at Port Hudson and in other fields, and have now just

returned from a tedious campaign on the way to our own Commonwealth. However, you are familiar with all these things, but there are some things which have occurred since last November with which you are not so well acquainted.

"I sent to you a letter, in which I wrote that when you next saw your little battalion you would not be ashamed of it. I am proud of it to-day, and I know you are, Colonel. In the space of twenty-four hours after I gave the men opportunity to re-enlist, three hundred and twenty-seven out of three hundred and thirty-one men in camp signed the papers, and the Surgeon would not accept the others. This was pretty nearly unanimous, I am inclined to think, and was an exhibition of patriotism which, if equalled, cannot be excelled. Since then, by gathering absentees and sick, we have increased our numbers, so that now I present to you three hundred and fifty out of the one thousand and twelve gallant men who left their homes on a cold and dreary day of January two years ago. And they have come, sir, to present to you these emblems of a soldier's profession, with which they know you will do good service in the future for our country's cause. These are a slight token of the love the enlisted men, the rank and file of the 30th, have for our Colonel. You have been appointed to an honorable position, and we feel sure that upon new fields you will only add to the many honors you have already won for yourself and your regiment. The men selected me to perform this pleasant duty, and I feel sure I speak their sentiments when I say that they do not expect you will prize these articles for their intrinsic value, but as a token of their appreciation of a thorough officer and soldier.

"Take them, Colonel; and wherever they may be worn by you, whether in a brilliant assembly which shall gather to greet you after your victorious march, or in the perilous scenes of battle, we shall be sure that the arms of the 30th will always be honored in your keeping. You know how to use them; and wherever you may go, we shall watch your progress with the kindest interest, and feel certain that when next we meet, we shall have the pleasure of congratulating you upon new honors and well conferred promotion."

"Colonel Dudley then took the sword, and, advancing to the front of the platform, thanked Major Whittemore for the complimentary manner in which he had spoken of himself. Then turning to the men, he addressed them as his comrades, whom he was proud to remember. They had upheld the glory of old Massachusetts and of their flag in four hotly contested battles, and should have been in three more, but that their services were considered necessary elsewhere. He had received a compliment on Saturday last from the General-in-Chief, in committing his daughter to the care of the brigade he had the honor to command. It was a token of confidence from the Commanding General that was exceedingly gratifying to him. But the presentation of these arms by his old comrades of the 30th Massachusetts, men

whom he had tried often and found ever faithful, was appreciated more highly than any other act could be. It was like placing the arms of the regiment in his keeping, and he accepted the trust with the deepest emotions of gratitude. In reply to Major Whittemore's allusion to the want of a proper recognition of the Colonel's services by promotion, he said he did not ask for it. He would not change his position to-day, as the honored recipient of the confidence of his superior officer, and the love of his old regiment, for any grade of rank. He assured the 30th that the presentation of the gifts before him had given him more happiness than the Chief Magistrate of the nation, under whom it was his pride to serve, could confer by changing his eagles for a star. In the course of his future military duties, he would ever remember the donors of these arms, and would either return with them victorious, or would be found with them lying by his side.

"After the more serious business of speech-making was concluded, the Colonel invited all present to become his guests, and a very sociable and genial scene ensued. Then came a dress parade, with the line formed on Josephine Street, and the Colonel exercised them in the manual.

"The result showed that neither the men nor their commander had forgotten each other. It is no exaggeration to say that there is no regiment in this Department, nor has there ever been one, more perfect in drill. The muskets were polished up to the highest point, and looked as though they had just come out of Tiffany & Co.'s show case. There was not dirt enough on them all to soil a white cambric handkerchief. After an inspection and a brief farewell, the men gave three cheers for Colonel Dudley and marched off to their quarters.

"The regiment will return to this city in about sixty days, probably much stronger than it is now. It numbered yesterday, according to Major Whittemore's statement, three hundred and forty-four able-bodied, healthy, veteran men, with twenty-six officers."

The following is the list of the officers of the regiment who were present:

Major H. O. Whittemore, commanding.

First Lieutenant William F. Clark, Adjutant.

Lieutenant William H. Gardner, Quartermaster.

S. A. Davis, Assistant Surgeon.

F. C. Greene, Assistant Surgeon.

B. F. Whittemore, Chaplain.

Co. D.—Captain Marsh A. Ferris, Second Lieutenant C. W. Burgess.

Co. C.—Captain S. D. Shipley, Second Lieutenant F. C. Poreé.

Co. A.—Second Lieutenant John P. Halzy.

Co. H.—First Lieutenant T. B. Johnston.

Co. B.—First Lieutenant N. K. Reed, Second Lieutenant Clinton

E. Page.



Henry Warren Howe.

Lieut. 30th Mass. Vet. Vol. Infantry.

Co. G.—Second Lieutenant H. W. Howe.

Co. E.—Second Lieutenant A. F. Fay.

Co. F.—Second Lieutenant Eugene W. Ferris.

Co. K.—First Lieutenant George F. Whitcomb, Second Lieutenant Joseph Davis.

Co. I.—Captain George Creasey, First Lieutenant G. S. Brown.

The 30th Regiment went home on a furlough of thirty days after it had re-enlisted. The following letters were written on my return to duty on the island in Boston Harbor where the regiment was then stationed.

BOSTON, MASS., April 30, 1864.

DEAR ————:

The regiment is under marching orders to go from the island on Monday next in the steamer *Cassandra*, which is expected to arrive from New York to-night. We shall embark from this island. I cannot come up, and if any of you can come here, I will have passes for you to come by the 9 o'clock boat from Commercial Wharf. I will send the passes on Sunday night by the Captain of the boat, and if you come, do so at 7. Take a hack, drive to the wharf, and you will have a half hour's stay, as the boat returns at 9 in the morning. I came to Boston to-day on an errand. If you don't come, good bye.

SON AND BROTHER WARREN.

Lieutenant Fay will be the Captain of that Refugee Regiment at Point Lookout, Maryland. I shall try to get passes for the family, and any of you can come who like. Love to all.

WARREN.

ON BOARD STEAMER *CASSANDRA*,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., May 16, 1864.

DEAR ————:

I am here. "Who is here?" "Lagadier." We arrived at the levee at sundown after a thirteen days' passage. I presume you received my letter sent by the pilot from Boston Harbor and I will give notes where I left off. It cleared soon after we weighed anchor, and the effect of the storm was to produce a heavy sea. It was not long before the officers began to lose all interest in surrounding objects, and glances were interchanged as to the condition of our stomachs. Most of the party gave way to Neptune, each saying, however, "I love the man who holds out the longest," and your humble servant was that man. I can say I was not in the least sick, and I was the only one among them all. For forty-eight hours I was very lonely, but then the party began to slowly reappear, until all were, finally, round again. It reminded me of the game "Fruit Basket," calling "lemon, lemon, lemon," but, unfortunately, there were no lemons here, and our bread baskets suffered for want of fruit. But, enough of this. As I was the only well officer I had to go on guard. Some of our men were

intoxicated, and I tried to learn the whereabouts of the bar and succeeded; the sailors sold the liquor to the men. The excitement of sea life soon wore away, and each one settled down and read a book or a paper. The steamer has very poor accommodations for passengers, but poor ones are considered good by a soldier. As we approached the warmer regions, coats were discarded and an awning spread out, and we made ourselves quite comfortable. We were occasionally diverted by the sight of a porpoise or a shark awaiting his prey. Our passage was made gloomy by the death and burial of one of the soldiers, when we were off Key West. After services by our Chaplain the body was cast into the mighty deep. A burial at sea is, indeed, a solemn thing.

We arrived at the Passes at 4 in the afternoon, May 15. We steamed up the river as far as quarantine, sixty miles, then came to anchor. We were boarded early in the morning and allowed to proceed. I am on guard to-day. While I write, every one is asleep in his bunk (12 m.). The Colonel has gone ashore for orders, and we are to go into camp at Chalmette, six miles below the city. I have seen an account of the three days' fight on the Potomac. Lieutenant Haley sends regards. Francena, you must read "Frank Warrington" and tell me how you like it. Love to all. I am

SON AND BROTHER H. WARREN.

CHALMETTE, LA., May 23, 1864.

DEAR —————:

Yours of May 8 came to hand on my return from the city. I merely looked at its address and immediately knew from whom it came. I will tell you why I had been to town. Women peddlers frequent the camp, and some of them bring liquor to the men, which, of course, "raises Ned." I arrested one old Irish woman and had her searched. I took away one bottle and then told her I believed she had more hung on her crinoline (as I noticed she was very well proportioned). She begged off piteously, but it was of no use. I found a negro wench to search her, and two more bottles were hung on her, so I sent her to the calaboose. The next day the judge sent her to the House of Correction for thirty days. While they were searching her, she said, "For shame, had ye no mither before ye?" I scared her half to death and she called on Saint Mary, the God above, and the angels of heaven, that she would not bring any more liquor to camp. She said, "Give me the Bible and I will swear on it. I will take the oath of allajance," as she called it. I asked if she had never taken that oath. She said, "Yes, but I will take it again." There, enough of this. My candle is nearly out and I will finish to-morrow.

May 24, 1864. Our camp is pleasant here, but our regiment is ordered to the city, on provost duty. We should prefer to go into the field, but there will be no active campaigning here this Summer.

Colonel N. A. M. Dudley will not remain with us longer than to see we are comfortably situated in the city. General Reynolds, commanding the defences in New Orleans, has applied for us, of course, for the reason that we are a crack regiment! Ahem! The 26th will feel bad. Captain Whittier will, probably, be Major, as he belongs in Charlestown, and that city has no field officer in service. The Major pressed the matter before the authorities at the State House, and will probably succeed. Captain Fiske is on General Birge's Staff at Baton Rouge. I haven't heard from him yet. Jewell is well. I shall expect Alice H.'s photograph by the next mail. My regards to Miss L. and S. A. B. I may write to Lizzie, and promised to write to Lucius Huntington, but suppose he would put the letter into the paper. Haley, of course, sends regards, he is lying on my bed, and Lieutenant Tom Johnston is on his. I have my company returns to make out. The next will find me quartered in the Crescent City. Receive from

BROTHER WARREN.

CAMP 30TH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,
CHALMETTE, LA., June 10, 1864.

DEAR —————:

I received one of your letters yesterday. Lizzie's had been delayed. We expected to have been in Morganza long ago, but transportation is limited and that is the reason why we are here. I presume Uncle Lorenzo told you that I wrote him. The 13th Corps is to come to New Orleans. Captain Fiske will not join the regiment, he is an Aid-de-Camp on General Birge's Staff. Colonel Whittemore has gone home. Captain Whittier has been made a Major, but cannot be mustered until promoted to Lieutenant Colonel. Captains Shipley and Johnston have arrived. Shipley says he shall resign, on account of being "jumped" in promotion. I presume you have received the money (one hundred dollars) I sent home. Colonel N. A. M. Dudley is in command of our brigade, which is made up of the 26th Massachusetts, the 8th Vermont, the 110th New York. We presented Colonel Whittemore with a silver service before he left the city, which cost one hundred and thirteen dollars; we gave five dollars each. The service was pretty and nothing would have pleased him better. I am sorry you are ill, Lizzie; write me the particulars, for I only know what Fran. wrote, as I had not received your own letter.

I find that many of my friends were killed in the action on Red River, and I notice that many have fallen in the late battles on the Potomac. Walter is very lucky. I have written General Butler for a transfer and promotion, as I have not heard from the application I made while I was at home. I go to town every few days to wear away the monotony of camp life. Lieutenants Barker and Burgess are my mess mates, and Lieutenant Haley is my tent chum. Jewell does

most of the cooking and gets milk for breakfast and supper. There is nothing of this kind at Morganza, so we have laid in a stock of canned meats, codfish and mackerel.

A company of Confederates had been nearly recruited in New Orleans; knowledge of that came and a raid made on the office; the rolls were found and most of the men captured. This was done on Sunday evening, and on Monday they were to embark for Mexico to enter the Confederate lines. I have been busy writing, making out my returns for the War Department. We have exchanged our Enfield muskets for the Springfield pattern of 1863, and have also drawn new equipments. I drew thirty sets of arms and accoutrements for which I am responsible. I hope, Lizzie, you will soon be about and enjoy good health. I suppose you have seen George Pray. I called on the boys twice before they sailed. My regards to all the young ladies, for I intend, at a future time, to come North and select one for counsel through life, if permitted to live. My next will be in answer to you.

WAD.

ON BOARD RIVER STEAMER HENRY AMES,
NEW ORLEANS, LA., July 3, 1864.

DEAR —————:

Yours and father's of June 12 were received at Morganza June 21. I also received Lizzie's of June 19 to-day. You may wonder at seeing my letter dated at New Orleans, and I will explain. We embarked for Morganza and arrived on the 13th. It is twenty miles above Port Hudson. The 19th Corps was in camp there after their return from Red River, also a part of the 13th Army Corps. The army has been reorganized and is in good order. I supposed the troops would remain on the river this Summer, but an expedition is afloat. Our regiment has been attached to the old brigade, the 1st Brigade, 2d Division, consisting of the six regiments, which are the New York, the Maine and the 30th Massachusetts, all old ones. Colonel Zeals of the 29th Maine commands us at present, but Brigadier General Dwight will soon command. Our division (six thousand men) is coming down the river to New Orleans, and perhaps all the troops will follow, leaving one brigade of negroes to man the newly constructed fort at Morganza. We, with the 116th New York, go on board the steamer Mississippi, the same steamer we went home on. Where we are going, you know as well as I. Perhaps to Mobile to assist Farragut, perhaps to the Army of the Potomac. Time will show. We are not to take baggage or wagons. Colonel Dudley has a division of cavalry again, and is at Baton Rouge. Major Whittier has been promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, and is with Colonel Dudley as Quartermaster. I don't believe he will again command the regiment, but will remain in detached service. You need not send my rubber coat. I haven't time

to write much, but will keep you posted and this letter open until the last moment.

July 4, 1864. We expect to be off every day. It is very quiet in town for the Fourth. Good bye.

SON AND BROTHER WARREN.

ON BOARD OCEAN STEAMER MISSISSIPPI, July 11, 1864.

DEAR —————:

You will be surprised to hear of the arrival of the 1st and 2d divisions of the 19th Army Corps at Fort Monroe. We left Morganza on the 3d inst. for New Orleans. The destination of the expedition was not known until we were at sea. We shall take from ten to twelve thousand troops, which covers all of the regiments of the 19th Corps. The 3d division is left behind. It is composed of Western troops and all the cavalry in the Department. We are having a splendid trip, although somewhat crowded. The sea is as calm as a pond. We were stuck on the bar at the mouth of the river for thirty-six hours, but got off with the assistance of three tugs. There were twelve hundred men on board. General Emory and Staff started with us, but the General became vexed at our situation on the bar and went aboard the Creole as she passed; but five minutes after we were afloat and passed them the same day. We imagined how the General was swearing to see us pass after all. We lost a man overboard a night or two since. The steamer was stopped, a boat lowered, but he could not be seen.

The officers left their trunks stored at Stapleton's, on Canal Street, since we did not know where we were going, and may return in the Fall. If that is not the case, we shall send for everything. I received Lizzie's letter the day before we sailed. I was anxious to hear and pleased to know she had gone into the country. I suppose you will be anxious about your son, now he has gone to the Potomac, but don't let that trouble you in the least. You must recollect there are those who have passed through many battles and are sound in limb yet, and we may not see even one battle. Somebody must go to war if we would preserve our country and honor, and I am resigned to be that one. Tell Francena I received the photograph of Miss H., and I send one of Captain Elliott to add to my collection. I sent three of mine and some stamps. Send this letter to Lizzie.

July 12, 1864. Off Cape Henry. Our Chaplain will go ashore with the mail. Direct to the 19th Army Corps, Washington, D. O.

SON WARREN.

CAMP 30TH REGIMENT VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,

GEORGETOWN HEIGHTS, July 24, 1864.

DEAR —————:

Yours of July 17 came to hand last night on our return from the Shenandoah Valley. I will give you a brief account of our march through this country. After arriving at Fortress Monroe we were

immediately ordered to Washington, where we arrived on the 13th. We disembarked and took our line of march that night for Tenallytown, passed through Georgetown, and bivouacked at 3 o'clock in the morning. At 5 o'clock that same day we were ordered to pursue the invading enemy. All baggage was left behind. The men had become exhausted, as they were weakened by a number of days' confinement on the vessel. All the rations we had were hard bread and coffee, and little of that. We caught up with the 6th Corps at Poolsville, ten thousand strong, which, with ours, made it fourteen thousand. We resumed the march the next day, and forded a river (the Potomac) where the water was waist deep. It was a queer sight, that crossing! The country is very hilly and stony, and so dusty we could not see two rods ahead of us. A prisoner was hanged at Poolsville, as he was a spy, and was buried under his gallows. He belonged to one of the New York regiments. We marched till 10 in the evening, with the enemy's rear just ahead of us.

July 17, 1864. We camped at Ball's Bluff. The water is beautiful throughout the country and the valleys abound in springs.

July 18, 1864. Resumed the march, going eighteen miles through Snicker's Gap into the Blue Ridge Mountains. Splendid views of the mountains and the country round. Quantities of grain raised. At 10 o'clock in the evening we bivouacked in the Shenandoah Valley. Here General Crook, commander of Hunter's Corps, joined us. The enemy were across the Shenandoah River, two miles distant. All lay down for the night, foot-sore and hungry. General Crook attempted to cross the river, but was driven back with some loss.

July 20, 1864. Our regiment on the right of the corps and in advance of all. The forces forded the river and the enemy had gone on to Berryville, four miles distant. We remained until night, then returned. We passed over the mountains the same night, marched twenty-five miles, arrived at Leesburg in the evening, marched four miles beyond, then bivouacked for the night.

July 22, 1864. We resumed our march at 9 in the morning, went fifteen miles, passed through Drainsville.

July 23, 1864. Arrived at our present camp, crossed the Chain Bridge over the Potomac. We are four miles from Washington. Distance marched, seventy-five miles out; sixty-five back: total, one hundred and forty miles in ten days. The men had meat only three times, and it is hard enough to march with the only food bread and coffee. Well, we just kept in the rear of the enemy, and "a stern chase is a long one." I suppose they have gone to join Lee. I do not know how long we are to remain here, but we are equipping the men now with clothing. I hear that the 19th Corps is to be consolidated with the 6th. No doubt we shall go to Grant soon. To-day, all are cleaning and washing, and it is really good to be clean once again. Jewell is 'with me yet, but pretty well used up.

Your account of the menagerie was laughable. I am g'lad Lizzie is better; I will write to her soon. I am well, but after our long march, if I could have some of mother's eatables oh, my! they "would have done me proud." I wrote to Lucius Huntington the letter you saw in the paper. How was it? He sent it to me, but we can't stop to coin words. I have not received a letter from mother dated June 26. It probably has gone to New Orleans. I shall send there for my trunk to order it sent home by Adams' Express. General Emory commands us at present, as General Gilmore is ill. My love to all friends. Receive from brother,

H. WARREN.

By the way, when I landed in Washington, the President came down to the landing and I shook hands with him, as did the other officers of our regiment, and had quite a chat on affairs concerning the raid. I think of you all and hope at some future day to be where I can meet you when I desire, but if not in this world, then in the hereafter. Good bye.

H. W.

CAMP 30TH MASSACHUSETTS VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,
NEAR FREDERICK CITY, MARYLAND,
August 1, 1864.

DEAR ————:

I suppose you are anxious to hear from me, so I will write, however unfavorable my opportunities are for writing; my position being on the ground, with a tin plate for a table. I presume Fran. received my letter which was written from Washington, on my return from the Shenandoah Valley. We rested only one day, and then, there being a report that the enemy had re-crossed the river, all started on another chase Tuesday, July 26, our force consisting of the 6th Corps, with the 1st and the 19th. We marched out on the Rockville road until 12 o'clock at night, having gone fifteen miles, and bivouacked beyond Rockville. We started again at 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th, passed through Clarksburg, Hyattsville, and bivouacked three miles beyond the latter place, marching eighteen miles that day. It was very warm and tedious marching, the troops straggled. On the 28th we resumed the march at 5 in the morning, passed through Monocacy, at which place we made a halt, and I wrote to Lizzie. We marched on to Frederick City, which is quite a large place. We bivouacked three miles beyond, at 11 o'clock at night. The next day we passed over the Potomac at Harper's Ferry and bivouacked three miles beyond, in Virginia. Here we joined General Crook's force of from seven to eight thousand, the 8th Corps. We marched this day nineteen miles and passed through Knoxville. We had no idea where we should go when we left Washington, but supposed we should join Crook's troops. I saw Harper's Ferry, which is

pretty well destroyed by shot, shell and fire. A brigade of Maryland troops garrison it. It is in a hollow, surrounded by immense bluffs, which are fortified.

From there we supposed an advance would be made on the enemy, who were at Winchester and Martinsburg, but the 30th "all to the rear," it being reported that the enemy had sent a force on another raid into Pennsylvania, and last night found us again outside Frederick City, the 8th Corps having gone on some other road. It has been chase, chase, and nothing accomplished yet. The troops have been living, most of the time, on bread and coffee and fresh beef, not two hours killed at any time, consequently many straggle. Our teams hardly ever come up at night. It is warm and dusty marching, and the only thing one can relish is the cool spring water. If this is the way matters have been conducted on the Potomac, no wonder failures have occurred. The little Army of the Gulf is, or has been, the best disciplined, best conducted and regulated army in the country. Here they only know how "to git up and git," first one way, then another. However, it may be different, chasing raiders.

The officers at New Orleans have been ordered to their regiment, but it will not do any good. They will manage to keep away by some excuse. Captain Clarke became sick after he received his order. We have averaged thirteen miles a day since we came to Washington, on the 13th of July. I am well, but become "awful" tired at night. Presume there is a mail at Washington for me. Love to all.

SON WARREN.

BIVOUAC 30TH REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,
1ST BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION, 19TH ARMY CORPS,
NEAR BERRYVILLE, VA., August 20, 1864.

DEAR —————:

To-day I received a letter from each member of the family, Lizzie's being directed to New Orleans. In father's I received ten dollars, which will suffice until I write for more. I also received a letter from Cousin Ellenette, who is teaching in the Chapman Grammar School in East Boston.

My last was dated near Harper's Ferry and I presume you have followed our course from that point by reading the papers. Our force consisted of the 6th, 8th and 19th Corps, seven thousand cavalry which came from Richmond with General Sheridan, who commands us all. On the 10th we took up our line of march again in pursuit of the enemy in the valley, passing through Charlestown, Berryville, Newtown, Middletown, etc., the advance of the cavalry skirmishing most of the time. The enemy retreated down the valley as far as Strasburg, drawing us from our base of supplies (the Ferry), then received reinforcements from Richmond (two divisions from Longstreet's Corps) and giving us battle at the same time, with a

chance of getting in our rear. This was learned after our cavalry fought them at Fort Royal, where they captured two hundred and sixteen of Longstreet's Corps. On this account our commanding General judged it wise to fall back to this point, as already fifty of our wagons had been taken by a cavalry party from the rebels. This train was in the rear, coming up to join our army, and was guarded by Kenley's Brigade of the one hundred days' men. As we are in a good position here, if the enemy come on, we shall fight them.

Our marches have been hard, with very little to eat, on account of the order to cut down the wagon train. You have no idea of the size of the wagon train of an army; it is simply immense, even when there is only one wagon permitted to each regiment. The officers have pack mules, and their blankets are strapped on these. Of late, green corn and apples have had to suffer. Yesterday the balance of our corps joined us. They are commanded by General Grover, 2d Division. Now the 19th Corps is all together for the first time since we left New Orleans. I saw Captain Fiske, who is still with General Birge as Aide-de-camp. All the officers in New Orleans have been ordered to the regiment. First Lieutenants Barker, Whitcomb and Prince have been received as Captains. There were no Second Lieutenants recommended. Our Chaplain and Colonel Dudley are at home.

Last night a soldier, who belonged to our brigade, was found in a house close by our bivouac, who had been shot twice and stabbed in the breast. That was done by the guerillas, and is their mode of warfare. The soldier was, doubtless, in search of corn and something to eat. It is unsafe to go far from camp, and orders have been issued restricting the men. Jewell is fat and healthy. I could not get along without him. The officers think Miss H.'s photograph pretty, dignified, and intellectual.

A spy was hanged in Middletown. He was caught in this way: The wagon train was passing a house where some Confederate wounded men were lying, and he went in with some of our soldiers to see these invalids. One of them recognized him, and said: "Hello, Charley, you here?" After that watch was kept from that time, and he was seen to try to decoy a part of our train to a wrong road, where guerillas were lying in wait. He was immediately arrested and recognized by two of our officers, who had been prisoners in Richmond and had been guarded while there by this same man. He was hanged, and was the second spy who thus suffered; but still they come. The 26th Regiment is in Washington living in shelter tents. Only think, how hard! They will not escape the draft, however. We shall probably remain here a few days, but may go back and fight the enemy; can't tell. Hoping you are all well, as I, I remain

BROTHER H. WARREN.

Did I write that the President came down to the wharf when the 19th Army Corps landed? He spoke to Captain Shipley and asked him if he were not a Massachusetts man, and then all the men were introduced, shook hands, and had quite a talk. I can't stop to read this letter, as I have two others on business to write.

WAD.

CAMP 30TH REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,
HALLTOWN, VA., August 25, 1864.

DEAR —————:

Yours of August 15 came to hand last night and I was pleased to hear, also to know you had been enjoying your country visit. You ask if I can't come home. To which I must say, we are facing the enemy, and I would not resign on any account. I should like to join your party on the trip to the mountains. I have lately been over mountains as high as Kearsarge, after marching all day. Our camp is, at present, on a range of hills which are very high, four miles from Harper's Ferry. The long line of the Blue Ridge is close by; across the river are Maryland Heights, or rather mountains, which are strongly fortified, and which command the Virginian side for six miles round. The town is situated in a valley at the junction of the Potomac and the Shenandoah rivers. Passing through the town one ascends a high hill, called Bolivar Heights. The country is all hills and valleys, and at Halltown, on these ranges of hills, our army is at present in bivouac, in three lines of battle, and anxious for the enemy to attack.

We started on the 10th and pursued the enemy. Our force consisted of Sheridan's Cavalry, the 6th, the 8th, and the 12th Corps. We followed them as far as Strasburg, where a cavalry action took place. Success was on our side, but, finding that General Early had been largely re-enforced, and knowing he could throw a force in our rear and thereby cut us from our supplies, the Commanding General judged it best to fall back to this point. We passed through Newtown, Winchester and Charlestown, all of which show the devastation wrought by the frequent presence of contending armies. At Winchester I visited a cemetery and found graves of many Confederate soldiers, but not one of our Yankees. The headstones dated from the beginning of the war, and came down to July 20, 1864. Some of them bore very patriotic and poetic inscriptions which eulogized the death of soldiers.

The enemy followed us back, and at Berryville a smart fight took place, the 6th Corps being principally engaged. I think the enemy are from forty to fifty thousand strong, and are still in our front. Heavy skirmishing is going on daily, but, owing to our strong position, I do not think they will attack us. The *poor* 6th Regiment have been obliged, says a correspondent, to go into shelter tents! I wonder how they would like to go up and down the valley and make three days

rations answer for four, with only coffee and hard bread at that? There is not only scarcity of rations, but danger of our wagon trains being captured while we are so far away from the base of supplies. There were fifty-four of our wagons gobbled up by Mosby's guerillas, near Berryville. These men prowl about the country, robbing and waylaying everybody they can catch, and many citizens of that town were arrested on suspicion of participating in the affair. We have hanged five spies since we left Washington, and their gallows are to be seen on yonder hill. Good, say I. Our regiment is supporting a battery at present, in case of a fight, to prevent its being captured. All the troops have the utmost confidence in General Sheridan, as do our corps in General Emory. Our Chaplain is at home, recruiting. The Governor tells him they can give him two hundred and fifty Germans when they come from the continent, and that it will be needful to commission two or three officers who can speak that language. The Chaplain writes that patriotism is "done gone" in Massachusetts, the chief object there now being to fill the quota, no matter how. That vexed us terribly. Did you read General Sherman's reply to a recruiting agent, who was sent to his department by the Governor to obtain recruits? He gave the sentiments of all old soldiers respecting the enlistment of the negroes, the war and all recruits.

We live very well now. Had for dinner, potatoes, onions, apple sauce, flour biscuits, coffee with condensed milk. Rations are very high now, even at government prices. Pork is 25 cents, apples 12, ham 30, coffee 55, sugar 30, fresh beef 10, hard bread 9 cents per pound. I must now write an answer to a letter received from A. L. Brooks. Love to all and a large share to yourself.

BROTHER H. WARREN.

CAMP 30TH REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,
NEAR BERRYVILLE, VA., September 7, 1864.

DEAR—————:

I believe you have all received a letter from me in turn, so now I will write to the household in general. You have, undoubtedly, seen by the papers of our advance up the valley from Halltown. We made two marches in coming to our present location, entrenching ourselves in each place. As soon as we advance the enemy retreat. Thus far the three corps have formed into a semi-circle, the 6th, 19th, and the 8th Corps successively, from right to left. Our entrenchments are constructed by placing rails one on another, then throwing up dirt, until they are breast high. You would be surprised to see what works our boys can build in one day. All this precaution is taken for safety, as the enemy out-number us, but will not attack while we are behind works. I don't think it is the Commanding General's intention to fight, but merely endeavor to keep them in the valley, which, of course, lessens the forces of Lee at Richmond. Yesterday the rebels

left our immediate front, and to-day a reconnoissance is going out. Our teams remain in the rear and come up after we are entrenched. It has been raining for the last twenty-four hours and is very chilly. We keep fires alight and remain under shelter. Such days are very dull and we wish for late papers and books. The news man comes up from the ferry almost every day, when there is a grand rush for him.

I am to have an apple dumpling for my dinner, made from green apples. How's that? I send out for corn that has become hard, have it grated, sifted, then fried and boiled, and eat it with melted sugar poured over it. You must understand this is for variety. We have a sutler now, and occasionally he comes up with a small stock. Did you ever eat any "Scouse?" That is, boiled hard bread, and pork, seasoned with salt and pepper, boiled until it is pulpy. The above dishes are truly nice. One thing more — fried hard bread, fried brown, after being soaked. These are nothing new, but I don't think I ever mentioned them.

We have forwarded our pay rolls for four months, to September 1. Our troops cheered lustily over the fall of Atlanta, but we have not heard the particulars yet. We are to have German recruits, our Chaplain writes. I am vexed to know Massachusetts shows her patriotism in this way, and might write a letter expressing my views, but haven't time, and you know them full well.

If my trunk arrives before the Chaplain returns, please send socks, undershirt, drawers, all thick. If the trunk does not come, send at any rate. What do you think, father, of investing my money in the 7.30 loan? Write your views. Sisters, I send a photograph of our Commissary Sergeant; you remember he was at our house when I was at home. We have great sport talking Dutch just now. The officers, aside from Brown and Johnston, are well; those two are still in the hospital in Washington. Colonel Dudley has orders to raise a colored brigade. Hoping you are all well and enjoying 'life, I am

Son and brother,

H. WARREN HOWE.

CAMP 30TH REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,
BERRYVILLE, September 18, 1864.

DEAR ————:

Yours of September 5 and 11 are at hand, and I think it high time to receive a letter from home, as it is two weeks since your last came. I wrote to Lizzie awhile since, but do not know as she will receive it if she has gone to Cousin Mary's. The army has been resting, in a military point of view, and is quietly reposing behind a line of entrenchments which extend from the right to the left of our army. Yesterday the officers of the regiment erected shanties, after this fashion: Rails from the fences were piled one on top of another, until the pile was four feet high; then this was banked up all round, which makes our habitation warmer and more comfortable. But just as sure as we

begin any improvements, just so sure we move. This morning an order came, "Pack up your regimental teams and report to the Brigade Quartermaster." Of course the next will be: "Hold your command in readiness to move at a moment's notice." I have finished packing my valise, laying aside paper collars and dress coat, for we had begun to pride ourselves on looking "a little proud" again, and have ordered my cook to arrange his basket and to see that I have three days' rations to take along. I went out foraging the other day and secured eight chickens, a bag of apples, etc. The train brought in grain. I kept the chickens in a cracker box and let them out in the daytime. To-day, "they die." It is reported that the wagons go to the rear and the troops to the front. General Grant was here yesterday and, I suppose, ordered the move. Can't tell where we are going. Our Lieutenant-Colonel left for Boston yesterday on a sick leave of twenty days. One hundred and fifty Germans are on the way here from Boston, also two or three Lieutenants who speak German. I shall have twenty-two of these in my company. "Nine, ya! Nine hundrish tollarsh bountish." There is much wire pulling about the promotions which are to take place soon, from the First Lieutenant to the Captain. I ought to go from the Second Lieutenant to the First, but I expect the recession of my muster will knock me. Captain Fiske has just called and sends his regards.

"Hurrah hosses" (as I once heard a Western officer say to his men when they were on a halt), "pitch in and make coffee." Off go all the wagons. Jewell, my colored boy, comes along and requests me to "Ask all of them, how you do?" No more at present. Receive from

BROTHER H. WARREN.

CAMP 30TH MASSACHUSETTS, CEDAR CREEK, VA.,

September 21, 1864.

DEAR—————:

We have had a big fight at Winchester. We broke camp at 2 o'clock in the morning on the 19th inst., marched until 11 a. m., and met the enemy at Winchester and fought them until sunset, completely routed and defeated them. Started again at sunrise the next morning, the 20th inst., and followed them to this point, eighteen miles from Winchester. We took thirty-five hundred prisoners, etc. Loss large on both sides. Lieutenant J. P. Haley of our regiment was killed outright by a piece of shell. There were, also, one private killed and seven wounded in our regiment. We were more lucky than any other regiment in our brigade. The enemy are now in our front, in a strong position at Strasburg. Their force is estimated to be about thirty-six thousand strong. More next time. Yours in haste,

LIEUTENANT H. WARREN.

Can't tell what will come next.

CAMP 30TH MASSACHUSETTS, WOODSTOCK, VA.,
September 23, 1864.

Hurrah for our side! Veni, vidi, vici! Where are the Copperheads and General Mc.? To my subject! I presume you received my note from Cedar Creek, after the battle of Winchester. The same day, at noon, our army advanced in lines of battle, over hills, down valleys and through woods towards the enemy, who were just on the other side of Strasburg and were strongly fortified on the adjacent hill. You understand that through this place there is a gap between the mountains about three miles wide. We advanced slowly and cautiously about one mile, the enemy's fortifications being about three miles distant, and bivouacked for awhile. I was detailed, with my company and one other, to act as Provost Guard in the town that night to prevent pillaging and straggling by our troops as they passed through. We joined the regiment in the morning of the 22nd, and the army advanced and took position near the enemy in the woods. We worked all day chopping trees and building works, throwing up entrenchments as we advanced. Our brigade charged on the enemy's advance skirmishers and rifle pits, continually driving them into their main works. At sundown the final charge came, and such a sight must be witnessed in order to form any idea. Yelling and rushing on the double quick, from all sides, missiles of death whirling about, men dropping, etc., etc., and scarcely any notice taken, but, on, on, on! Immediately firing ceased, we occupy the works and have pursued them to this point. Many prisoners. Two killed, seven wounded in our regiment. The mail closes. More when I have an opportunity. Good bye. I am O. K.

LIEUTENANT H. WARREN.

This money came off the body of a dead Johnnie.

CAMP 30TH MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT VETERAN VOLUNTEERS.

HARRISONBURG, VA., October 2, 1864.

DEAR —————:

The wagon train, which has just brought twelve days' rations from Winchester, is going back to-day, and I will improve the opportunity by writing to you. No doubt you have read with interest an account of our late battles. As yet, I have seen only an account of the battle at Winchester, on the 19th. Since then we have been pursuing the enemy with success. Our infantry have been as far as Mount Crawford and the cavalry to Stanton. At the latter place the railroad was destroyed for half a mile out, which leads toward Richmond. We now seem to be on the return, and the cavalry have orders to burn every flour mill and all the grain from Stanton to New Market. I expect we shall pass through a gap somewhere in the mountains and go down the valley. At Fishers Hill the enemy gave way instantly on the charge of our troops. Four companies of our

regiment did a splendid thing that day. The enemy had a rifle pit in front of their works and a charge was made from the woods upon them, when Johnnie ran, after firing one volley. We lost four or five men, and Captain Tremaine was struck by a bullet on the plate of his sword belt, which made a dent and knocked him down, but he recovered in a second. An inch either way and he would have been shot through. Of course we all had narrow escapes, but, on the whole, our regiment has been very lucky. The total loss, so far, is five killed, nineteen wounded. Poor Lieutenant John P. Haley, my best comrade, is gone! A piece of shell took the back of his head right off, and after he fell he never stirred. Arrangements are being made to send his body home.

In six days our army marched ninety-six miles and fought two battles, skirmishing heavily all one day. Our base of supplies is now at Martinsburg. Just see what a long distance they have to be teamed, with the risk of guerillas on the way. The officers' valises are behind, and none of us have a change of clothing, while we have worn our present suits twelve days. My socks are "played out," so I go without. When my one shirt is washed I go to bed and wait for it to dry. Well, we have had such splendid success over the enemy, we are willing to suffer some. Have you seen our Chaplain and sent me some clothes? Has my trunk come from New Orleans yet? Did you get the key I sent in a letter?

Last night we received a dispatch that General Ord had captured fifteen guns and a portion of the enemy's works at Deep Bottom. I think everything looks bright for the suppression of the rebellion during the coming Winter. Colonel N. A. M. Dudley has returned, and is Chief of Staff to General Emory. I don't think he will succeed in getting a star. I think the enemy must have lost ten thousand men, killed and wounded, besides prisoners, since we attacked them first at Winchester, and the balance are demoralized. Harrisonburg is full of their wounded prisoners. The 26th Massachusetts has been unable to find its flag since the 19th. I think it was captured. I am very thankful for the preservation of my life, after passing through what I have. I have seen so many horrid sights, but time will not permit me to describe them, nor would I care to ruffle your sensitive natures. It is only my desire that, should I be popped over at any time, Massachusetts might be my last resting place. Hoping you will not feel over-anxious about me, aside from the care for a son and brother who has willingly given his services to his country, I am

LIEUTENANT H. WARREN.

CAMP 30TH MASSACHUSETTS VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,

FISHERS HILL, VA., October 9, 1864.

DEAR —————:

Your letter of the 18th came to hand a day or two since. Our mails are very irregular, as we are so far from our base of supplies.

We are retiring down the valley and burn all the grain and forage as we go. It is impossible to say what will turn up, so secretly does Sheridan operate. Our Chaplain arrived last night on the supply train, with three hundred German recruits. He did not have time to go to Lowell. Lieutenant Clinton E. Page has started for Boston with the body of Lieutenant J. P. Haley. We obtained a metallic coffin at Harrisburg, where a number had been stored by the rebels. It was a fortunate thing for us. I received a note from Mrs. Haley, asking me to write her all the particulars, but Lieutenant Page will himself see her and tell her all. Arrangements have been made to telegraph to the Mayor of Chelsea on the arrival of the body in New York.

If you haven't sent my clothes by express, Lieutenant Page will call for them before his return. Last night some of our company, K, went into the woods to see if they could find one of our men who was killed in the charge the day of the fight. They found him stripped of everything and buried him. It is said that the citizens of the town and all the prowlers round here did things of that kind after we went on in pursuit of the enemy. These guerillas show no mercy. On our return a signal officer was shot who was with the rear guard, and his throat was cut. We ascertained this as we drove the devils back, when his body was found. Many of them dress in our uniform, and thus elude capture.

It is very cold to-day, and one has to stand by the fire. All the officers slept in a flour mill last night. We are now twenty miles from Winchester, fifteen from Harper's Ferry, forty from Martinsburg, our base of supplies. If you have any knick-knacks, send them by Page. I suppose Lizzie is home by this time, and hope she is feeling well. I am in excellent spirits and health, only am desirous of seeing how I would feel in a clean and whole suit of clothes. Receive from

Son and brother,

LIEUTENANT H. WARREN.

I wish some of you would attend the funeral of Lieutenant Haley. I think it will take place on the 12th or 13th of this month.

CAMP 30TH MASSACHUSETTS VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,

CEDAR CREEK, VA., October 16, 1864.

DEAR _____:

Your letters of October 2 and September 27 were received on the 12th inst. It has been three weeks since I obtained a letter, but I think you have no reason to complain, as I have written frequently, have I not? The enemy have been re-enforced, and I think they are now nearly as strong as we. I don't see how they can live in the valley, for everything eatable has been destroyed. They are on Fishers Hill, and we are three miles this side, across Cedar Creek, where we began to fortify to-day. I don't think we shall attack, and if they come at us, they will be whipped. Who would have thought they would

come back that last time, after we had so soundly whipped them! Fran., your letter was full of sympathy. The mail closes, and you must not expect more this time. Fran., write what you know concerning Miss C. I sent a letter to her to-day, and will tell you sometime what I wrote. It was on politics.

Yours in haste,

BROTHER WARREN.

' Everything is lovely.'

CAMP 30TH REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,

CEDAR CREEK, October 21, 1864.

DEAR _____:

We have just passed through the ordeal of another battle and remain the victors, as before. On the 19th, just one month from the date of the battle of Winchester, the enemy came down on us from Fishers Hill with their whole force, commanded by General Early, now "the late bird." They began the attack before daylight, at 5 o'clock, on our left, in which portion the 8th Corps were encamped. Our whole line somewhat resembled a crescent, with the 6th Corps on the right, the 19th in the centre, and the 8th on the left, Cedar Creek following the course of our works. The enemy attacked our left, after taking our picket prisoners by the following ruse: They dressed one of their regiments in our uniforms, advanced, and said they had been out scouting. Our picket supposed that was so, when, lo! they were made prisoners. Then the main body advanced right on to our works, fired one volley, and charged up the hill and over the entrenchments. Previous to this we had had our reveille, and the men had stacked arms and were cooking their breakfasts; some were in their tents asleep. As the result, the corps was surely surprised and, owing to the panic, did not stand their ground long, but gave way, leaving everything behind, such as tents and haversacks. The enemy came on rapidly, by getting farther in our rear. Part of our corps fled around to the left and fought desperately, but we were soon flanked. Our brigade suffered a large loss at this time. The 8th having gone, we were soon obliged to give way, as the enemy poured shot and shell into us like hailstones. After falling back to the right of the line, another line of battle was formed at this point. Here we checked them for awhile, but, troops once started, it is hard to rally them and form again while under fire; however, the 6th and the 19th Corps came in two lines, and we fell back slowly and in good order. After they had followed us four miles, they came to a halt, and I don't think they would have chased us any farther.

At this point General Sheridan came up from Winchester, and his opportune arrival saved the day. He rode all along the lines, when cheer after cheer went up. Said he: "Boys, you are going to eat

your supper in those works where you took your breakfast." So it proved. I am now writing where I had my tent pitched the morning of the battle.

Well, he laid his plans, rode round and disposed the troops, and, at about 3.30 in the afternoon, an advance was ordered. All the afternoon our lines and corps flanked the enemy, while the 6th, and what could be got together of the 8th Corps, advanced on their front, our cavalry on our right. I cannot attempt to describe with what desperation our troops went forward on the charge, halting for nothing. We turned their flank completely, charging through another belt of woods. We drove a second line, and there joined the 6th in open plain, with the enemy not one thousand rods in front, running for life. At this time the cavalry on the extreme right moved forward on the chase to cut them off when they crossed the creek. On, on, all pushed, for a distance of two miles, in the face of batteries and musketry, but we had them started and were bound they shouldn't form any line, nor did they.

Our troops all came to one centre on our works, while the enemy, as they crossed the creek, were still retreating towards Fisher's Hill. I can say, with pride, that the 30th's colors were the first to be planted on the re-captured parapet, and your humble servant wasn't a rod behind them. Three cheers were given for our regiment. All the infantry immediately re-occupied their old camp grounds and the cavalry kept on. It was sunset. Sheridan rode along, hat off, covered all over with cheers. Afterwards our corps went on to support the cavalry. Picket was sent out and I was one officer detailed, being relieved the next night. The road from across the creek was lined with wagons, ambulances, guns, cannons, etc. The enemy fell back from the hill to Woodstock at midnight, perfectly demoralized and completely routed, since which time our cavalry have been pursuing them. We lost our headquarters teams, many ambulances and tents, and, as near as I can learn, twenty-three pieces of artillery, all of which were re-captured. The enemy's wagon train, twenty-five pieces of artillery, were sent to our rear this morning.

When we had turned the tide of battle and were charging the enemy, Captain Madden of my company said to me: "Look in my haversack and see my rations." The haversack was slung around to the front, and in it was a good-sized musket ball, what was called a spent ball. It was fired by the enemy, struck the ground, and ricocheted into his haversack.

Our regiment lost, during the day, twelve men killed, one hundred and four wounded, six missing, most of the men having been shot in the position taken at the beginning of the fight in the morning on the left. At this point, and as we were falling back, Captain Johnston, Lieutenant Johnston, and Lieutenant Eugene W. Ferris were wounded, Adjutant William F. Clark mortally so; he has since died. When our

advance returned in the afternoon, Captain George F. Whitcomb was instantly killed, shot through the heart. The Adjutant was left on the field until the next morning, with all our wounded. He was shot through the back of his neck, and the ball came out through his mouth. The enemy, as they passed, shot him again in the leg, pulled his coat off, and a number of them tried to rob him of his boots. He died in the hospital in Newtown. He said: "Tell father Fred. has gone home."

Dennis H. Cain, our drummer boy, was killed. He threw away his drum on the morning of the fight, put on a cartridge box and shouldered a musket. We found him at our camp from which we were driven; a torn Testament near his body showed that his pockets had been rifled.

Our wounded officers have gone North and our killed will be sent right away. When we re-occupied our works, we found our wounded and dead stripped of their clothing and robbed. Our corps returned from Strasburg to-day, and we are burying our dead. I cannot say what our whole loss was. It seemed almost miraculous that I was not hit, and I render thanks to Him who rules the destinies for my preservation. The night before the battle I received your letters and notice from the State House of my promotion to First Lieutenant. During the day we remarked that this was the baptism of our promotions. Five officers out of eleven were killed or wounded. It is very lonely now. Some of our dead are buried in our camp. I never was under such a fire before. The mail closes and one arrives. Have received the bundle.

SON WARREN,

Lieutenant, commanding Company G.

You will see the Johnstons home soon.

CAMP 30TH REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,
NEAR CEDAR CREEK, November 3, 1864.

DEAR _____:

I have been waiting, waiting, before writing to you, but find it useless to delay longer for another letter, and improve the opportunity at hand for sending a line by Hiram Barnes, who is on from Lowell visiting a brother who was wounded in the last engagement. I expect Lieutenant Page has called on you, and my letters are coming by him, are they not? Everything remains very quiet and lonely about the camp. Our regiment lost many men and officers on the 19th of October. Early is concentrating at New Market and may try it again; if he does, we are all ready to give him another reception.

I have been out on a forage train to-day some twelve miles. We started at day break and returned at dark, consequently have had a long and tedious day's march. Jewell went out and obtained a bag of apples

and one of corn, the latter for his pack horse, but the Provost Marshal at Newtown "gobbled them" when Jewell was passing through, as it is against the order for unauthorized foraging, so you see I have lost many an expected crunch of the juicy fruit.

I have received my commission by the hand of Lieutenant-Colonel Whittier. Yesterday the regiment completed a six months' pay roll and forwarded, for our other pay rolls have been "gobbled," together with the paymaster and the money, by Mosby. Colonel N. A. M. Dudley commands our brigade, as he has been transferred from the command of the 3rd Brigade. All hands have settled down in camp; have built small shanties out of cedar logs. I have had a fireplace put up in front of my quarters, and we gather round it, five of us, and talk of wars and "rumors of wars." How I wish we had more men and could close this present war at once! There are men, a plenty of them, in the North, if they would only come. I wish Fran. or Lizzie would cut slips from the Boston papers which speak of Lieutenant Haley, Adjutant Clarke or Captain Whitcomb, and paste them in a scrap book. Our Chaplain wrote some of them. *Noble fellows, all.* We always have been a band of united friends. I don't believe a regiment ever existed where the officers were so united. But the fortunes of war have separated us, and I am led to believe that those who have thus sacrificed their lives for their country will hereafter be re-united in that heavenly country where the implements of war will be neither known nor used.

Fran., if you can obtain the use of a good piano I will hire it for you, with pleasure, and, perhaps, purchase it, and let it remain in the family until I get a "bonnie guid wife." Captains Johnston and Ferris are in the hospital at Annapolis, Maryland, and doing well. I send you a sprig of cedar. Mr. B. goes in the morning, and it is late, so I will close. I am "Hunkey Dora."

H. WARREN.

CAMP 30TH REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,
NEAR NEWTOWN, VA., November 14, 1864.

DEAR _____:

Here I am in quarters "Hunkey Dora," writing you; position, astride a cracker box; time, 8 o'clock in the evening; candle light, volumes of letter matter paraded. On my left, Comrade Barker, ditto. First, a description of my house: a pig-pen made of fence rails banked with dirt, a piece of canvas for a roof, and what completes the arrangement which constitutes the application "Hunkey Dora" is a short chimney, built *a la* Southern style, fire-place inside, and there you have me, I reckon!

The army fel back from Cedar Oreek on the 9th to this place, seven miles; since then we have been entrenching. Day before yesterday everything indicated another fight, as the enemy came down

and attacked our pickets. Our cavalry went out and heavy skirmishing ensued. Yesterday we were determined to ascertain what was in our front and how large a force, so a reconnoissance of the 1st Brigade was ordered out, our division occupying an advanced position of about three-quarters of a mile from the enemy. Armed cap-a-pie we proceeded over our works and then skirmished in advance and scoured the adjoining woods and hills, driving the enemy's advance until we came upon the main force, which consisted of about three thousand cavalry. These we put to flight, then retired, and arrived at our own camp at night, hungry and tired. Consolation, felt assured of no fight that night and of a sound night's sleep. Early may come down upon us yet, but he will have to do it soon, for it is getting late and very cold. We can whip him, "you bet," and I advise him to keep his "shirt on" (keep quiet).

Colonel N. A. M. Dudley was relieved of his command to-day, as General Beal has returned. He is entitled to a star. General Emory commands. The 19th Army Corps headquarters are to be in command of General Sheridan. Undoubtedly the army will fall back before long and go into winter quarters.

Our recruits work in pretty well. It is hard work to drill them. They "nicht verstehen" (cannot understand English). I have twenty-three in my company; some of these are French, and there is one Dutchman. I like the Frenchman much the best; he used to be a Sergeant Major in the French army and is a Baron. I send his card. I only hope there will be no fighting until these soldiers are disciplined. I tell you, if an officer didn't lead his men in action, spur them on and threaten, many would hang back. I mean such men as we have nowadays, the thousand-dollar-bounty men. Ah, troops need discipline, stern at that, ere they are fit to go into battle, and coolness prevails to a greater extent in every succeeding fight. But enough of this. God knows it is bad enough.

I read the family letters with great pleasure. The lines so applicable to our heroic dead are splendid. I showed them to our Chaplain and others. Everything possible has been done for the brave ones, in notifying their friends. We intend to settle their accounts with the Government as soon as possible. If I should meet such a fate, I think some one in Lowell who was formerly an officer in some Massachusetts regiment would attend to that business better than officers in service, as the latter have as much as they can do to look after their own affairs. You often say in your letters: "Be of good cheer; don't be discouraged!" Now, I am not one of that kind. I am never despondent, frightened, or given to the "blues." I say, or rather think, "Do your duty, and if a bullet comes marked Howe, all right, never giving the subject thought. If, after the battle is over, and no bullet was so marked, then I am lucky." If a fight were to take place in the coming morning, I could sleep soundly to-night. You must not infer from

this that I am hard-hearted, for I am not; but if I come out alive, thanks to Him who "doeth all things well." I mourn the loss of my comrades, but just think, what an honorable death! No one can ever make me believe but they are now in heaven, if, perhaps, they were not Christians, in the common acceptance of that word.

I have just performed the last duty of the day by attending roll call of my company and reporting "All present" to the Commanding Officer of the regiment. It is a splendid evening, the moon is full and the camp alive with fires. I thank you all for the interest you have taken in me and my promotion. Tom Johnston is now a Captain.

I received a letter from Miss C. G., and I think I told you I would write you what she said, or rather wrote, to me concerning politics and affairs in general. From the tone of several of her letters, I did not think she admired the present administration, so I asked her who was her choice for President. She replied: "She was a Democrat, a peace Democrat, did not like Abraham Lincoln, and thought a white man as good as a negro; did not like McClellan, but would have peace on any terms. Some called her a 'Copperhead,' and she asked if I considered her such, and for me to say yes or no." Considering her sentiments, I expressed my opinion, and to the point, replying that she placed herself on the Chicago platform and bolted from it, as did Vallandigham, Wood and others, not supporting McClellan even, because, on his acceptance, "the peace party at any cost" bolted, as he announced a speedy prosecution of the war. Succumb to the South, give them what they ask, consent to a separation of these our states, founded by our forefathers, honored and known throughout the whole earth, and after so much blood has been shed in defence of the flag! If such are your feelings, for such is the result of unconditional peace, I must call you a Copperhead, and now, said I, what can I write that will interest you? Certainly, accounts of the actions, brilliant and victorious, marches and incidents pertaining thereto, you, of course, cannot care for. Her reply was this: "Were I as sensitive as I once was, I do not know as I should hardly dare write to you again after one remark you made. If I took hints quickly, perhaps I should infer that Warren did not care to have me write." She thought I made her out very wicked in placing her beside Vallandigham, and, if we differed in some things regarding the administration, that was no reason why we could not find something interesting for correspondence. She "delighted to hear of victories," for that "brought us nearer peace," and, finally, became quite penitent, but signed her letter, "Your Democratic (not McClellan) friend." I tell you what, no woman, if she be a woman, can write such sentiments to me and not hear from it. In answer I shall say: "I cannot retract anything for Democrats, especially McClellan Democrats, whom I consider traitors." However, she writes good letters and is a nice young lady, but no patriot.

Your photograph is splendid. I must not write more. Please send a pair of dark blue corduroy trousers, warranted to fit, of Burbank, Chase & Co. Bon soir, my loving sister. Love to family. How my back aches.

BROTHER WARREN.

CAMP 30TH REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,
NEAR NEWTOWN, VA., November 16, 1864.

MY DEAR AUNT ———:

You will be surprised to receive a letter from me, but I think you are one who would take an interest in reading a soldier's letter, especially from one who considers you his favorite aunt. For the past four months I have hardly found time to write home, the army having been on the move in an active campaign. We have been fighting the "Johnnies" for the possession of the Shenandoah Valley and, at last, the "Early" bird has got his "Phil.", for to-day we have ascertained that General Early has retired up the valley with his army. The late battles of Winchester, Fishers Hill and Cedar Creek will always be cherished by every soldier who participated in them with pride, and the name of Major General Philip Sheridan, who has so victoriously led us in those battles, will be handed down the annals of time as one of the greatest generals of our civil war. My comrade, Captain Barker, wrote a letter to his wife to-day, and said, "Name the baby boy Albert Sheridan."

It is a wonder to me that I am alive, when I think of what I have passed through during this campaign. The God of battles has, thus far, been on my side, and I have every reason to be grateful for the protection received from His hands. Many of my friends have been killed. Our regiment has lost three officers killed, four wounded. We mourn their loss. Yet what more noble or honorable death is there than that of a soldier who falls in the defence of his country? Our regiment lost forty per cent. of the number engaged in the battle of Cedar Creek, and our regimental colors were the first to be planted on the re-captured works.

I have been in service three years and a half, but they seem short. The family desire that I should come home, but I wish to see this war through. Perhaps I ought to be satisfied and resign, and, by so doing, free my parents and sisters from further anxiety on my behalf; but somebody must go into the war if we would crush this vile rebellion, and I say to myself, who can be better spared than I?

How come on the little cousins? Tell Rufus, Warren sends love. I shall look for an answer in a few days. My regards to Uncle S——. The drums are beating which summon me to "dress parade." Good bye. Your nephew,

H. WARREN HOWE.

CAMP 30TH REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,
NEAR NEWTOWN, VA., November 18, 1864.

DEAR ————:

Yours of November 11 came to hand after I had retired. I had tucked myself away for the night and thought I wouldn't get up, but wait until morning. We rise early, and until daylight there is not much to do, so I concluded to wait and pass the time over my camp fire reading it, which I did with much pleasure.

Everything is quiet about camp and we are preparing for winter quarters. I have just been reading the Philadelphia Inquirer of November 1, and everything appears favorable to our cause. Our armies are in splendid condition, and with competent generals to lead them. Father Abraham is reinstated, and, under the existing circumstances, none of us doubt but that ere long the traitorous South will succumb. Lieutenant Page returned to-day. I was disappointed that he did not have time to call on you, so you may send my trousers and blouse coat by mail or express, that they may reach me as soon as possible. Express matter comes by Martinsburg, and we send down by the supply trains. I wish all my company muster rolls sent by mail, for non-veterans go out of service on December 6, and it will be necessary for me to have them at once. Put on the right upper corner "Official Business," and get either of the Johnstons to write his name under that, then they will come free.

I haven't been mustered on my new commission yet. I can go out of service January 27, if I like, as I have been three years in the service. What do you think of that? Do you actually wish me to come home for good? or, as I have been in the army so long, would it be better for me to remain in it? Some one must be in the army. Do you think I could obtain a place at my old business in the Spring? I do not, or have not thought of the matter till lately, for I cannot tell what may happen before the expiration of my term. It never does for one to try and look into the future, in the army. Page brought me a new cap—tip-top! He says the Boston families feel very sadly over the death of their sons. I wish Fran. could call on Mrs. Haley and the family. Jewell is all right; he sets the table three times a day, regularly. It has rained all day and I have been busy making out company books; I take some pains with my writing then. I should like a turkey for Thanksgiving, but shall be obliged to be contented with army rations. I am,

SON WARREN.

Love to all.

CAMP 30TH REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,
NEAR NEWTOWN, VA., November 30, 1864.

DEAR ————:

Yours of November 19 and 22 just came to hand. Thanksgiving passed very quietly. It was the first pleasant day we had had for a long time. Our brigade met, our Chaplain read the President's proc-

lamation, national airs were played by the band, and prayers were offered. A cargo of turkeys arrived for our army, but the allowance was scanty and the officers did not receive any. The next day a load came for our regiment, of turkey, onions, pickles, apples and soft bread, which was sent by Mr. Ross of Boston, who had been instrumental in raising our recruits; an agent came on with it. So the men had a bountiful supply, but the officers can't have anything that is sent, for "look at their great salaries and comfortable situations." I was content to eat my steak and make the best dinner possible from our commissary stores. It vexed me to hear people talk, as they did while I was at home on my veteran's leave of absence, about the officers' salaries and their easy times.

I am glad Fran. called on the mourning families in Boston. The regiment is building log houses and finishing their fortifications for the winter. I suppose you received my letter of November 21 in which I asked for the muster rolls of Company G. No Paymaster yet. Jewell has just come in with my white gloves which he has washed nicely. I am well and "hunkey." Have Mr. W. and Miss P. the "rocks" to live well in New York?

SON AND BROTHER WARREN.

CAMP 30TH REGIMENT MASSACHUSETTS VETERAN VOLUNTEERS,
NEAR NEWTOWN, VA., December 6, 1864.

MY DEAR GRANDSIRE:—

Would you not like to read a few lines coming from your grandson, who has served in defence of a patriot's call for three and one-half years; from the same boy who used to spend his summer vacation by rustivating on the old homestead, and at the same time assist you in gathering the harvests of the season? It, indeed, has been a long time since those things happened, and now I am obliged to entitle myself a man; yet I wish it was not so. But time waits for no one, consequently we are obliged to conform ourselves to it and are swept along the course of life by its telling hand.

Here I am in the "Valley of the Shenandoah," a once beautiful country, teeming with fields of grain and all other productions necessary for the support of man and beast. Now all is laid waste from the effects of a devastating war. I have often noticed incidents where the plough has been left in the furrow with its up-turned sod, thereby indicating that the sturdy yeoman had sacrificed his all and had shouldered his musket in defence of his country's cause; and is it not true that there is no one thing in the world which will arouse a patriot's feelings so quickly as an infringement or the casting of deeds of dishonor on one's native soil, surrounded as we are with "sweet lands of liberty?"

Thus has it been: a confederation of traitors, of a magnitude hitherto unknown in the history of time, are endeavoring to overthrow and rend asunder that compact of established rights founded by

our forefathers, and for which they so bravely fought, bled and died that we might enjoy. It has been said by some that we would better succumb, too, and acknowledge their traitorous claims, thereby considering ourselves incapable of putting down the rebellion, even after a continuance of nearly four years on our part, which has resulted in growing successes and a narrowing of their limits and means in accomplishing their avowed intentions. History would not hold such a surrender blameless, and the orphans of this earth must forever curse the man who would see its blood and treasure spent for naught.

We, here in the valley, have had some very hard fights during the present campaign, resulting in glorious victories. Our commanding general is one in whom the greatest confidence is entrusted, and at the same time he knows that his men will stand by him, ready and willing to obey all orders. Such a soldier bears the title of Major-General Phil. Sheridan.

The 19th Army Corps, to which I belong, embarked from New Orleans, La., last July, since which time we have been in an active campaign in this valley. The enemy have at last retired up the country for Winter quarters and we are now preparing for the same; quarters to be built of logs, resembling a backwoodsman's shanty. The 6th Army Corps, which has been with us, has gone to Petersburg. It is my opinion that the war will be of short duration. General Sherman, in Georgia, is cutting the Confederacy in two, and we know that the enemy cannot bring into the field more men, and, if the same war policy is continued during the next four years by the present administration, the old flag will wave once more over an undivided nation.

I have been very lucky in engagements during my soldier life, having been hit but once, and then slightly, but I have lost many dear friends in battle. Our regiment has suffered severely. In the last engagement we lost forty per cent. of the number engaged. I may come home this Winter; should enjoy to visit you, also Uncle Rufus, Alice and others. It gives me much pleasure to know that I still have a grandsire to whom I can write and who has been blessed with a long life, and whose Christian principles have been instilled into a daughter, thereby entailing the same to her son.

I suppose deep snows now surround you and comforts are to be found indoors only through the Winter season.

Hoping you are still enjoying as good health as could be expected for one of your age, I am

Very respectfully,

Your obedient servant and grandson,

H. WARREN HOWE.

Lieutenant 30th Massachusetts Regiment.

To Grandsire Fowler, Webster, N. H.

OPEQUAN CROSSING, VA., January 2, 1865.

DEAR _____:

I have just finished my pay rolls and am not in haste as to other papers, so will write to you. I received Fran.'s of December 30, which was the last from home. It came to hand late in the evening, after we had received orders to hold ourselves in readiness to change camp to Stephenson Depot, five miles this side of Winchester, at which point the 19th Army Corps are now going into winter quarters. It is a much more desirable location, as it is near the railroad, wood and water. As soon as we arrived our regiment was ordered down the railroad to relieve a regiment which belonged to the 8th Corps, three miles from the Depot, where we were alone. We occupy their old camp, and during the next day we made ourselves comfortable in their log houses. I pitied the other regiments, for it snowed all day after we arrived, and the others had nothing but shelter tents. We are to guard the road from guerillas, and troops are stationed along to the terminus for the same reason. It is lonely, but the duties are not hard, and our boys can rest the balance of this Winter. Most of the officers board at a citizen's home which is near; I with them. It seems good to sit at a table and use a knife and fork again. There are three young ladies here who add to the attraction and make it doubly pleasant. Lieutenant Page and I called on them this evening and had quite a chat. One of them is a strong secesh, so much so that persuasive arguments were of no avail.

I received my box all right. My trousers fit tip-top. I feel sadly at hearing of Aunt M——'s death; she was an excellent woman. Cousin S—— has no one to give him counsel now. I suppose Maria H. cannot live long. Many of our young acquaintances are dropping away. We have every reason to be thankful that God, in His infinite mercy and love, has spared us to each other.

Colonel N. A. M. Dudley is commanding our regiment, but goes to his own this month. He is now Major in the regular service. Our mail will soon be dropped at this point from the train. Ask Fran. if she remembers when the cake was thrown against the tin pipe at the festival. I sent to Jeweller Sanborn to make me a corps badge pin. Will you call and see if he received the money and tell him I am waiting for it? It ought to be done by this time. It is bed time, so "bon soir."

BROTHER WARREN.

CAMP PECK, OPEQUAN CROSSING, VA.,
January 11, 1865.

DEAR _____:

Yours of January 8 came to hand this evening. I supposed you were done working at Lawrence. I am happy to know your jobs have been profitable (in Russell's paper mills). I received a Boston Herald a day or two since, postmarked Lawrence, and read the article concerning

Major General Butler. I was sorry to read in to-day's Baltimore American of his removal and the order for a report to the Secretary of War from Lowell.

Rumor has it that yesterday two hundred carloads of troops, belonging to Thomas's army, passed through Harper's Ferry. I think they have gone to Baltimore to join Sherman. I received my badge pin, collars and vest. I hardly thought you would invest in government bonds for me, as I had not mentioned it since answering your first, but I think it is as well there as anywhere. Would you like to have me bring Jewell (my colored servant) home? Mother wrote, some time since, yes. I can go out of service any time after January 27. Can't say what date I shall decide upon. Lieutenants Page and Poreé have gone home and may call on you. Captain Clark will probably be made Major, and is now Senior Captain. Lizzie writes that David Whitney has gone West. I consider myself capable of filling any position in his line, I don't care what it may be. I can also bring recommendations from every officer in my regiment concerning my military career. If I remained in service I could be Quartermaster or Captain right away, but I have made up my mind to retire from the army, the war being virtually over, and follow a business avocation the remainder of my life. I'll find a good position if I have to go as far as California. Captain Clark has come in and sends regards. Good night. From

SON WARREN.

CAMP PECK, OPEQUAN CROSSING, VA.,
January 17, 1865.

DEAR —————:

As Captain Shipley is going home, I thought I would drop you a line. He has been mustered out, as his term of service has expired. I presume you received my letter, which was directed to father. Please forward my sword cover and my gold shirt-bosom pin by mail. We expect Tom Johnston every day. If I remain in service I can be promoted as Captain right away, but I have decided to go home, and, like Micawber, "wait for something to turn up." If nothing presents itself, I shall join the army again and remain "soger" until "this cruel war is over." I may go to Washington on my way home to obtain a letter of indebtedness from the Auditor, pertaining to the settlement of my accounts, instead of settling by mail, for then I can, at once, obtain my final pay. We are very pleasantly situated here in camp. I buy a Baltimore American every day from the cars, which keeps me posted in all news. Last night I read of the death of Hon. Edward Everett. A loss to the country, which cannot be filled, when we especially need the counsel of such talented men at this present time.

I am son and brother,

H. WARREN.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

Condensed History of 30th Massachusetts Veteran Volunteer Regiment for 1865.

February 16, 1865. Colonel Dudley's commission expired and he was mustered out of the volunteer service and reported to the regular army. At this time the regiment was consolidated as a battalion. In March orders were received to prepare for an active campaign, but on the 13th of this month the regiment was again detached from the brigade, and ordered to Opequon Crossing at our old quarters, Camp Peck. March 21, we were ordered to Washington, and took part in the grand review of the army on the 24th of May.

June 1, 1865. Ordered to Savannah, Ga. June 13, ordered to Georgetown, S. C. On the 27th, the left wing, under command of Major S. D. S. Shipley, was ordered to Florence, and on July 9, to Sumter, S. C.

On the 16th, the right wing under command of Captain George Barker, with the balance of our brigade, Lieutenant-Colonel F. H. Whittier commanding, proceeded to Florence, and from here the companies were ordered to adjoining towns to preserve order, settle disputes, etc.

At the ceremony for delivering the colors of returned Massachusetts volunteers to the State authorities Boston, December 22, 1865, thirty men of the 30th Massachusetts Regiment paraded, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Whittemore, and carried two National and one State flag. The regiment was then at the front. Colonel Whittemore had been previously discharged from service, and the thirty men were on furlough, some having been previously discharged.

*Condensed History of the 39th Massachusetts Veteran Volunteer
Regiment for 1866.*

About the last of December, 1865, Major Shipley was assigned to the command of the 4th Sub. District of Eastern South Carolina, with four companies of the 30th for a garrison. The headquarters of the regiment remained at Sumter until April, when districts were abolished and military posts were established. At that time Colonel Whittier was assigned to the command of the post at Unionville, with four companies for a garrison, headquarters at Spartansburg, S. C. Major Shipley was assigned to the command of the post at Chester with four companies, and the two remaining companies were ordered to the post at Darlington, S. C. The officers and men were busy making contracts between planters and freedmen, until the 12th of June, when they were ordered to Charleston, S. C., preparatory to being mustered out of service. The regiment camped at Mt. Pleasant, where, on July 5, 1866, it was mustered out, embarked on a steamer and proceeded to New York, arriving on July 7, landed and went into Battery Barracks, remaining until the 13th, when final payment was made to the officers and men, discharge papers received, equipments turned over and regiment disbanded, numbering twenty-six officers, three hundred and twenty men. This prevented the regiment from coming to Boston as a regimental organization.

Flags of the 30th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry.

The history of the flags which were borne by our regiment during the years of the Rebellion has been a cherished theme with me, and I have made strenuous exertions to collect the facts in regard to them from my diary, from letters written at the time and from letters written by comrades since the war. The following pages tell of our flags from the moment they were received by our Color-Guard until they were placed in their last resting places. I consider them in the order in which they were received. The first that was entrusted to our care was a fine National flag, with which we are familiar under the name of the flag of the Eastern Bay State Regiment.

It was presented by Major General Benjamin F. Butler to the Eastern Bay State Regiment January 2, 1862, on Boston Common. It was a cold and disagreeable day, but, notwithstanding this, a large assembly was present to witness the presentation.

General Butler and Staff rode to the front of the Eastern Bay State Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel Jonas H. French commanding. The officers of the regiment were ordered to the front and centre, when the General presented a National flag to the regiment in the following words:—

“Colonel French and Officers of the Eastern Bay State Regiment:

“As the organ of the government of the United States, I present you this banner, the emblem of our country’s nationality. Receive it as such. I am sure I can confide it to no better hands. Preserve it as a title to the rich inheritance of our fathers, as the type of the country’s honor. Defend it as the symbol of the unity of the republic, and, if need be, die for it as a representative of the glorious past of the country’s history.”

Colonel French, having received the flag, replied substantially as follows:

“General, In the name and behalf of the Eastern Bay State Regiment, which at the present moment I have the honor to command, I receive this symbol of our country’s honor. Be assured, Sir, it shall be defended. A thousand stalwart arms are here to protect it, and, if need be, a thousand hearts to bleed in its defence. I need not assure you, General, that the Eastern Bay State Regiment are ready to carry it with confidence wherever you may lead. We will guard it and cherish it, and if, in time, it is permitted to us to return, we will bear this flag, then as now, without a stain of dishonor.”

Lieutenant-Colonel French then placed the flag in charge of Sergeant Henry C. Brooks, of Company C, who had been appointed Color-Sergeant of the regiment. The flag was carried by Sergeant

Brooks as the regiment marched through the streets of Boston to Long Wharf, where the command embarked on the Steamer Constitution. This flag was in the charge of Sergeant Brooks during the voyage, also at Fortress Monroe, and was carried thence to Ship Island, Miss. It was also carried by him at the occupation of the city of New Orleans by the American forces under General Butler, and thence to Baton Rouge, La.

When the regiment left Baton Rouge for the investment of Vicksburg, which occurred from June 25 to July 24, 1862, Sergeant Brooks was detained at Baton Rouge by illness, and the flag was carried on that expedition by Sergeant Francis Shattuck. He brought it back to Baton Rouge and carried it in that city July 26, 1862. On the recovery of Sergeant Brooks, the flag was again placed in his charge and he carried it into the battle of Baton Rouge, August 5, 1862. Thence he carried it to Carrollton, La., and to Camp Williams, at Materie Ridge. It was at Carrollton, La., October 31, 1862, that the 30th Regiment received their first set of colors from the State of Massachusetts. The Eastern Bay State Regiment flag was carried by Sergeant Brooks when the regiment marched from Camp Williams back to Carrollton, and thence to the United States Barracks, four miles below New Orleans, where Sergeant Brooks was taken ill and sent to the hospital.

Sergeant Francis Shattuck, of Company D, succeeded Sergeant Brooks as Color-Sergeant—and carried the Eastern Bay State Regiment flag from the barracks back to Baton Rouge. He also carried it at the battle of Plain's Store, La., May 21, 1863, and at the siege of Port Hudson, La., from May 27 to June 14, 1863. Sergeant Shattuck was wounded and carried from the field on the 14th of June. His place and duty were taken by Martin Smith, 2d, of Company G, senior Corporal of the Color-Guard, who carried the flag from June 14, 1863, through the fortifications at Port Hudson, after the surrender, July 8; thence to Donaldsonville, La.; also at the battle of Cox's Plantation, July 13, 1863, where, it was reported, he saved the colors from capture. Corporal Smith carried the flag from that time until March 19, 1864, when the regiment arrived in Boston on their veteran furlough.

It was when in camp at Cox's Plantation, July 28, 1863, that the regiment received the second set of colors from the State of Massachusetts.

The Eastern Bay State Regiment flag was in the following named battles:

Investment of Vicksburg, June 25 to July 24, 1862.

Baton Rouge, August 5, 1862.

Plain's Store, May 21, 1863.

Port Hudson, May 27 to July 8, 1863. (Two assaults, May 27, June 14.)

Cox's Plantation, July 13, 1863.

This flag was constantly in the care of the regiment. Though it was carried covered much of the time, yet it was displayed on important occasions, as the inauguration of Governor Hahn in New Orleans, March 4, 1864; the grand review at Washington, D. C., May 24, 1865; and also at Savannah, Georgia, and Georgetown, South Carolina.

When the regiment was paid off in New York City, the Eastern Bay State Regiment flag and the (Fourth) National flag (ladies' flag) were boxed up by order of the Commander of the regiment and sent by express to the State House in Boston.

The Eastern Bay State Regiment flag was loaned by General Butler to the surviving members of the 30th Regiment for displaying at their annual reunions. It was also borne in the funeral procession, January 16, 1893, when the remains of General Butler were conveyed to the grave. After the General's decease, the flag was returned to the Regimental Association by Mrs. Blanche Butler Ames, daughter of General Butler, and by Mr. Paul Butler, his son. By a vote of the Association, the flag was placed in the custody of the City of Lowell, Mass., and is now preserved in a glass case in Memorial Hall.

SECOND NATIONAL FLAG.

The first set of colors received by the 30th Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry from the State of Massachusetts, arrived at Carrollton, La., October 31, 1862. On the National flag when received we had inscribed the name "Baton Rouge," also the same was placed on the Eastern Bay State Regiment flag. The battle of Baton Rouge took place two months and twenty-six days before the flag was received. Soon after its arrival it was returned to the State, unused, without further inscriptions of battles, and was placed in the care of the State.

THIRD NATIONAL FLAG.

On the 28th of July, 1863, while the 30th Regiment was encamped at Donaldsonville, La., the second set of colors was received from Governor Andrew, with "Baton Rouge" inscribed on the National flag. This flag succeeded the Eastern Bay State Regiment flag, presented by General Butler, and was carried by Sergeant Francis Shattuck from Donaldsonville to Baton Rouge, thence to Sabine Pass, Texas, returned to Algiers, La., thence to Brashear City, through the Teche country to and beyond New Iberia, La. It was borne thence to New Orleans, and was carried during the ceremonies attending the

re-admission of the State of Louisiana into the Union at the inauguration of Governor Hahn, March 4, 1864. The Eastern Bay State Regiment flag, though not always displayed, was carried by the regiment in all the above-named movements.

The third National flag was next taken on board the Steamer Mississippi, en route to Boston, Mass., being carried by those members of the 30th Regiment who had received a veteran's furlough.

Upon the reassembling of the regiment, at the expiration of the furloughs, Sergeant Francis Shattuck, of Company D, carried the flag back to Camp Chalmette, the old battle ground of General Jackson, in the war of 1812-15, near New Orleans, La.

This flag was not in any battle, but the names of all the battles in which the regiment had been engaged, as well as the names of subsequent battles, were inscribed upon it. The flag became worn and tattered — the Union being nearly all gone.

This flag is inscribed as follows:—

BATON ROUGE,
30TH REGIMENT,
MASSACHUSETTS.

Opequan.
Plain's Store.
Fisher's Hill.
Port Hudson.
Cedar Creek.
Cox's Plantation.

Sergeant Alonzo Joy and Sergeant Ira B. Dennett, of Company G, distinctly remember the colors which arrived at Donaldsonville. They remember, also, that the red had run into the white on the National flag and were informed that the flag would be returned to Governor Andrew with the statement that "the 30th Massachusetts never carried colors that run."

FOURTH NATIONAL FLAG.

May 28, 1864, a National flag was presented to the regiment by their friends, through the assistance of Governor John A. Andrew. The flag was received by the regiment at Camp Chalmette, near New Orleans. It was a gift from lady friends who lived in Boston and vicinity. The ladies constituting the committee who raised funds to procure the flag, were the Misses Poreés, Miss Sarah M. Haley, sister of Lieutenant John P. Haley, Miss Emma Hood, and Mrs. S. D. Shipley. It was forwarded with a letter from Governor Andrew, and was presented to the regiment by General N. A. M. Dudley.

On the pole, which was crowned by an eagle in crest, was the following inscription on a silver plate:—

"Where liberty smiles on a peaceful people's rise,
They use their swords but to protect their blessed prize."

Presented by
Governor Andrew
In behalf of some of their friends
to the
30th Massachusetts Volunteers,
As a token of their devotion to
And bravery in defence of the
Freedom of the People
of the
United States.
Boston,
May 3, 1864.

Upon the Union of this flag there was a gilt eagle surrounded by thirty-four stars, and the flag bears the following:—

30TH MASSACHUSETTS VETERANS.

<i>Baton Rouge.</i>	<i>Opequan.</i>	<i>Plain's Store.</i>
	<i>Fisher's Hill.</i>	
<i>Port Hudson.</i>		<i>Kox's Plantation.</i>
	<i>Cedar Creek.</i>	

This flag above described was on exhibition the 4th and 5th days of May, 1864, at Childs & Jenks', No. 127 Tremont Street, Boston.

It was carried by Sergeant Francis Shattuck to Morganzia, La., thence back to New Orleans, and thence to Washington, D. C., where the regiment arrived July 13, 1864. When on the march, near Bolivar Heights, about July 29, 1864, Sergeant Shattuck fell out and his place was taken by Sergeant Calvin Perkins. The last-named Sergeant carried the flag through Monocacy to Harper's Ferry, and through the Shenandoah Valley. This flag was displayed in the engagements at Opequan Crossing, near Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864; at Fisher's Hill, Va., September 22, 1864; at Cedar Creek, Va., October 19, 1864, and was displayed up to July 23, 1866, when it arrived in Boston.

The staff of the veteran flag was broken off while the regiment was under fire at the battle of Opequan Crossing, Va., September 19, 1864. As Sergeant Perkins was getting over a rail fence, a shell from the enemy exploded over his head. The shock caused him to fall forward, breaking the staff of the veterans' flag.

This was the first flag to reach the intrenchments abandoned in the early morning of that memorable victory—the day General Sheridan made his famous ride from Winchester “twenty miles away.” It was carried with the Eastern Bay State Regiment flag at the grand review in the city of Washington, D. C., May 24, 1865, and afterward it was carried in Georgia and South Carolina.

The following are the names of the Sergeants and Corporals of the color-guard of the 30th Regiment of Massachusetts—so far as can now be recalled:—

Sergeant Henry C. Brooks, Co. C.

“ Francis Shattuck, Co. D, wounded at Port Hudson.

“ Calvin Perkins, Co. A.

Corporal Martin Smith, 2d, Co. G.

“ Patrick Tobin, Co. D.

“ William Roberts, Co. C.

“ Wm. H. Rogers, Co. K, lost an arm at Port Hudson.

“ Ruel W. Greenleaf, Co. C, killed at Cox’s Plantation.

“ Horace F. Davis, Co. E.

“ Francis Houghton, Co. I.

“ John Delaney, Co. F.

“ Owen Gallagher, Co. F.

“ James F. Carroll, Co. H.

“ Jeremiah Hendley, Co. H.

“ James Sands, Co. H.

“ Ira B. Dennett, Co. G.

“ Eugene M. Deering, Co. C.

“ J. F. Dow, Co. I.

“ Jacob Ourish, Co. I.

“ Nathaniel R. Cole, Co. I.

“ Walker Clapp, Co. I.

“ Michael Donahue, Co. A.

“ James Coulter, Co. I.

The total number of flags delivered to the 30th Massachusetts Regiment during the Rebellion was six, viz.:

The flag of the Eastern Bay State Regiment. (See diary.) 1

October 31, 1862. Received at Carrollton, La. “ 2

July 28, 1863. Received at Donaldsonville, La. “ 2

May 28, 1864. The Veterans’ flag, Camp Chalmette, La. “ 1

National flags, 4; State flags, 2. 6

There were in charge of the State at the State House:—

In 1863, one National flag and one State color.

In 1864, one National flag and one State color.

In 1865, two National flags and one State color.

In 1866, three National flags and one State color.

In 1866, one National flag at Lowell. Six.

The colors received in 1862 were returned in 1863.

The colors received in 1863 (the National) were returned in 1865.

The National flag received in 1864 (called the ladies' flag) was returned in 1866, making four flags at the State House, which, with one State flag missing and the Eastern Bay State Regiment flag, constitute the first six mentioned.

There occurred in Boston, at the end of the Rebellion, a public ceremony called "The Return of the Flags." It took place on December 22, 1865, the two hundred and forty-fifth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth.

On the day appointed all the flags of the regiments were formally handed over by Colonel Clarke, United States Mustering Officer, in whose custody they had been deposited. The procession—composed of cavalry, artillery and infantry divisions, every Massachusetts regiment being represented and bearing the returned flags—marched to the State House, where the ceremony of returning the flags was observed. In the infantry division, the 30th Massachusetts Regiment was represented by thirty men who carried three colors—two National and one State. The detachment was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel H. O. Whittemore. At this time, December 22, 1865, the regiment was still in the field.

June 1, 1865. The 30th Regiment was ordered from Washington, D. C., to Savannah, Georgia; was stationed at Georgetown, S. C., and afterward at Sumter and places in that vicinity, remaining more than a year on provost duty. The regiment was mustered out of service at Mount Pleasant, Charleston, S. C., July 5, 1866, the last volunteer organization recruited in Massachusetts and the last volunteer regiment in the United States service during the Rebellion to be mustered out. The regiment was paid off in New York city and there disbanded, the members proceeding to their homes by various routes.

July 23, 1866, a call was issued for the late members of the 30th Regiment to meet in Boston, where a formal welcome was to be extended and the National Eastern Bay State Regiment flag to be turned over to Major-General Benjamin F. Butler and the other flags to the Governor of the Commonwealth.

On the day appointed, the members of the regiment gathered in response to the call. The weather was unfavorable, but the cordial, good feeling which Bostonians have always manifested toward the "boys in blue" was everywhere exhibited. It rained hard in the morning, cleared off at midday, but in the afternoon it poured in torrents. The reception was to take place from 1 to 3 o'clock P. M., but the weather occasioned a delay of two hours.

At 2.30 o'clock P. M., the 7th Regiment, Colonel D. G. Handy commanding, left their armory in Pine Street, preceded by a squad of police and Gilmore's Band. The regiment marched directly to the corner of Washington and Boylston Streets, where they received

the officers and men of the 30th Regiment to the number of about one hundred, the 30th having possession of the fourth National (the ladies' flag) and the State flag which were sent to them from the State House. The line of march was then resumed in the direction of the State House, where Major-General Butler, General Schouler and Majors Carney and Davis were received, after which the column proceeded to Faneuil Hall, where the formal exercises took place.

The procession arrived at Faneuil Hall at 3.30 o'clock P. M., and, entering, surrounded the tables loaded with refreshments, which the City Government had provided. Upon the platform were Major-General Butler, His Honor Mayor Lincoln, Adjutant-General Schouler, General Tyler, General McNeil of Missouri, Colonels Whittier, French, and others. The galleries were crowded with spectators, who greeted the returned veterans with generous cheers.

When quiet and order had been secured, prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Whittemore, of South Boston, after which the members of the regiments and other guests were invited by Mayor Lincoln to partake of the city's hospitality. After a short time spent in this manner quiet was again restored, and the soldiers of the 30th Regiment were formally welcomed by His Honor Mayor Lincoln. He was greeted with enthusiastic applause and spoke substantially as follows:

"Mr. Commander, Officers and Men of the Massachusetts 30th: In behalf of the City Government and people of Boston I extend to you a most cordial welcome home. It was my fortune in the month of March, 1864, to welcome the regiment to Faneuil Hall. It had gone forth early into the war, under one of our Massachusetts Generals. Its first period of service had expired; many of its men had re-enlisted; they had determined to see the struggle through to the end, and after a short furlough they were again to go forth as veterans, under the old flag, to meet the enemies of their country. The history of your second term of service is as honorable as your first. You did your full share to bring the Rebellion to its final and glorious end, and such were the merits of the regiment and its additional recommendation, that the Government kept up its organization long after its companions in arms had returned home and their members had resumed the avocations of civil life. It is fitting that this body of men, the last regiment of Massachusetts troops in the service of the country, should have a formal reception. If we could extend to them a welcome during the heat of the contest, when they had come home for a brief respite from duty, how much more appropriate when their tasks are completed, the Union re-established, and their country saved in part by their valor. Boston, the capital of the Commonwealth, therefore welcomes you. It thanks you for your services in behalf of the common cause. It would bear in remembrance your many honorable deeds, and congratulate you, one and all, on your safe return. You have done your part well and nobly from the commencement of

the war to the final blow which overthrew the Rebellion. In that fact you will have a proud satisfaction as in the future you look back upon what you have achieved. This occasion does not entirely belong to me. There are others who will in more fitting terms extend to you a greeting. I will introduce to you other gentlemen who will express to you what they feel on the subject."

Three hearty cheers and a "tiger" for Mayor Lincoln testified to the soldiers' appreciation of the "welcome home," after which the colors of the 30th were formally returned to the State, represented by General Schouler, in the following brief address by Colonel Whittier:

"Allow me, sir, in behalf of the members of the 30th regiment, to return our thanks for this, your second kindness to us as a Regiment, and for the substantial repast you have given us. None of the volunteers of our army ever passed through Boston hungry. Boston has always been kind to the soldiers of the Union, whether from Massachusetts or elsewhere, and the kindness of the citizens of Boston will always form a green spot in our memories."

[Colonel Whittier here produced the National and State flags of the regiment, and presented them to General Schouler, amidst the most enthusiastic cheers, and resumed his remarks.]

"After nearly five years' service," he said, "I meet you to-day with this small detachment of what was once a full regiment from this State, and return to you these colors entrusted to our care by the Governor of this State. I assure you they have always been honorably borne by the 30th Regiment—always found in the front of the battle line, and never have been trailed in the dust. And now, in behalf of the soldiers of the regiment, permit me to return them to the keeping of the State."

Cheers followed the conclusion of these remarks, after which General Schouler accepted the colors in behalf of the State and spoke substantially as follows:—

"Soldiers of the Massachusetts 30th: In the absence of His Excellency the Governor, it becomes my pleasant duty to stand here to-day in his behalf and to receive these colors from your commander, to have them deposited with the other colors of the State in the great archives of the Commonwealth, where they will remain forever, as proud memorials of the services of the 30th Regiment, and grand mementos of the patriotism of the people of Massachusetts. These colors, although absent from our sight, and the old 30th Regiment from the Commonwealth, neither the colors nor the regiment were ever absent from our memory. We kept track of you always, from the Army of the Gulf to the Army of the Potomac. Everywhere we have held in memory the services and the deeds of the 30th Regiment of Massachusetts. Our State has sent forth sixty-two regiments of infantry, four regiments of cavalry, four regiments of heavy artillery, and sixteen light batteries, and they have all come home. The old

30th, which left the City of Boston on the second day of January, 1862, in the beginning of a new year, has now come as the last of all and is heartily welcome. And they are welcomed in our thoughts who are left behind, whose graves are in Louisiana or Carolina or Virginia, or wherever they may have fallen in their last sleep, they are welcomed to-day in our hearts and memories, and will be forever. Mr. Commander: I regret exceedingly that His Excellency the Governor could not be present, who with his eloquence would speak the just praises of the regiment; but there are other gentlemen to follow, one of them the originator of the regiment, who will not leave anything unsaid which should be uttered. I take these colors and will carry them to their place in the State House, where the young man and the old, the children and the children's children of him who fought beneath their folds can gaze upon them, and remember that with them his ancestors fought for a noble cause and in one of the bravest regiments of the war."

Cheers, and the spirited strains of "Yankee Doodle" by the band, followed General Schouler's speech, after which His Honor the Mayor came forward, accompanied by General Butler and Colonel Jonas H. French, holding in his hand the Eastern Bay State color, whose appearance was the signal for the greatest enthusiasm, breaking into hearty and prolonged cheers. After the applause had subsided, Colonel French formally presented the colors to General Butler in the following speech:—

"Fellow Soldiers: A pleasing duty has devolved upon me—and I accept the invitation of your committee with the more alacrity, because it gives me the opportunity of offering a word of welcome to my old companions in arms. (Cheers.) If the soldier ever has a moment for self-congratulation, if he ever has an opportunity to be proud of his profession, it is when returning from the conflict with the object of his labors and sacrifices accomplished, when victory has perched upon his banners, he finds himself at home, surrounded by his friends and receiving the plaudits of a grateful people. This, fellow soldiers, is your privilege to-day, and nobly, heroically have you earned it. (Cheers.) The City and the State vie with each other in showing evidences of appreciation. The people rise to do you honor, and the welcome of the last of the Massachusetts veterans is an earnest that you cannot and will not misunderstand. Organized, fellow soldiers, as your regiment was, in the midst of trial and difficulties such as only one other body of Massachusetts troops has ever experienced, you went forth into this war manifesting a devotion and self-sacrifice most unusual and extraordinary. Privates of the Eastern Bay State Regiment (cheers) left these shores doubting whether their wives and little ones would be the participants in that liberality and bounty which the State had vouchsafed other troops. And, I blush to say it, at that very time some persons attempted to sow the seeds of mutiny in your

ranks, but, fellow soldiers, you resisted and resented all such endeavors to injure your efficiency. You had devoted yourselves to your country; you were no mercenaries; you had determined to fight for your country, and you went forth into the battle resolved to rely for support and encouragement at home upon your record only. And what is that record? Your thin ranks, those battle-stained flags, attest the fact that you need no prouder history. But this occasion, fellow soldiers, with all its joyous gladness, brings its shadows. We must not forget those brave fellows—those private soldiers—who went forth so patriotic, so joyful, who found such early graves. Nobler sacrifices were never offered on our country's altars. We mourn their loss, yet we envy them their glorious death. For truly a soldier has no higher privilege than to find a soldier's resting place in a grave on the field of his honorable warfare. And now, General Butler (cheers), I approach one of the most satisfactory duties of my life. Here, sir, is the old flag of the Eastern Bay State Regiment. On the second day of January, 1862, you placed this flag in my hands, charging me and charging these soldiers that it must never be dishonored and that it must never be abandoned. Here, sir, it is, brought back by these soldiers. Here it is, sir, all tattered and torn; but it has never been dishonored (prolonged cheering). From under its folds many a proud spirit has taken its flight. Often it has cheered the heart and renewed the strength and vigor when the conflict seemed doubtful. But it has never trailed in the dust. It has always flaunted defiance to the foes of that Union it so gloriously symbolizes. This, sir, was the only flag the Eastern Bay State Regiment had; and, perhaps, because it was their only flag, these men have for it a deeper reverence. It is thus a most precious relic, and as such they commit it to your care, knowing full well how much you will prize it, and how carefully you will preserve it. Let it remind you in times to come of the regiment of soldiers who sprang with alacrity to your call for troops. They are proud to remember you as their honored leader, since they were organized under your immediate personal supervision. They have sheathed the last sword, furled the last banner, and now give to you the last flag. You can, sir, recall or desire no more pleasing recollections."

After the cheering which followed this speech had subsided, General Butler replied as follows:—

"Fellow Soldiers and Comrades of the Eastern Bay State Regiment: The sight of this banner awakens memories so vivid and so glorious, so varied and bewildering, as almost to make me doubt my own recollection. In the infancy of the death struggle of the nation, ere any considerable success had cheered the hearts of the people, save, perhaps, the capture of Fort Hatteras, when the first enthusiastic rush of men to arms had been checked by the stern, realizing sense of what war was, when the fierceness and deadly character of the contest in which we were engaged had for the

first time been seen and appreciated, and when many good and patriotic men stood aloof from the field lest the war should be waged for political purposes, by the authority of the President of the United States, from the dictates of the wisest patriotism, I was authorized to raise six regiments of troops in New England, and came from the field for that purpose. And to raise them, too, from those men who had acted with me in sustaining the rights of the South under the Constitution, who should then fight against the wrongs of the South in their attempts to overthrow the Constitution. Officers and men of your regiment gallantly came forward as an answer to that call, with no bounty held up as an inducement, with no incitement to political organization, with no fostering care of the Commonwealth; nay, with a doubt whether you would receive the aid which had been given you in spite of the opposition of the then Executive, as unkind as it was ill-advised and senseless. This regiment was recruited in less time and with fuller ranks than any other regiment since the battle of Bull Run. True specimens of American soldiers, United States volunteers, Massachusetts men, beautifully illustrating the duty of allegiance, first to the country, then to the State, and, if need be, for the country against the State. Good men and true, with no hope of reward, nor with any bounty but patriotism, you and your absent comrades offered your lives as an earnest to the service of your country that the teachings of Massachusetts in 1812 had been forgotten in the lessons of 1861—the country first, the State next, and together one and inseparable, forever and ever. (Cheers.)

“Colonel, I gave you this flag, which was soon to be unfurled over the burning sands of the islands of the Gulf, as the regiment made its triumphant march through to Vicksburg, and ascending the Mississippi higher up than any other armed forces did during the Rebellion, in the face of an armed opposition, occupied the capital city of Louisiana, and how well did you defend Baton Rouge is now history and fame. No better battle was ever made, no better men ever deserved victory. And here, here, alas! our military connection ended; and it grieves me to say that your subsequent glorious deeds must be recounted by other eye-witnesses than myself. But there is one incident that I shall never cease to remember, or which will cease to thrill my heart while it beats within me. Relieved from the command of the Department of the Gulf, because of a supposed hostility to the foreign policy of my Government, I was steaming down the Mississippi, past the plains of Chalmette, when some good regiment sent me three cheers over the water of kindly parting. Men of the 30th, comrades of the Eastern Bay State Regiment, you gave me then a grateful remembrance which did more to cheer me on my wintry way than anything else, save the consciousness that I had endeavored, as you had, to do my duty. Understand then, my comrades, how dear

to me is this token of renewed affection and love. It will be cherished by me and mine as the idolater cherishes the most honored of his household gods—an emblem of patriotic devotion to the country, and of that enduring union of officer and soldier, true United States volunteers, the first to enter the country's service and the last to leave it.

"And here, comrades, our military connections must cease, I trust forever. But we will never forget that we have been brothers in arms; and if any foreign or domestic foe so threaten the peace, the unity or the honor of the country, or if, still more unfortunately, it should be found that we have not done our work quite thorough enough, then together we will raise the old standard, shout the old battle cry, and fight again to secure equality of rights, equality of justice, and equality of laws. (Cheers.) And now, with grateful thanks, saddened only by the thought of parting, comrades, farewell! farewell!!"

Three cheers were given for General Butler with a ringing goodwill, after which His Honor the Mayor introduced General John McNeil of Missouri, who made a brief but spirited speech, which was received with applause.

The remarks of the last speaker closed the proceedings at the hall.

And thus closes the history of the flags borne during the Rebellion by the 30th Regiment of Massachusetts Veteran Volunteer Infantry.

Our National Banner.

"Uplift it to the heavens,
Unfurl it in the air,
And let its stars like beams of light
Shed lustre everywhere.

Let it float o'er every house-top,
Let it wave o'er land and sea;
'Tis the standard of our country,
The bright emblem of the free.

The old will look upon it
And dream of battles won;
To the young 'twill be the emblem
Of glory yet to come.

Let our children learn to prize it;
Be this our motto grand,
That next to God and virtue
We love our native land."

The 30th Regiment Massachusetts Veteran Volunteers.

This regiment was one of three recruited in the State of Massachusetts by General Butler, under authority of the Secretary of War, Simon Cameron, in an expedition intended to operate against New Orleans, La., and the Mississippi River, with its rendezvous at Ship Island, Miss. It was originally called the 2nd Eastern Bay State Regiment, and was recruited and organized under the immediate auspices of Lieutenant-Colonel Jonas H. French, with Charles J. Paine, Major; C. A. R. Dimon, First Lieutenant and Adjutant; James E. Estabrook, Quartermaster; Charles W. Moore, Surgeon; Alfred A. Holt, Assistant Surgeon; John P. Cleaveland, Chaplain, and J. M. G. Parker, First Lieutenant and Commissary.

The Non-Commissioned Staff were as follows:—

Seldon H. Loring, Sergeant Major.
 Joseph Davis, Hospital Steward.
 Alfred F. Fay, Commissary Sergeant.
 H. Warren Howe, Acting Quartermaster-Sergeant.
 Royal S. Ripley, Principal Musician.

The Line Officers were, viz.:—

COMPANY A.

Henry C. Wells, Captain.
 William G. Howe, First Lieutenant.
 George F. Whitcomb, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY B.

C. F. Blanchard, Captain.
 James Farson, First Lieutenant.
 Edward A. Fiske, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY C.

Samuel D. Shipley, Captain.
 William F. Lovering, First Lieutenant.
 Richard A. Elliott, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY D.

Marsh A. Ferris, Captain.
 Henry P. Fox, First Lieutenant.
 N. K. Reed, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY E.

Robert B. Brown, Captain.
 John Kinnear, First Lieutenant.
 William H. Gardner, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY F.

Timothy A. Crowley, Captain.
 Brent Johnston, First Lieutenant.
 Henry A. Fuller, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY G.

Daniel S. Yeaton, Captain.
 Francis H. Whittier, First Lieutenant.
 Frederick M. Norcross, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY H.

John A. Nelson, Captain.
 Henry Finnegas, First Lieutenant.
 William B. Emerson, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY I.

Eugene Kelty, Captain.
 George Barker, First Lieutenant.
 James W. Claiborne, Second Lieutenant.

COMPANY K.

Jeremiah R. Cook, Captain.
 William H. Seamans, First Lieutenant.
 Joseph P. Robinson, Second Lieutenant.

Officers after re-organization at Ship Island, Miss., March 22, 1862,
 30th Massachusetts Volunteers:

Colonel, N. A. M. Dudley.
 Lieutenant-Colonel, William W. Bullock.
 First Lieutenant and Adjutant, C. A. R. Dimon.
 Major, Horace O. Whittemore.
 First Lieutenant and Quartermaster, Joseph A. Tenney.
 Surgeon, Samuel K. Towle.
 Assistant Surgeon, Alfred A. Hoit.
 Assistant Surgeon, Francis C. Greene.

CAPTAINS.

Marsh A. Ferris.
 Samuel D. Shipley.
 Henry C. Wells.
 George Creasey.
 Edwin R. Clark.
 Daniel S. Yeaton.
 Robert B. Brown.
 Timothy A. Crowley.
 Jeremiah R. Cook.
 Eugene Kelty.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

George F. Whitcomb.
 Francis H. Whittier.
 Joseph B. Prince.
 Wm. Greene Howe.
 Gurdon S. Brown.
 Brent Johnston, Jr.
 Wm. H. Seamans.
 George Barker.
 Thomas B. Johnston.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

Nathaniel K. Reed.
 Richard A. Elliott.
 Fred. M. Norcross.
 William H. Gardner.
 Adams Emerson.
 Edward A. Fiske.
 William F. Clark.
 H. A. Fuller.
 Alfred F. Tremaine.
 Chauncy C. Dean.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

Sergeant Major, Seldon H. Loring.
 Quartermaster Sergeant, H. Warren Howe.
 Commissary Sergeant, Alfred F. Fay.
 Hospital Steward, Joseph Davis.
 Principal Musician, Royal S. Ripley.

When on a trip through the Shenandoah Valley, Va., twenty years after the war, I found the following names written on the inside basement wall of a grist mill at the foot of Fisher's Hill, where we camped August 5, 1864:

Captain Tremaine.
 Captain Shipley.
 Captain Creasey.
 Lieutenant Reed.
 Lieutenant Whitcomb.
 Captain Johnston.
 Lieutenant Fay.
 Lieutenant Johnston.
 Lieutenant Poreé.
 Lieutenant Howe.
 Lieutenant Burgess.

Underneath these names I also found the following: The "Early" bird has got his "Phil." (This was after General Early had been driven down the valley by General Sheridan and we were falling back nearer to our base of supplies.)

During the same trip I found the following head-stones bearing inscriptions of the 30th Massachusetts who were buried in the cemetery at Winchester, Va.:

Thos. Haffner, Co. I.
 John Cotter, Co. I.
 Dennis H. Cain, Drummer Boy.
 John Daley, Co. E.
 Wm. McCutchen, Co. C.
 C. Shanon, Co. F.
 E. Kenney, Co. E.
 Geo. Brown, Co. C.
 F. Wheeler, Co. K.
 G. P. Randall, Co. E.

When on a trip to California in 1885, by the way of New Orleans, at which place I visited the National Cemetery located near the United States Barracks, five miles below the city, I ascertained from the records that ninety-three of the soldiers of the 30th Massachusetts were buried there, of whom twelve were from my company, G, and the following is a list of their names:

J. Crowley.
 Owen Timmins.
 Geo. W. Ricker.
 John C. Foy.
 Hugh McCabe.
 Allen Robertson.
 Leonard Yeaw.
 Edward McDonald.
 John H. Malone.
 Joseph Rose.
 Corporal Daniel S. Heath.
 Corporal John McKinley.

Halt !

GRACE LE BARON UPHAM.

Comrades, bow with uncovered head,
 And deem it not weakness to shed
 Tears o'er his grave.
 Strew flowers with memory's hand,
 Float o'er him the flag of our land
 He died to save.

The red for the blood he shed,
 The white for his soul so pure,
 The blue for the sky o'erhead,
 Where his name shall aye endure.

He was only a stripling young,
 But ne'er had the poet sung
 Of one so brave.
 In the carnage of shot and shell,
 With the broken staff, he fell,
 And found a grave.

Oh! then, scatter ye roses, red,
 Red, red as the blood he shed,
 And lilies white.
 Weave in the forget-me-not's hue,
 A garland—red, white and blue—
 Our emblem bright.

The red for the blood he shed,
 The white for his soul so pure,
 The blue for the sky o'erhead,
 Where his name shall aye endure.

The Little Bronze Button.

"How dear to the heart of each grey-headed soldier
 Are thoughts of the days when we still wore the blue,
 When mem'ry recalls every trial and danger,
 And scenes of the past are brought back to his view,
 Though long since discarding our arms and equipments,
 There's one thing a veteran most surely will note:
 The first thing he sees on the form of a comrade,
 Is the little bronze button he wears on his coat.

The little brown button,
 The sacred bronze button,
 The Grand Army button,
 He wears on his coat.

"How much did it cost?" said a man to a soldier,
 "That little flat button you wear on your coat?"
 "Ten cents in good money," he answered the stranger,
 "And four years of marching and fighting to boot."
 The wealth of the world cannot purchase this emblem,
 Except that the buyer once wore the brave blue;
 And it shows to mankind the full marks of a hero,
 A man who to honor and country was true.

Then let us be proud of the little bronze button,
 And wear it with spirit both loyal and bold.
 Fraternally welcome each one who supports it,
 With love in our hearts for the comrades of old.
 Each day musters out whole battalions of wearers,
 And soon will be missed the token so dear,
 But millions to come will remember with honor
 The men who'd the right that bronze button to wear."

A flag was presented to the Richardson Light Infantry by the ladies of Belvidere, Miss Helen Eastman making the presentation speech. The flag was carried to Fortress Monroe, and when the company advanced on Norfolk, this flag was the first to be placed on land. The Richardson Light Infantry and the 20th New York Regiment were selected to charge on a line of earthworks, heavily mounted with all kinds of cannon and siege guns. It was quite a race between our color-bearer and the 20th to see who would plant them on the earthworks first. The Richardson Light Infantry won. The color-bearer was Charles H. Filisetti, who had done service in the Crimean War. The color-guards were Harvey B. Chase and Charles Tolman.

The Richardson Light Infantry after March 17, 1862, was reorganized and changed into the Massachusetts 7th Light Battery, and was presented with a flag from the State which is now in the State House.

LOWELL, Dec. 27, 1861.

LIEUTENANT H. W. HOWE:

Your friends in the vicinity of Mechanics' Mills' desirous of presenting you some token of regard as you are about to leave for a distant field in your country's service, present you the accompanying sword and belt as a memento of respect. We feel assured that the same diligence we have observed in your attention to business will be displayed in whatever field you may be called. Never was sword drawn in a more sacred cause. May it and you be preserved from reproach, and in after life, should you be spared to return, may the recollections of your part in the great contest be satisfying and pleasant.

Your truly,

A. L. BROOKS,
C. AND D. WHITNEY, JR.
C. H. LATHAM, for selves and others.

CAMP CHASE, LOWELL, Dec. 28, 1861.

A. L. BROOKS, C. H. LATHAM, C. AND D. WHITNEY, JR., A. L. WAITE,
AND OTHERS:

Gentlemen:—Your present and the note accompanying it were received this evening. I consider this presentation attributable to no merit of my own; but will say that if occasion presents itself, a merit will be placed to its credit. Coming from the circle of those with whom I have been connected in my past business, I appreciate the gift more highly, and I assure you it will never be sheathed, on my part, until every stone of this foundation which our forefathers established, is replaced in its former position. Thanking you for the presentation, and hoping to resume my duties among you at some future day, I am respectfully yours,

H. W. HOWE.

Genealogies.

While these genealogies do not make any pretensions as to being perfected trees of the different branches of the family, yet, for the benefit of the relatives, we feel quite positive that what we have is substantially correct, the Kilbourne and Fowler lines having been written by Charles Carleton Coffin in his history of Boscawen, N. H.

THE HOWE LINE.

James How, a son of Robert How, of Hatfield, Eng., was born in 1606. He, with Abraham How and their wives, was registered by the Rev. John Eliot as members of the First Church in Roxbury, Mass., about 1634. Before he came to New England, James How had married Elizabeth Dane, a daughter of John Dane, of Bishops Stortford and Barkhamsted, Eng., whose brother, John Dane, had preceded them and had settled in Roxbury, whither their father, John Dane, soon followed, and there he died in 1658. Through the influence of their former pastor, the Rev. John Norton, who was settled in Ipswich, Mass., they removed to that town. Mrs. Elizabeth How died January 21, 1685, James How died May 19, 1702; he was popularly supposed to have been 104 years of age, but later accounts represent his age to have been 96 years.

"May 19, 1702. Mr. James How, a good man of Ipswich, 104 years old, is buried." Sewall's Diary, Mass. His. Coll., 5th Series vi. 56.

Their son, James How, Junior, born 1634, married Elizabeth Jackson, a daughter of William Jackson, April 13, 1658. She was a woman of saintly character, who, through the spite of malicious neighbors engendered by a disputed boundary line, was accused as a witch at the time when that awful tragedy was at its height, and was, after a long and harsh imprisonment, tried, condemned and hanged on Gallows Hill, in Salem, Mass., July 19, 1692. He died February 15, 1701.

Their son, John How, was born April, 1671; he married Hannah

He died May 22, 1697.

Their son, James How, born March 29, 1694, bought a farm of one hundred acres in Haverhill, Mass., of which the deed was dated November 26, 1717. He married Hannah Varnum, of Andover, Mass.

Their son, Ebenezer How, was born in Methuen, Mass. (formerly a part of Haverhill), September 8, 1762. He enlisted as a private, when he was but 14 years old, in Captain Abbott's company, Colonel Gerrish's regiment, and served six weeks, September, 1776; April, 1778, he served under Captain John Bodwell, in Colonel



Henry Warren Howe.

Post 29, G. A. R., Waltham, Mass., 1899.

Jacob Gerrish's regiment, for three months; June, 1780, he enlisted to serve in the Lieutenant's company, but was soon detached from that and transferred to troops under command of Lafayette, the whole term of this enlistment was six months; May, 1781, he served six months under Captain James Mallon, in Colonel Jackson's regiment; again in 1781, he served another term of three months in Captain James Mallon's company, Colonel Enoch Putnam's regiment, as is shown by a pension paper which was taken by his widow, Mrs. Hannah How, when she was 76 years old, and was living in Holderness, N. H., which paper was dated June 22, 1840, when his residence was stated as in Methuen at the time of his service. Ebenezer How married, January 6, 1782, Hannah Mallon, a daughter of his old commander, Captain James Mallon, of Methuen. He afterward served in the war of 1812. He died April 23, 1829.

Their son, James How, was born in Methuen, February 19, 1786. He removed to New Hampton, N. H., where he married (1) Martha Drake, who was born December 3, 1785, died May 25, 1816, and was buried in the Drake burying ground, New Hampton. He married (2) Rebecca Wyatt, who was born June 22, 1787, died August 6, 1876. He died in New Hampton, January 6, 1864, and was buried in the Drake ground, as was Rebecca Wyatt How.

Their son, James Madison Howe, was born in New Hampton, N. H., November 22, 1811; thence he removed to Lowell, Mass., in 1829. He was taught the trade of a carpenter by his brother, Deacon Lorenzo G. Howe. He was one of the citizens of Lowell who procured the incorporation of that place as a city in 1836. Later, he returned to New Hampton, where he was commissioned by Governor Page, of New Hampshire, First Lieutenant in the Fourth New Hampshire Militia in 1839; was promoted to Captain in 1842. In 1846 he returned to Lowell, where he followed the trade of master builder. He was a member of the Common Council in 1857, 1859, 1882, 1883; was a member of the Old Residents' Association, and a member of the John Street Congregational Church for more than forty years. During the Civil War he raised and equipped the company named "The Butler Rifles," and was commissioned Lieutenant by Governor Andrew, but resigned to take charge of the Artisans' and Mechanics' Corps at Ship Island, under General Butler. He was twice engaged in the Christian Commission work, and was stationed at Alexandria, Washington, and other places on the Potomac. He married, August 9, 1835, Sarah Kilborn Fowler, daughter of Samuel Fowler, of Boscawen, N. H. On August 9, 1885, with his wife, their golden wedding was celebrated, for which occasion Rev. Elias Nason wrote a poem. He died in Lowell, March 20, 1887, and was buried in the Lowell Cemetery.

Their son, Henry Warren Howe, was born in New Hampton, N. H., January 12, 1841; he married, in Chelsea, Mass., May 14, 1868, Sarah Maria Haley, a daughter of William and Sarah (Payson) Haley, and a

sister of his dear friend and war comrade, Lieutenant John Payson Haley, who served in the same regiment with him and was instantly killed in the battle of Winchester, Va., September 19, 1864.

Daniel How, Lieutenant in the first company of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, under Robert Keayne, in 1638, is an ancestor of this branch of Hows. See vol. A. and H. A. Co. History, January, 1888, page 7.

THE KILBORNE LINE.

Thomas Kilborne was born in the Parish of Wood Ditton, Cambridgeshire, England, in 1578. With his five children, when he was 55 years of age, he set sail in the ship *Increase* for New England. He settled in Wethersfield, Conn., in 1639.

His son, George Kilborne and his wife, Elizabeth, were members of the "Apostle John Eliot's" First Church in Roxbury, Mass., as early as 1639. In 1640, they resided in Rowley, Essex County, Mass.

Their son, Samuel Kilborne, was born in Rowley September 16, 1656; he lived in Rowley and married Mary Foster.

Their son, Jedediah Kilborne, was born April 20, 1699, in Rowley; he married Susanna Fiske, who was born in Ipswich, Mass.

Their son, Eliphalet Kilborne (later spelled Kilborn), was born in Rowley in 1752; he married Mary Thorla, who was born in Rowley in 1762. They removed to Boscawen, N. H. On the Lexington alarm, April 19, 1775, Eliphalet Kilborn, like a multitude of the New England farmers, shouldered his gun and walked to the scene of strife. He enlisted for eight months in Captain Jacob Gerrish's company, which was quartered in Cambridge, Mass., in Colonel Moses Little's regiment, and was at the battle of Bunker Hill, in Charlestown, Mass. In 1776 he re-enlisted in the same regiment, and was stationed at Cambridge when the British evacuated Boston. Again, in 1776, he enlisted in the Northern Army for six months, in Captain William Rogers's company, Col. Wigglesworth's regiment, which marched to Ticonderoga in General Brickett's brigade. In 1777 he was Sergeant in Captain Benjamin Adams's company, Colonel Johnson's regiment. He served six months, and was stationed at Mount Independence, opposite Ticonderoga, taking part in the fights of August 19 and October 9; was present at Burgoyne's surrender, and was honorably discharged when his term of enlistment expired. In 1778 he enlisted as Sergeant for another six months' term in Captain Stephen Jenkins's company, Colonel Gerrish's regiment. He died in Boscawen, N. H., December 11, 1844, aged 92. Mary, his wife, died June 12, 1842, aged 80.

Their children were :—

1. Eunice, born April 11, 1781.
2. George, born 1784.
3. Enoch, } born 1786.
4. Hannah, } born 1786, mother of Charles Carleton Coffin.

5. Mary, born 1787.
6. Susan, born 1789.
7. Betsey, born 1792.
8. Clarissa, born 1800; died May 28, 1889.
9. Sally.
10. Phebe, born September 26, 1801; died February 6, 1890.
11. Eliphalet, born 1804; married Mehitabel Foster, a sister of Stephen Foster, the abolitionist.
12. Moody.

Their daughter, Eunice Kilborn, born April 11, 1781, married Samuel Fowler, who was born in Newbury, Mass., October 24, 1780, moved to Boscawen, N. H., when he was 12 years of age.

They had children:

1. Cephas, born in 1800.
2. Rufus, born February 20, 1801.
3. Mary, born April 26, 1806.
4. Eunice, born August 27, 1808.
5. Stanton, born April 30, 1811.
6. Sarah, born June 20, 1814.
7. Harriet, born February 10, 1817.
8. Nathaniel, born March 12, 1819.
9. Elizabeth, born August 2, 1824.

Their daughter, Sarah Kilborn, born June 20, 1814, married, August 9, 1835, James M. Howe.

THE FOWLER LINE.

Philip¹ Fowler, born 1591-8, came from Southampton, England, March 24, 1633, on the ship "Mary and John." Settled at Ipswich, Mass. Freeman September 3, 1634. Samuel, his son, "shipwright," moved to Salisbury, Mass., 1680. Said to have been a "Friend." Married Margaret Morgan. The name of Samuel comes down to our line without variation, except with one Lemuel.

Samuel, son of Samuel and Abigail —————, was born in Newbury, Mass.; married Mary Mugridge. The Mugridges came from the north of Ireland. Mugridge Point, in Newburyport, derives its name from the first one who came over and settled there, he being a rich ship builder. The Point was used as his ship yard. The three daughters were considered the belles of Newburyport, and one of them, Mary, married Samuel Fowler. Standing one day at her door, she saw some men running by, and asked the cause. They replied: "The British are coming." This enraged the old patriot, and she said, "Then shoulder your muskets and meet them like men."

Their children were:

1. Sarah, born January 3, 1726.
2. Olive, born September 23, 1728.
3. Lemuel, born October 28, 1730, died August 8, 1736.

4. Samuel, born October 13, 1732, died February 22, 1733.
5. Abigail, born October 13, 1732, died August 12, 1736.
6. Samuel, born September 13, 1734.
7. Lemuel, born September 4, 1736.
8. Anna, born March 2, 1739.
9. Lucy, ————.

Lemuel² Fowler, born September 4, 1736, in Newbury, Mass., married Mary Bolter. They moved from Newburyport, where he had been a blacksmith, doing a large business for the vessels which were built there, to Boscawen, N. H. He died ———, 1828, aged 92. She died earlier.

Their children were:

1. Samuel, born February 9, 1758. Killed at battle of Bunker Hill, aged 18 years. Continental pension money now an heirloom in the family.
2. Anna, born November 20, 1759.
3. Molly, born November 24, 1761.
4. Royal, born July 9, 1763.
5. Nathaniel, born July 23, 1765.
6. Elizabeth, born January 2, 1768.
7. Abigail, born December 22, 1771.
8. Olive, born September —, 1773.
9. Lemuel, born October 18, 1776.
10. Samuel, born October 24, 1780.

Samuel Fowler, born in Newbury, Mass., October 24, 1780, married ——— Eunice, daughter of Eliphalet and Mary (Thorla) Kilborn, who was born in Boscawen, April 11, 1781; he died June 13, 1867; she died April 8, 1857. They had children:

1. Cephas, born February 7, 1802.
2. Rufus, born February 20, 1804.
3. Mary, born April 26, 1806.
4. Eunice, born August 27, 1808.
5. Stanton P., born April 30, 1811.
6. Sarah Kilborn, born June 20, 1814; married James M. Howe.
7. Harriet, born February 10, 1817.
8. Nathaniel, born March 12, 1819.
9. Elizabeth C., born August 2, 1824.

A powder horn owned by Lemuel Fowler is still in possession of a member of the family. It bears the following inscription:

" Powder good within I have,
But it's not free to every knave!
My master only I supply,
Let begging fellows go and buy."

Made by Nathan Barnes, Bedford.

THE DRAKE LINE.

John Drake was of the original company organized by King James I to colonize New England and belonged to the family of Drake of Ashe County, Devonshire, England. The American family begins with John, who settled in Windsor, Conn., and with Robert, of Hampton, N. H., whose home stood where the Baptist Church now is. Robert's will is probated at Ipswich, Mass. He was 63 years of age when he came to New England. Some authorities say he was brother of Sir Admiral Drake, and was born the year Sir Admiral returned from his trip around the world, Robert being 12 years old when Sir Francis died. The father of Sir Francis was also named Robert. He had twelve sons, only one of whom left issue. The Admiral was twice married, but left no children, his property reverting to his youngest brother, Thomas. The line from Robert comes down to our branch with the name of Abraham, with but one exception, that being Thomas.

Abraham^s, born March 1, 1726, married Martha Eaton, 1754, and settled in Brentwood, N. H.

Abraham Drake, Jr., son of Abraham Drake, was born June 7, 1758, in Brentwood, N. H. He married, January 27, 1782, Anna Burnham, daughter of Joshua Burnham, who was born in Lee, N. H., July 23, 1758.

Their children were:

1. Patey, born December 27, 1782, died January 19, 1783.
2. Abraham, born January 20, 1784.
3. Martha, born December 3, 1785, died May 25, 1816.
4. Joshua B., born January 18, 1788.
5. Joseph, born December 15, 1789.
6. Nancy, born October 10, 1791.
7. Betsey, born December 28, 1793.
8. Jeremiah, born February 27, 1796.
9. Thomas, born February 18, 1798.
10. Patey, born June 22, 1800.
11. Simeon D., born June 7, 1802.

Martha, born December 3, 1785, died May 25, 1816, was the mother of James M. Howe.

b.f.



